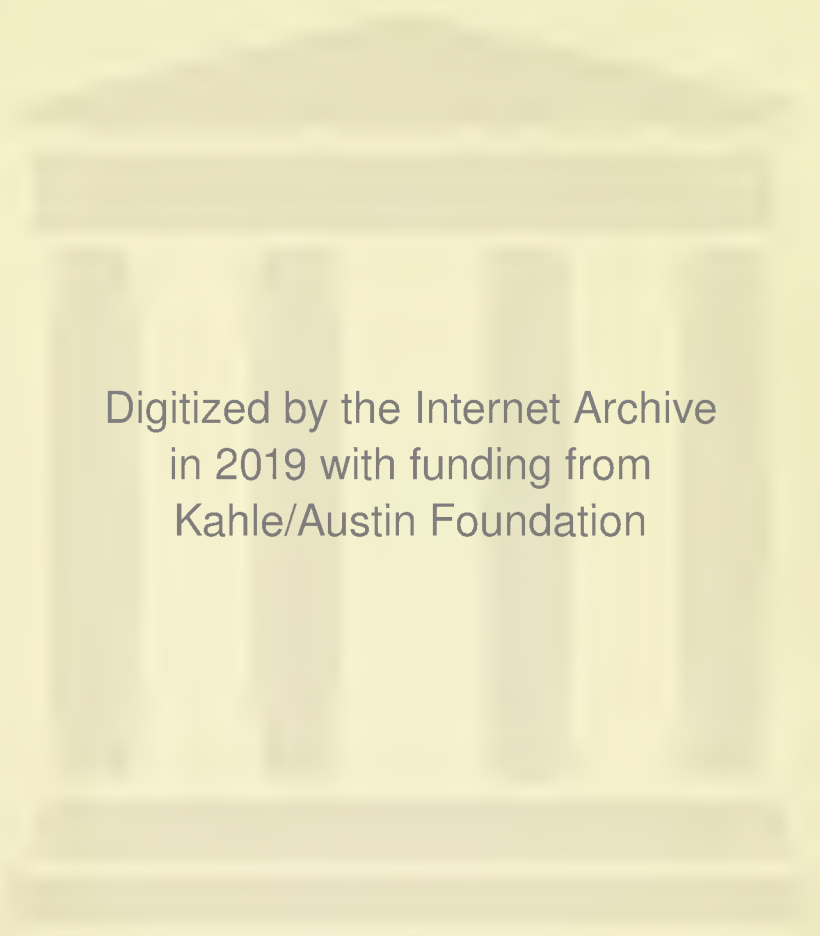




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BYRON AND GREECE

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Lord Byron
in an Albanian dress.
from a picture in the possession of W. John Murray.

BYRON AND GREECE

BY HAROLD SPENDER

“ Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast ; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame ; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.”

JOHN MILTON.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1924

*Printed in Great Britain by
Hazzell, Watson & Viney, Ltd., London and Aylesbury.*

NOTE

By the courtesy of Mr. John Murray I have adopted the text of the great classical edition of Byron's works, first published in 1903, under the editorship of Messrs. Ernest Hartley Coleridge and Rowland E. Prothero (Lord Ernle), by John Murray: a splendid edition of Byron's prose and verse in thirteen volumes. I have preserved a few of Mr. Coleridge's notes, and always marked them "C." I have also retained a certain number of Byron's voluminous notes, and marked them "B"; my own notes are, as a rule, unmarked.

I have chosen the letters from those published in the above edition, and added a selection from those published in the two volumes of "Lord Byron's Correspondence," published in 1922, and edited by Mr. John Murray.

Sir John Stavridi, that true friend of both England and Greece, suggested the idea of this book, and has proved throughout its most constant friend and godfather.

H. S.

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BYRON'S TWO VISITS

“ Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it : he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.”

Macbeth.

BYRON'S TWO VISITS

THE purpose of this book is to collect together, in this centenary year, the passages both of prose and verse—poems and letters—in which Lord Byron gave form and expression to that passion for Greece which he sealed with his death on April 19, 1824.

Many of these Greek passages in Byron's poetry are familiar matter to all of us. We breathe their fragrance in our childhood. We use them as the current coin of our daily speech. They have grown into the English language.

But others are strangely unfamiliar. The reason is simple. They are hidden away in poems dealing with other subjects. Byron was constantly recurring to the thought of Greece. His mind, untravelled, still returned. Thus, much of his Greek poetry is contained in poems treating of other themes. These passages have to be dug out. Like some of the most precious marbles of Greece herself, they are embedded in earth. They have to be extracted and set apart.

It is worth our while to do so. For wherever Byron touched on Greece, his mood was transformed. His spirit rose on wings. Take one remarkable instance. In the midst of those ribald mockeries of "Don Juan" which drew the lightning wrath of Robert Southey, Byron broke into that thrilling, immortal lyric, "The Isles of Greece." For one moment the satyr became an angel, "quivering to the young-eyed cherubins." Then the mood passed, and he sank back into his slough. There was the power of Greece!

So it came to be that the theme of Greece became for Byron, as well as for Shelley, the vehicle of a higher soul.

It was the strain of a "Pilgrim Song" that sounded through his poetry as through the music of *Tannhäuser*. The Venus music was often, alas! too strong for him. Too often—let us admit it freely!—Byron fed on the husks. But in the end the Pilgrim's Theme conquered; and, in his own way, Byron sought and found his "Holy Grail" amid the swamps and confusions of Missolonghi.

It has become a duty to recall this story. We have heard enough of his Venusberg. The "Man with the Muckrake" has been sufficiently busy with Byron of late years. The garbage has been collected with meticulous care:

"We whisper and hint and chuckle and grin at a brother's shame."

But three generations have now passed. The time for justice has come; and justice means hearing both sides. Having heard all that is worst—and worse than is worst—of Byron, let us now listen to the other story, and recall, once more, before it is too late, what he possessed of nobility and heroism.

Macaulay, in his famous essay on Byron, put down the sentence of England which drove him into exile to one of our "periodical fits of morality." It may be so. Perhaps England was right. Byron, at any rate, defied her and her conscience. England retaliated. Byron grew worse. But there was, all the time, another and a nobler influence, a better side to his life.

We have heard the Devil's Advocate. Is it not time we listened to the Angel's?

The first plea in this angelic case must be always—Greece. As Mary said of Calais, so might Byron have said of Greece—"You will find that name written on my heart."

For he loved Greece with the highest power of his passionate nature. "Greater love hath no man than this"—the love and life he gave for her. Greece knows it well. In the heart of Athens to-day his monument stands; and in the hearts of the Greeks his name "liveth for evermore."

It is still their most inspiring memory. Of them, at any rate, it may be said :

“ He gave the people of his best :
His worst he kept, his best he gave.”

Let us see how !

Byron paid two visits to Greece during his short existence of thirty-six years. The first was his journey as a young man, when in 1809, at the age of twenty-one, he left the perilous delights of town to start on his “ Grand Tour.”

This was Byron’s “ travel-year.” In taking it, he was acting after the general habit and fashion of the order to which he belonged. The high-born of England in those days surveyed the earth before they proceeded to rule over it. Byron was an English Peer of the Realm : he had been so ever since his tenth year. It was usual for young English Peers to travel. It was considered right and proper for them, at the age of twenty-one, to go out and see the world for themselves. So he went !

Byron travelled in state when, in July 1809, he left Falmouth on this adventure. He took with him a retinue of servants, and his faithful friend Cam Hobhouse. He was everywhere received with the honours due to his rank. His dissipations had not yet passed the recognised limits of aristocratic indulgence. Some allowance had to be made for literary leanings, rare in a Peer, and notoriously dangerous to morals. But as yet there was no inextinguishable mark against him in the records of English Society. He had sown his wild oats like any other young English aristocrat—perhaps a little more plentifully than most, a little more scandalously, and with just that touch of defiance and insolence which was to characterise all his proceedings. Rumours of Newstead Abbey had unpleasantly recalled Medmenham Abbey and John Wilkes.

But much must be allowed to youth. English society of that day was by no means strait-laced : it was the day of the Prince Regent. Men shrugged their shoulders, and women stared. It was good that this young Peer

should go abroad. He would come back cured of his wild oats, and perhaps also of his wild poems. So he was allowed to travel along the golden chain of the elect with which England then girded the Mediterranean.

It was a year of pause (1809) in the great strife with Napoleon. The Corsican had conquered Europe; but England still held the sea. Travel was not without risks; the future was uncertain. Byron had to confine his visits to friendly countries.

He chose to land first at Lisbon, in friendly Portugal. That great British counter-thrust, the Peninsular War, was already in its first beginnings; and an English visitor was popular in Portugal and Southern Spain. So Byron rode—four hundred miles—along the Peninsula from Lisbon to Cadiz. Thence he was convoyed by English “men-of-war”¹ along the Mediterranean by way of Gibraltar and Malta to Prevesa in Albania, on the eastern coast of the Adriatic.

Byron landed at Patras; embarked again; sailed along the coast to Prevesa. Thence, still accompanied by Cam Hobhouse, who was keeping a diary,² he rode across the wild mountain country of Albania through a region still, to-day, dangerous to European visitors. The two friends penetrated the high, mist-laden mountains visible from Corfu, to the capital—Jannina. The Court was absent; and so they rode on another hundred miles to Tepeleni, where they were entertained by that strange, picturesque creature himself—“The Lion,” Ali Pasha. At that moment Ali was still a famous and ferocious Pro-Consul within the Turkish Empire, already displaying the power and pomp which finally led to his undoing. Within ten years he was to provoke the lightnings of Stamboul, to be defeated by the Sultan’s armies, and to fall by the assassin’s dagger.

But Byron saw Ali in his glory; and he enshrined in

¹ From Cadiz to Malta on the *Hyperion* frigate; and thence to Prevesa on the *Spider* brig.

² Afterwards published as “*Travels in Albania in 1809 and 1810.*” He published a carefully revised re-edition in 1855. He became Lord Broughton. (See Bibliography at end of book.)

“Childe Harold” a famous and historic description of the Albanian Court. He and Hobhouse both fell under the glamour of Oriental splendour, and saw in this cruel monster a prodigy of valour. They were still very young.

Byron and Hobhouse then returned by way of Jannina to Prevesa: embarked on a galliot of Ali's; were nearly wrecked; took refuge beneath the mountains of Suli; rode back to Prevesa; decided to travel by land and risk the brigands; and so with a guard of thirty-five Albanian soldiers started southwards on one of those long wild rides which Byron loved so passionately. They traversed Acarnania; took a glimpse of Delphi and Parnassus; and early in 1810 arrived at Athens, “the City of the Violet Crown.”

Byron's first impression of that most beautiful of cities is contained in famous lines of rapture:

“Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of Wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told.”

During the first visit to Athens, they paid their first, historic visit to Marathon. Then they voyaged from Athens to Smyrna across the Ægean in another British warship. From Smyrna they visited the Troad and saw the mounds which were then named of Achilles, at that time the only visible relics of the long siege.

In April they reshipped at Smyrna into another warship and voyaged to Constantinople, where they arrived in May. There they stayed all the spring; and it was during that period that Byron quarrelled with the Ambassador, and achieved that famous swim of the Bosphorus of which he was always so inordinately proud. In the second week of July they sailed for Greece in another warship, the *Salsette* frigate, and arrived in four days, with a fair wind. Cam Hobhouse went on to England in the same ship; but Byron could not tear himself away from Greece, and he had too many debts in England to desire a speedy return. On July 27 he left Athens with Lord Sligo, a new friend whom he had picked up and who accompanied him to Corinth.

He arrived at Patras on July 30 ; and there left the ship. He stayed here for some time with the British Consul, and now took an extensive tour in the Peloponnese, then called "The Morea." He was travelling about Greece all the autumn ; but finally he fell ill. He returned to Athens in November.

Byron remained in Athens all that winter (1810-11), living in a Franciscan convent with one friar and a cook. He dreamed of remaining in Greece and buying the island of Ithaca, just as a relation of his has since purchased a part of the island of Eubœa. But the publishers began to beckon from England ; his mother became more and more restless ; and finally he returned home to England in July 1811.

Thus he had been absent just about two years. It was a journey by no means unusual in those days, when travel was regarded as an essential element in any good training for public affairs. Such journeys were admirably designed to prepare rulers of an imperial race, and to provide them with an equipment of language and manners not always possessed by our leading men to-day.

Byron might be expected to become such a ruler. He was not yet famous. Unknown in politics, he had achieved a slight success in literature. He had published a small volume of love-poems, remarkable from one so young, but not yet starred by outstanding genius.¹ He had instantly received the usual castigation from the Lictors of the *Edinburgh Review*. That famous magazine then acted as Cerberus to Parnassus. The great Jeffrey sat on that peak of the mighty, paw uplifted, ready to drive back any youthful toiler up the lower slopes. He had finished off many victims. He was to find a tough morsel in Byron. That young poet replied with an anonymous satire so fierce and vindictive, so startling and arresting, that it ran immediately through five editions.² Society was interested

¹ "Hours of Idleness" (1808). Yet that volume is kept sweet and precious by the lines (not idle) "Written beneath an Elm in the Churchyard of Harrow-on-the-Hill."

² "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," published anonymously in March 1809.

and amused. But it was not until October 1809 that Byron divulged his authorship. He had then already been abroad for three months.¹

Thus when Byron returned to London in July 1811 his was but a rush-light fame. But it was soon to burst into a blaze. For during his tour he had achieved a marvel. He had kept throughout these months a poetical diary of travel, partly narrative and partly reflective, stamped with a passionate melancholy which was a new mood in English poetic literature. Composed in the metre of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," it was yet the newest of literary products for that generation. It was a travel-picture, and possessed the delight of movement. But it was essentially an attempt to look at the world in "the mirror of time and eternity." Irony was its note; pity was its charm. It was a new effort to envisage the fate of mankind.

Byron, in a fit of pleasant fancy, had crowned this screed with the title of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"—a pretty phrase, perhaps reminiscent of Spenser. Having thus christened it, he had thrust it aside.

For Byron thought little of these poems himself. Asked by his friend Dallas for some travel "copy" for John Murray, he handed him another satire, "Hints from Horace." Dallas pressed him. Then, very reluctantly, Byron disclosed the "Childe." Dallas and Murray saw the Olympian touch, and rushed it into print.²

What followed is now part of the history of English literature. The first and second cantos of "Childe Harold" appeared. The world was taken by storm. Byron "woke to find himself famous." At one stride, British poetry became European.

We are concerned here with the second canto. In the first, Byron described his journey across Portugal and Spain. The second is occupied entirely with Albania and Greece.

¹ "I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number (of the E.R.) has passed the Tweed. But yet I hope to light my pipe with it in Persia." Postscript to Second Edition.

² The story is given more fully in Appendix A.

The manuscript possessed by Mr. Murray is marked with the following note in Byron's handwriting :

CHILDE HAROLD

Canto 2

Byron—Joannina in Albania.

Begun October 31, 1809.

Concluded Canto 2—Smyrna

March 28, 1810.

Thus the canto occupied Byron for five months. It is a vital part of Byron's Greek poetry. It contains his sublimest presentation of the case for modern Greece, as the cradle of our freedom and the treasure-house of our art. It produced on Europe something of that same magical awakening which came, six centuries before, from Peter the Hermit's appeals for the enslaved Holy Land. It was written before that long stay in Athens in the winter of 1810-11 which deepened and steadied Byron's affections for Greece. Perhaps for that very reason it has some of the glory and freshness of the dawn.

The poem resembles a great Symphony. It opens with a large, broad appeal: it wanders off to smaller themes, such as the visit to Albania and the attack on Lord Elgin, who had so cruelly despoiled the Acropolis; then it returns with greater power to the main theme—Greece—Greece, great even in slavery, but greatest of all because she had once been free—

“Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!”

Throughout this great close of the second canto, Byron, like Beethoven in the “Eroica” Symphony, dwells on the heights. We are in the region of the lightnings.

To illustrate and illuminate this poem, I am printing, on pages facing the poem, his own vivid and racy letters of travel, written to his mother and his friends during this tour of 1810-11. Byron was, even as a youth, one of the best letter-writers in the English language. In his letters we see the very processes of his growth, and especially

of his growing attachment to Greece. They form, in truth, an actual "moving picture." We witness the gradual emergence of a mighty passion for a nation. We comprehend better the later and more tragic phase. For the heroic tragedy of Missolonghi was intimately bound up with the emotions of this first visit. It was then—as a youth—that he first learned the elements of this mighty devotion.

Yet it would be profoundly misleading to cherish the delusion that on this first visit Byron conceived any blind admiration for the modern Greeks. At the actual time he seems to have preferred the Turks. Neither he nor Hobhouse believed that the Greeks were capable of complete independence. Byron was still bemused by one of the favourite literary leanings of that day—an artistic admiration for Oriental splendour. Coleridge, Tom Moore, and Robert Southey suffered from the same haunting magic; it runs through all their poetry: from Moore's "Lalla Rookh" to Southey's "Curse of Kehama"—all have the same glamour, often tedious to us to-day.

This pre-occupation drew Byron at first away from Greece; and his first attitude to the Greeks was one of contempt. He sees them—

"From birth till death enslaved: in word, in deed, unmanned."

He looked forward to cycles of infamy:

"Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame."

The present generation, he felt, was unworthy of the past:

"Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe thee most—

Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record

Of hero Sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde!"

But during his long stay in Athens he grew to take a more hopeful view. Not only did he fall in love with many beautiful Greek girls, and especially the "Maid of Athens,"¹ but by his study of the modern Greek language and literature—the Romaic—he grew to think better of the Greek people.

¹ Theresa Macri, one of three very beautiful Greek sisters. See Appendix B, on "The Maid of Athens."

Living quietly and ascetically in his Franciscan convent—strange home for Byron!—he assiduously explored anew the battlefield of Marathon and that beautiful azure shore by which was fought the mighty naval action of Salamis. He saw that here Europe was saved.

Standing at Marathon on the mound of the slain Athenian soldiers, one can look afar—as I did some months ago—on one side to the blue *Ægean* and on the other to the mountains of Attica. Nature, in the spring, throws over the mound a mantle of scarlet and purple anemones, like some glorious pall for the heroic dead. Dull would he be of soul who was not touched by this spectacle. It kindled Byron, and fired him with an emotion that was not to die.

He rode on horseback to the most secluded spots of Attica. Penetrating those lovely hills and valleys, steeped in their blue light, one still to-day comes across a broken arch, a ruined temple, a shattered tomb, relics of the “glory that was Greece.” No wonder that Byron was moved. During those weeks he laboured intensely, both in travels and reading; and he proudly exhibited the results of those labours in the historic notes which he appended to the early editions of the second canto.

In those notes he stated quite clearly and freely the views which he held at that period as to the possible future of Greece. He did not believe that she could ever become wholly free and sovereign of her fate. He admired the modern Greeks, and perceived their latent powers. He boldly faced their critics—as numerous then as now!—with the simple and obvious plea that you could scarcely expect to find high virtues growing from the soil of slavery. Figs do not instantly spring from thistles. Even Byron himself, contemplating their age-long servitude of some four centuries, lost his clear vision of what might be.

Remember what he saw around him in Athens during that winter of 1810–11. He saw a village of huts, clinging to the slopes of the Acropolis; and a population of cringing slaves living in those huts. “Look at those refugees!” said an Athenian gentleman to me in Athens in February

1923, when we were walking through a camp of fugitives from Asia. "That is what we were a century ago!" That is what Byron saw.

He found Athens a village ruled by the slave of a slave of the Sultan. With a gesture of contempt, the Porte had placed that wretched people under the rule of the Master of the Harem, who was himself under the Waiwode. "Ruled by a Pander and a eunuch!" cried Byron; and scarcely yet realising what revolt from the Turk meant, he despised the people who so submitted.

He discerned at that moment no stirring of that fierce spirit of rising nationalism which was to sweep over Greece within ten years of his visit. Waterloo had not yet been fought. The small nations had not seen the torch of Freedom lit afar. The rule of Napoleon still competed for Greece with the rule of the Czar; and it seemed only a question of flying from one despotism to another.

Yet Byron saw even now (1811) one thing clearly: Greece could not hope to secure freedom by foreign aid. The "Frank"—a term that included all Europeans—was a faithless and even treacherous friend. The only safe course for Greece was to rely on her own right arm.

Realising this, he issued to Greece that historic battle-cry:

*"Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?"*

It was the last word of his first visit.

Byron's second visit to Greece came in 1823, at the sunset close of a stormy life.

In 1811 he had told Greece to free herself.

In 1823, with a fine poetical unreason, he himself went out to free her.

The first visit was a holiday. The second was a crusade.

If the first was a Symphony, the second was a Tragedy; but a tragedy on heroic lines, a tragedy of which one may say—

*"Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!"*

In 1811 Byron was still a young man ; melancholy was still a luxurious pose ; fame had not yet been tasted ; he was, in his better moods, a joyous youth with all his troubles before him.

In 1823, only twelve years later, he was already an old man. He had, indeed, "warmed both hands at the fire of life." He had allowed the fire to scorch and burn all that was best of him and his. His reckless and persistent defiance of social law had, a few years since, brought him under the shadow of a deep disgrace, darkening to infamy. He had been thrown off by his wife, and drummed out of English society. He had been forced to leave England.

For the past five years—1818–23—he had lived the life of an exile, wandering about between Venice, Ravenna, Rome, and Genoa. He had not played the repentant sinner. Exile had increased his mood of Satanic defiance. His further plunges had increased the fury of English society ; and so gradually he and England had drawn farther apart. We have vivid pictures of him at this period from sympathetic pens—Shelley,¹ Trelawny, Hobhouse—and those all deepen the impression of a man at war with humanity. Best of all, we have his own picture in his own poems. It darkens the impression to blackness.

But moving through this valley of the shadow—the darkest period of his life—he never lost sight of "The Gleam." That gleam was—Greece. It shines all through the tragedies of Turkish life which he produced in 1813–14, while still in England—"The Giaour," "The Corsair," "The Siege of Corinth." It flamed out in the fiery verses of "The Curse of Minerva" ; it found a pathetic voice in some of the noblest lines of "The Age of Bronze." He never forgot Greece.

For a time, indeed, while moving about in Italy, his mind wandered away to Latin themes, those splendid dramas of Venetian history which have never received their due² :

¹ In that remarkable poem, "Julian and Maddalo."

² "Marino Falieri," "The Two Foscari," and, among lighter pieces, the inimitable "Beppo."

the terrific tableaux of "Manfred" and "Cain": the mordant, ruthless satire of the "Vision of Judgment." But always he returned to Greece.

England might scoff and shudder, though she still bought and read. But Europe admired and worshipped. Never was a poet with such a public, especially among the little peoples.

For, after the Treaty of Vienna, Europe was filled with the groans and sighs of the little nations whom Metternich had betrayed—Italy and Greece chief among the number. They turned to Byron. They saw in him a fearless champion of freedom. They looked up with awe and hope at his defiant lightnings. They found in him a Hero, a Prometheus, chained to his rock, but still defying the tyrant gods. They admired the "pageant of his bleeding heart."

So they sent their appeal to him; and in 1823 Greece, locked in her desperate struggle, fighting for very existence against the ravaging Turk, sent her signal of despair.

When the Peloponnese had first broken out into rebellion in 1821, it seemed as if a miracle had happened. Greece seemed about to achieve her freedom with ease. Europe looked on at first sympathetically. But then came the terrific recoil. Turkey put forth a tremendous effort for recovery. She raised great armies, and poured her massacring hordes across Macedonia. She was, as ever against the rebel Christian, ruthless and relentless. But the really formidable new fact for Greece was that Turkey under the Sultan Mahmoud was also—astute.

The Sultan showed himself as able in diplomacy as he was savage in war. He divided the Christian Powers. He turned Russia and Austria against Greece. He appealed to the despots as a fellow-despot. Metternich became to Greece a more formidable foe than the Turkish generals. Greece had only one weapon to bring against this diplomacy—that extraordinary secret society, the "Philike Hetairia,"¹ which honeycombed Western Europe, penetrating wherever Greek sailors touched a port or Greek merchants entered

¹ "Company of Friends,"

a capital. It was one of the most powerful of modern secret societies.

England does not love or need secret societies. The valour of the Greeks in the opening year of the War of Independence had already fired English democratic opinion ; and a powerful open Committee, the ancestor of the present Anglo-Hellenic League, had been formed in January 1823. It was called the "Greek Committee," and included such men as Lord Erskine, Sir James Mackintosh, Jeremy Bentham, Joseph Hume, Cam Hobhouse, and Edward Blaquiere.

It was the Greek Committee which sent its appeal to Lord Byron at Genoa and received a surprising and instant response. Edward Blaquiere carried to him the message that he had been elected a first member of the Greek Committee, and was requested to help them in saving Greece. Perhaps Byron was touched by this first attention from England after his long ostracism. But the terms of his reply make it clear that the secret lay in his undying passion for Greece.

From the first moment he began to give freely from his fortune—so freely, indeed, that very soon the freshet became a torrent, and the whole of his capital estate began to flow towards this need.

Then very gradually he began to come to the decision to go to Greece himself. It was not easy for him to leave Genoa. He was living at that time at Albaro, a little seaside place near Genoa, in an Italian villa—the Casa Saluzzo—with his old flame, the Countess Guiccioli. Her brother, the younger Count Gamba, with his family occupied another part of the building. The Countess did not wish him to go. She strongly resisted. Perhaps she had some foreboding that this was a call from which Byron would not return.

It took him three weeks to break himself loose from these ties, and to prepare for the journey. But once resolved, he pursued his purpose with amazing steadiness. He

purchased a ship—the *Hercules*—and on July 16 he sailed on her from Genoa to Leghorn. Thence at the end of July he voyaged towards Greece, taking with him the usual large following of friends and retainers—Count Gamba, Trelawny, Dr. Bruno, Hamilton Browne, and some half-dozen servants. Perhaps the poem which he wrote afterwards at Missolonghi—his last poem—best expresses the mood in which he went—

“If thou regrett’st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

“Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier’s grave, for thee the best:
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.”

The enterprise gave him an honourable way out of his difficulties. He had long been desiring an escape from the sordid entanglements of his Italian existence. He could not return home. He could not travel: a woman held him. But here was an adventure which gave him an excuse for cutting his moorings. Greece proved stronger than even the Countess Guiccioli, always hitherto the most potent of his charmers.

He had made a thorough mess of his life—a mad, foolish mess. Fame, wealth, birth—all had been his. He had thrown them all away. He had lost his best friends. He had quarrelled with his own best self. But still he loved the lure of heroism. It was the only rival to his other ruling passion—Woman. Now the call had come—and he would go. He had always a touch of the histrionic in him; and here he saw the setting at a glance: the old, historic land; the heroic Greeks; the little country longing to be free. It would be a play to draw the eyes of Europe!

Yet he was quite sincere. His letters leave us no doubt on that point. He did not want to die. But he knew that it was a possibility of the venture—and he often alluded to it. He was under no doubt on that head. He faced it.

He walked into the furnace. He might have gone on living that easy, sordid life in Italy for many years longer. He was not all miserable. Trelawny's picture of him—writing far into the night, riding, shooting, talking—is not the picture of an unhappy man.¹ He chose to risk his life. He gave his fortune. He heard the call, and followed it.

When we are making up Byron's account, we must put that to his credit.

There exists a fragment of a metrical diary which Byron began to keep in the early days of his crusade, but which he left off because he found that he "could not help abusing the Greeks." It contains an impressive entry. Here it is :

"The dead have been awakened—shall I sleep ?
The world's at war with tyrants—shall I crouch ?
The harvest's ripe—and shall I pause to reap ?
I slumber not : the thorn is in my couch :
Each day a Trumpet soundeth in my ear,
Its echo in my heart——"

The entry ends abruptly. It is dated June 19, 1823, ten months before his death.

The good ship *Hercules*, which had brought Byron and his party from Genoa to Leghorn, sailed eastward with them in August. She was only a little collier-built tub of 120 tons,² a "coaster," little larger than the *Mayflower*. She carried Byron and his fortunes.

He sailed from Leghorn to Cephalonia, an Ionian island then under British "protection." He arrived there in early September, and stayed on board the *Hercules* in harbour for a whole month. Then he landed stores, left the ship, and took a house for himself and his party at Metaxata. Trelawny and Browne went on to Greece, having resolved to join the party of the Assembly at Tripolitza. Byron

¹ See the chapters in Trelawny's very readable book, *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*. It must always be remembered that this book was written in 1858, nearly a generation later (see Appendix C).

² Trelawny was profoundly dissatisfied with her. "We should have had a well-manned and fast-sailing clipper-built craft" (p. 176).

determined to stay for the present at Cephalonia, and think over carefully his next step.

The Greek rebels at that moment were divided between three factions. Two at least were at war with one another—civil war. There were three rival Governments—one in Eastern Greece, one in Western, and one in the Peloponnese. Which should Byron join? That was the vital question.

So through the following months he remained in Cephalonia, and it was not until December that he made up his mind. All through October and November he pondered deeply over the whole situation. He wished to do the best for Greece. He gave all his mind to the task of decision. He received deputations from all parties, and listened patiently to all their arguments. Many friends came to see him. The British Governor and officers of the garrison on the island treated him with marked courtesy and respect; an eager medical officer¹ tried to convert him to Christianity. Byron willingly listened to him for whole days—perhaps with a touch of humour, but in the end seriously. For he was always profoundly interested in religion.

We have many pen-pictures of him in those last days. We see him living above himself, well-disciplined, devoted to his cause, ascetic. We witness a sea-change. Something “rich and strange” has happened to him. He is “fey.”

A great gentleness has come over him in this last crusade. He intervenes again and again to save prisoners. He rescues a Turkish family from the Greeks. He sends a Turkish prisoner back to the Pasha and appeals to him to return the act by humanity to the Greeks.

At last, from amid all the calls, he selects one. It is from the Greek National Council, of which Prince Mavrocordato was President, at Missolonghi. Perhaps the forlorn state of the town, so long besieged, so remote from the main power of Greece, appeals to him. The Turks had abandoned the first siege in January 1823; but Missolonghi was still isolated and menaced.

¹ Dr. James Kennedy. (See Bibliography.)

But probably even a stronger magnetic attraction came to Byron from the fact that a summons, accompanied by a commission of service in the Greek Army of Independence,¹ came from Mavrocordato. Of him he spoke in a letter to Tom Moore as the "George Washington of the Greek War." Mavrocordato represented the Royalist feeling, then, as now, always powerful with the Greeks; and Byron himself inclined to Royalism in Greek affairs, thus harking back to the affections of the founder of his line, the hero of Newbury and Marston Moor.

But whether Royalist or Republican in his passing Greek sympathies, Byron always submitted all other views to one paramount thought. That was—Unity.

Here it was that he showed his true statesmanship. His friends instantly took sides. Trelawny rushed off to the Peloponnese. Colonel Leicester Stanhope, the Bayard of the Greek cause, the soldier without fear or reproach, became hotly Republican. He founded a journal, and when Byron wished to censor it, he picked a very pretty quarrel, which occupied much of the time and energies of the British Greek Committee.

Byron steadily refused to take sides. He expressed no open opinion on the side of either Royalists or Republicans. His line, in all his public communications, was simple and direct—"Settle the Turk first!" he said. "Quarrel afterwards!" Surely very sane and sensible advice!

Byron started for Missolonghi on December 29, 1823. From this time forward he could no longer enjoy the luxury of English ships. He was leaving neutrality behind him. He was, for the first time, taking part in open war—and he was quickly to find what war risks meant.

He packed his party, men and animals, into two Cephalonian ships—his own a light, fast-sailing Ionian coasting vessel known as a "Mistico," a long narrow vessel with lateen sails: Gamba, with the men and animals, in a larger vessel, a "Bombard."

¹ See illustration, p. 206.

They touched at Zante, and then boldly set sail across the open sea, at that moment the fierce battle-ground of the Turkish and Greek navies. They took out their ships' papers for Calamo.

The Turks were on the watch. As the night drew on, Gamba's ship was left behind by Byron's faster vessel. Gamba anchored for the night: but resuming in the morning he was pounced upon by a Turkish frigate. Gamba threw overboard all Byron's correspondence. His captain was summoned to the Turkish vessel. There he was received by the Turkish commander with drawn sword in hand.

"Cut off his head, and sink the ship!"

But at that moment fear opened the Greek's eyes.

"What!" he cried. "Are you going to take away the life of him who saved your life? Don't you recollect Spiro Valsamarchi, who saved your life in the Black Sea?"

Tableau! "Is it possible?" cried the Turk. "You Spiro?"

So they embraced one another: and, in the end, after much delay, on the 4th of January, Gamba was actually allowed to proceed to Missolonghi, where he arrived before Byron.

For meanwhile Byron's little ship had been hailed by the Turks, but had escaped in the darkness. It hugged the coast; and it was chased by other Turkish ships into the roads behind the Skrophæ rocks, on the northern shore of the entrance to the Gulf of Corinth. Byron wrote urgent letters to Stanhope, asking for help and putting the question, Where was the Greek Fleet? Well may he have asked!

At last his ship was convoyed out to sea again by some Greek gunboats. But his troubles were not over. He twice ran on to the rocks. Two-thirds of his crew climbed by the bowsprit on to the shore; and with a third only did he at last regain the sea and coast along to Missolonghi.

Stanhope declared that throughout these adventures Byron was reported by all present to have behaved with the utmost coolness. His only concern was for the eight thousand

dollars of his own which he was carrying with him in the ship.¹ He had a curiously vigilant eye for money.

Byron was received at Missolonghi with almost royal honours. There was a Congress of Greek notables in the town, and they looked upon him as a saviour. Missolonghi itself, that town of sorrows, stood midway between the two great sieges of the war: the first of 1822, from which the Turks retired baffled; and the second of 1825, when the whole population deliberately sought and found death from the guns rather than surrender to their merciless enemy.

When Byron came in 1823, there was still hope. It was believed that he would make Missolonghi a great rallying-point for the Greek defence. He was the Hero from the West.

Missolonghi is separated from the sea by a lagoon, and was then surrounded by those swamps which were the breeding-ground of malaria. Byron was given a house in the middle of the swamps; and there he settled down with his servants and friends and began organising the defence. He set men at work to strengthen the fortifications. He began to drill. Byron was little of a soldier. But he knew how to lead men. There were soldiers of many nations, crusaders from many countries, in the motley crowd around him. He led them all.

We can picture the atmosphere of that crowd—the mingling of mere adventurers and real enthusiasts; the crossing of devotion with self-interest; the fever for excitement, the restless ambition, yet mixed with the grim passion for sacrifice. All these emotions were present at this supreme hour; and with them the Babel of languages, the confusion of many-coloured costumes, [the medley of races. Not an easy crowd to discipline!

From among them all Byron picked out his old friends the Suliotes: and he proceeded to train and drill them. They were wild fellows, those Suliotes—a coast tribe of

¹ See for this account the narratives of Gamba, Blaquiére, Stanhope, and Byron's own letters.

Christian Turks who had quarrelled with Ali Pasha and been driven over to the Greeks by his ferocity. They had taken refuge at Missolonghi. They had little in common with the Greeks; and they were possessed with a pride of race which was a danger to all around them. Byron placed them under German officers, and then began the trouble.

Byron was definitely planning an attack. He was not content to stay and rot at Missolonghi. His scheme was a sortie eastwards along the coast against Lepanto, the historic name-place of the greatest of Turkish defeats. He relied upon the Suliotes for success in this enterprise.

But a single incident brought all these plans to ruin. Byron and his staff were engaged in a Council of War. A German officer named Sass was guarding the door. No one was to enter. But such an exclusion was by no means to the fancy of those excellent democrats, the Suliotes, who now regarded themselves as the favourites of the British Peer. One of them tried to enter the room; the German officer thrust him back; and the Suliote, furious, thrust him through.

Instantly all the Europeans in the camp combined against the Suliotes. The English mechanics sent out by the Greek Committee—not yet alive to the “German Peril”—asked for their passages home. This was no place for them. Byron refused to guarantee them their lives. He could not afford to lose their services. But they went.

From that moment all his designs were paralysed. He was reduced to the idleness of defensive war. His true occupation was gone. His authority was undermined. Then his health began to give way.

Byron was not suited for active service. His physical disability, impeding him from the exercise of walking, would have disqualified him in any country. But here in the swamps it took away resistance. He had been accustomed all his life to comfort, if not luxury. Now he was reduced to living on scanty, ill-cooked food, in a fireless house. He might as well have lived in a lethal chamber.

Through it all he remained cheerful. His letters reflect a mood of serene temper. He laughs at his physical troubles. "The dykes of Holland when broken down," he writes, "are the deserts of Arabia for dryness in comparison!" One of his visitors complained of cold. "A little to my surprise," comments Byron drily, "because, there being no chimneys, I have used myself to do without other warmth than the animal heat and one's cloak."

There is nothing less Byronic, in the typical sense of the word, than the soldierly good-humour and patience of these letters from Missolonghi.

Byron, in a word, had become the Crusader. He had sloughed off the snake-skin of his Venetian days, the mocking ribaldry, the Satanic defiance. His military letters and orders of these last days show him a devoted soldier of his cause—steady, resolute, grim, persistent.

No shadow of lawless passion falls on these last weeks. Patiently he lives in his house on the marshes. Justly he governs his troublesome crowd of Suliotes and Greeks—justly and calmly, with a certain ominous tranquillity, as of a river gliding towards its fall. But his record shines clear. His sun sets untarnished, blood-red with sacrifice, without a cloud on its surface.

His health steadily declined. On February 15, 1824—six weeks after his arrival on January 5—he was struck down by a mysterious fit, at the time thought to be epileptic. His doctor almost bled him to death with leeches applied to his forehead, and he rallied with difficulty. He was still starving himself: and as his starvation was accompanied with riding exercise of a strenuous kind, his heart was probably subject to a dangerous overstrain.

Fate seemed to fight against any attempt to escape from his doom. Twice he tried to leave Missolonghi for a healthier climate—once with Prince Mavrocordato on a mission to Salona; and a few days before his death, to the island of Zante, whither his doctor had ordered him to go. But the roads were impassable to Salona; and a sudden

gale cut them off from Zante. It was as if some mightier Power had shut him in here at Missolonghi, and grimly decided on his end.

When his doom came, it came swiftly. In April the weather was very bad. Riding out on the 9th with Count Gamba, Byron was overtaken by a heavy, soaking rain-storm; he returned to his cottage drenched to the skin. Fever seized him that night. But he was indomitable. He struggled up next day and rode out again. He returned from that ride so ill that he took to his bed. He never left the house again.

Byron struggled against his fate to the end and disputed every inch with the doctors. But the fever grew on him, and on Easter Day, April 18, it quite mastered his wilful, tempestuous spirit.

No competent observer was present at his death. His friends were far away; and Trelawny, arriving afterwards, had to be content with gossip. Perhaps the most convincing account is the simple narrative of the old and faithful manservant, Fletcher, who had followed Byron in all his adventures.

“I said, ‘Not our will, but God’s be done.’ He answered, ‘Yes. Not mine be done: but I will try.’ His lordship did indeed make several efforts to speak, but could only repeat two or three words at a time, such as ‘My wife! my child!—my sister! You know all, you must say all, you know my wishes!’ The rest was quite unintelligible.”¹

Byron relapsed into silence; and after twenty-four hours of unconsciousness, ceased to breathe.

So he passed, alone, unhappy, and afraid, but, in the circumstance of dying, heroic and splendid. Round his deathbed there raged a furious war of doctors, as if Byron was not fated for rest even in death. But the Greeks received the event with mournful acclaim, and gave to his body all the honours of victorious war.

¹ Fletcher’s account given in Blaquiére’s book (1823). It was taken down by Trelawny, who wrote it from dictation on Byron’s coffin. See Appendix D.

Looking back at his close across the century, we can see now that his death in this Greek venture was to be expected.

For Byron was worn out.

He had lived his life. Passion had worked its way in that frail body. Excessive labours of brain, by day and night, had finished the work. The splendours of his poetry did not come without great effort. We gain glimpses in many letters and diaries of the desperate, feverish toils.

Perhaps it was as well that he should die so. He had drawn heavy drafts on life. They had to be paid at some time. It was better to pay them with one single, splendid act.

For, after all, did not Byron's death more than half redeem his life ?

H. S.

[*Note*.—Byron's death was followed by an amazing outburst of widespread grief throughout Greece, expressed in multitudinous poems and addresses, of which the most eloquent was that of Tricoupi.¹ They wished to bury him within the Theseum at Athens. But his friends believed that he would be accepted into the Valhalla of Westminster Abbey. The Dean and Chapter, however, refused to admit him.

Byron was embalmed and lay in state in the Church of St. Nicholas at Missolonghi for six days, and there his heart was left. The body was taken to Zante on May 2nd and handed over to Colonel Stanhope. It was placed on board the *Florida*, the very ship which had just brought out the Greek Loan for Byron. She sailed for England on May 25th, 1824, and arrived in the Downs on the 30th June, where Cam Hobhouse, the last person who had shaken hands with Byron when he left Dover on April 25th, 1816, boarded the *Florida* and came up with her to Gravesend on July 2nd.

Byron's body lay in the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull in Great George Street, Westminster, until Monday, July 12th. On that day a solemn funeral procession started for Hucknall Torkard, the nearest considerable village to the ancestral home of the Byrons—Newstead Abbey. There Byron was buried on July 16th, 1824, next to his mother in the family vault in the parish church, where his body still lies.]

¹ See Appendix G.

PART I
THE FIRST VISIT
(1809-11)

LETTERS.

POEMS :

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Second Canto.
Stanzas composed during a Thunderstorm.
Stanzas written in passing the Ambracian Gulf.
The spell is broke, the charm is flown !
Written after Swimming from Sestos to Abydos.
Lines in the Travellers' Book at Orchomenus.
Maid of Athens, ere we part.
Fragment from the "Monk of Athos."
Translation of the Famous Greek War Song.
Translation of the Romaic Song.
Address to Greece : "The Giaour."
Know ye the Land : "The Bride of Abydos."
Extracts from "The Corsair."
The Curse of Minerva.
The Siege of Corinth.
The Bitter Cry of Greece : "The Age of Bronze."
The Coxcomb Czar : "The Age of Bronze."
The Isles of Greece : "Don Juan."
A Greek Islander : "Don Juan."
To Homer : "Don Juan."
Unhappy Greece : "Hints from Horace."
A Vision from Old Greece : "The Deformed Transformed."

LETTERS

To his Mother.

Falmouth, June 22, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,—I am about to sail in a few days ; probably before this reaches you. Fletcher begged so hard, that I have continued him in my service. If he does not behave well abroad, I will send him back in a *transport*. I have a German servant (who has been with Mr. Wilbraham in Persia before, and was strongly recommended to me by Dr. Butler, of Harrow), Robert and William ; they constitute my whole suite. I have letters in plenty :—you shall hear from me at the different ports I touch upon ; but you must not be alarmed if my letters miscarry. The Continent is in a fine state—an insurrection has broken out at Paris, and the Austrians are beating Buonaparte—the Tyrolese have risen.

To the Rev. Henry Drury.¹

Falmouth, June 25, 1809.

MY DEAR DRURY,—We sail to-morrow in the Lisbon packet, having been detained till now by the lack of wind, and other necessities. These being at last procured, by this time to-morrow evening we shall be embarked on the wide world of vaters, vor all the world like Robinson Crusoe. The Malta vessel not sailing for some weeks, we have determined to go by way of

¹ An intimate friend of Byron's, and son of the Headmaster of Harrow, with whom Byron had his famous quarrel as a boy.

POEMS

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE SECOND.

(The Greek Canto)

I.¹

COME, blue-eyed Maid of Heaven !—but Thou, alas !
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—
Goddess of Wisdom ! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of War and wasting fire,²
And years, that bade thy worship to expire :
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thoughts of thee and thine on polished breasts bestow.

II.

Ancient of days ! august Athena ! where,
Where are thy men of might ? thy grand in soul ?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were :
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and passed away—is this the whole ?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour !
The Warrior's weapon and the Sophist's stole³
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

¹ Stanzas I-XV form the dramatic prologue to the Canto. He surveys the ruin of Greece and the activity of her despoilers. This brings him to Lord Elgin.

² The Parthenon.

³ The "habit" of Socrates and the distinctive dress of the Cynics. A shortened robe.

Lisbon, and, as my servants term it, to see "that there *Portingale*"—thence to Cadiz and Gibraltar, and so on our old route to Malta and Constantinople, if so be that Captain Kidd, our gallant, or rather gallows, commander, understands plain sailing and Mercator, and takes us on a voyage all according to the chart.

Will you tell Dr. Butler that I have taken the treasure of a servant, Friese, the native of Prussia Proper, into my service from his recommendation? He has been all among the Worshippers of Fire in Persia, and has seen Persepolis and all that.

Hobhouse has made woundy preparations for a book on his return; 100 pens, two gallons of Japan Ink, and several volumes of best blank, is no bad provision for a discerning public. I have laid down my pen, but have promised to contribute a chapter on the state of morals, and a further treatise on the same to be intituled ". . . . *Simplified, . . . or Proved to be Praiseworthy from Ancient Authors and Modern Practice.*"

Hobhouse further hopes to indemnify himself in Turkey for a life of exemplary chastity at home. Pray buy his *Missellingany*, as the Printer's Devil calls it. I suppose it is in print by this time. Providence has interposed in our favour with a fair wind to carry us out of its reach, or he would have hired a Faqui to translate it into the Turcoman lingo.

"The cock is crowing,
I must be going,
And can no more."

Ghost of Gaffer Thumb.

Adieu.—Believe me, etc., etc.

*To Francis Hodgson.*¹

Falmouth, June 25, 1809.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—Before this reaches you, Hobhouse, two officers' wives, three children, two

¹ Afterwards Provost of Eton. A great friend of Byron's.

III.

Son of the Morning, rise ! approach you here !
 Come—but molest not yon defenceless Urn :
 Look on this spot—a Nation's sepulchre !
 Abode of Gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
 Even Gods must yield—Religions take their turn :
 'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other Creeds
 Will rise with other years, till Man shall learn
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds ;
 Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

IV.

Bound to the Earth, he lifts his eye to Heaven—
 Is 't not enough, Unhappy Thing ! to know
 Thou art ? Is this a boon so kindly given,
 That being, thou would'st be again, and go,
 Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so
 On Earth no more, but mingled with the skies ?
 Still wilt thou dream on future Joy and Woe ?
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies :
 That little urn saith more than thousand Homilies.

V.

Or burst the vanished Hero's lofty mound ;
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps :
 He fell, and falling nations mourned around ;
 But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
 Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
 Where demi-gods appeared, as records tell.¹
 Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps :
 Is that a Temple where a God may dwell ?
 Why ev'n the Worm at last disdains her shattered cell !

¹ The demigods Erechtheus and Theseus "appeared" at Marathon, and fought side by side with Miltiades (Grote's *History of Greece*, iv. 284).—C.

waiting-maids, ditto subalterns for the troops, three Portuguese esquires and domestics, in all nineteen souls, will have sailed in the Lisbon packet, with the noble Captain Kidd, a gallant commander as ever smuggled an anker of right Nantz.

We are going to Lisbon first, because the Malta packet has sailed, d'ye see?—from Lisbon to Gibraltar, Malta, Constantinople, and “all that,” as Orator Henley said, when he put the Church, and “all that,” in danger.

To his Mother.

Malta, September 15, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,—Though I have a very short time to spare, being to sail immediately for Greece, I cannot avoid taking an opportunity of telling you that I am well. I have been in Malta a short time, and have found the inhabitants hospitable and pleasant.

Byron sailed down the Mediterranean and across the Ægean to Prevesa, where in November he writes the following letter :—

To his Mother.

Prevesa, November 12, 1809.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have now been some time in Turkey: this place is on the coast, but I have traversed the interior of the province of Albania on a visit to the Pacha. I left Malta in the *Spider*, a brig of war, on the 21st of September, and arrived in eight days at Prevesa. I thence have been about 150 miles, as far as Tepaleen, his Highness's country palace, where I stayed three days. The name of the Pacha is *Ali*, and he is considered a man of the first abilities: he governs the whole of Albania (the ancient Illyricum), Epirus, and part of Macedonia. His son, Vely Pacha, to whom he has given me letters, governs the Morea, and has great influence in Egypt; in short, he is one of the most powerful men in the Ottoman empire. When I reached

VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul :
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
 The Dome of Thought, the Palace of the Soul :
 Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
 The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit ¹
 And Passion's host, that never brooked control :
 Can all Saint, Sage, or Sophist ever writ,
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit ?

VII.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son !²
 " All that we know is, nothing can be known."
 Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun ?
 Each hath its pang, but feeble sufferers groan
 With brain-born dreams of Evil all their own.
 Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best ;
 Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron :
 There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
 But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome Rest.

VIII.

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
 A land of Souls beyond that sable shore,
 To shame the Doctrine of the Sadducee
 And Sophists, madly vain of dubious lore ;
 How sweet it were in concert to adore
 With those who made our mortal labours light !
 To hear each voice we feared to hear no more !
 Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
 The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the Right !³

* * * * *

¹ Compare Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, act v, sc. 1, *passim*.—C.

² This is, of course, a travesty of the teaching of Socrates, who cherished a fierce and fiery belief in the possibility of knowledge.

³ This stanza was substituted by Byron, on the persuasion of Wallas, for a far more sceptical utterance in a suppressed stanza.

Yanina, the capital, after a journey of three days over the mountains, through a country of the most picturesque beauty, I found that Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyricum, besieging Ibrahim Pacha in the castle of Berat. He had heard that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, and had left orders in Yanina with the commandant to provide a house, and supply me with every kind of necessary *gratis* ; and, though I have been allowed to make presents to the slaves, etc., I have not been permitted to pay for a single article of household consumption.

I rode out on the vizier's horses, and saw the palaces of himself and grandsons: they are splendid, but too much ornamented with silk and gold. I then went over the mountains through Zitza, a village with a Greek monastery (where I slept on my return), in the most beautiful situation (always excepting Cintra, in Portugal) I ever beheld. In nine days I reached Tepaleen. Our journey was much prolonged by the torrents that had fallen from the mountains, and intersected the roads. I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon, as the sun was going down. It brought to my mind (with some change of *dress*, however) Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his *Lay*, and the feudal system. The Albanians, in their dresses, (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long *white kilt*, gold-worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver-mounted pistols and daggers,) the Tartars with their high caps, the Turks in their vast pelisses and turbans, the soldiers and black slaves with the horses, the former in groups in an immense large open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it, two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment, couriers entering or passing out with the despatches, the kettle-drums beating, boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque, altogether, with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new and delightful spectacle to a stranger.

X.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
The marble column's yet unshaken base ;
Here, son of Saturn ! was thy favourite throne :
Mightiest of many such ! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
It may not be : nor ev'n can Fancy's eye
Restore what Time hath laboured to deface.
Yet these proud Pillars claim no passing sigh ;
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

XI.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon Fane ¹
On high—where Pallas lingered, loth to flee
The latest relic of her ancient reign—
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he ?
Blush, Caledonia ! such thy son could be !
England ! I joy no child he was of thine :
Thy free-born men should spare what once was free ;
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine.

XII.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared :
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared,
Aught to displace Athenæ's poor remains :
Her Sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their Mother's pains,
And never knew, till then, the weight of Despot's chains.

¹ Here begins the great attack on Lord Elgin for taking the famous "Marbles." See "The Curse of Minerva," p. 151.

I was conducted to a very handsome apartment, and my health inquired after by the vizier's secretary, *à-la-mode Turque* !

The next day I was introduced to Ali Pacha. I was dressed in a full suit of staff uniform, with a very magnificent sabre, etc. The vizier received me in a large room paved with marble ; a fountain was playing in the centre ; the apartment was surrounded by scarlet ottomans. He received me standing, a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, and made me sit down on his right hand. I have a Greek interpreter for general use, but a physician of Ali's named Femlario, who understands Latin, acted for me on this occasion. His first question was, why, at so early an age, I left my country ?—(the Turks have no idea of travelling for amusement). He then said, the English minister, Captain Leake, had told him I was of a great family, and desired his respects to my mother ; which I now, in the name of Ali Pacha, present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands, and expressed himself pleased with my appearance and garb. He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet, fruit and sweetmeats, twenty times a day. He begged me to visit him often, and at night, when he was at leisure. I then, after coffee and pipes, retired for the first time. I saw him thrice afterwards. It is singular that the Turks, who have no hereditary dignities, and few great families, except the Sultans, pay so much respect to birth ; for I found my pedigree more regarded than my title.

To-day I saw the remains of the town of Actium, near which Antony lost the world, in a small bay, where two frigates could hardly manœuvre : a broken wall is the sole remnant. On another part of the gulf stand the ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus in honour of his victory. Last night I was at a Greek marriage ; but this

XIII.

What ! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,
 Albion was happy in Athena's tears ?
 Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,
 Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears ;
 The Ocean Queen, the free Britannia, bears
 The last poor plunder from a bleeding land :
 Yes, she, whose generous aid her name endears,
 Tore down those remnants with a Harpy's hand,
 Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants left to stand.

XIV.

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas ! that appalled
 Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way ?
 Where Peleus' son ? whom Hell in vain enthralled,
 His shade from Hades upon that dread day
 Bursting to light in terrible array !
 What ! could not Pluto spare the Chief once more,
 To scare a second robber from his prey ?
 Idly he wandered on the Stygian shore,
 Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before.

XV.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece ! that looks on Thee,
 Nor feels as Lovers o'er the dust they loved ;
 Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
 Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed
 By British hands, which it had best behaved
 To guard those relics ne'er to be restored :—
 Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,
 And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
 And snatched thy shrinking Gods to Northern climes
 abhorred ! ¹

* * * * *

¹ The Athenians believed, or feigned to believe, that the marbles themselves shrieked out in shame and agony at their removal from their ancient shrines.—C. It is probable, therefore, that Byron intended to write “shrieking.”

and a thousand things more I have neither time nor *space* to describe.

His highness is sixty years old, very fat, and not tall, but with a fine face, light blue eyes, and a white beard ; his manner is very kind, and at the same time he possesses that dignity which I find universal amongst the Turks. He has the appearance of anything but his real character, for he is a remorseless tyrant, guilty of the most horrible cruelties, very brave, and so good a general that they call him the Mahometan Buonaparte. Napoleon has twice offered to make him King of Epirus, but he prefers the English interest, and abhors the French, as he himself told me. He is of so much consequence, that he is much courted by both, the Albanians being the most warlike subjects of the Sultan, though Ali is only nominally dependent on the Porte ; he has been a mighty warrior, but is as barbarous as he is successful, roasting rebels, etc., etc. Buonaparte sent him a snuff-box with his picture. He said the snuff-box was very well, but the picture he could excuse, as he neither liked it nor the original. His ideas of judging of a man's birth from ears, hands, etc., were curious enough. To me he was, indeed, a father, giving me letters, guards, and every possible accommodation. Our next conversations were of war and travelling, politics and England. He called my Albanian soldier, who attends me, and told him to protect me at all hazard ; his name is Viscillie, and, like all the Albanians, he is brave, rigidly honest, and faithful ; but they are cruel, though not treacherous, and have several vices but no meannesses. They are, perhaps, the most beautiful race, in point of countenance, in the world ; their women are sometimes handsome also, but they are treated like slaves, *beaten*, and, in short, complete beasts of burden ; they plough, dig, and sow. I found them carrying wood, and actually repairing the highways. The men are all soldiers, and war and the chase their sole occupations. The women are the labourers, which after all is no great hardship in so delightful a climate.

XXVIII.

Pass we the long unvarying course, the track
 Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind ;
 Pass we the calm—the gale—the change—the tack,
 And each well-known caprice of wave and wind ;
 Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
 Cooped in their wingéd sea-girt citadel ;
 The foul—the fair—the contrary—the kind—
 As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
 Till on some jocund morn—lo, Land ! and All is well !

XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,
 The sister tenants of the middle deep ;
 There for the weary still a Haven smiles,
 Though the fair Goddess long hath ceased to weep,
 And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
 For him who dared prefer a mortal bride :
 Here, too, his boy essayed the dreadful leap
 Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide ;
 While thus of both bereft, the Nymph-Queen doubly sighed.¹

* * * * *

XXXVIII.

Land of Albania ! where Iskander rose,²
 Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
 And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
 Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise :
 Land of Albania ! let me bend mine eyes
 On thee, thou rugged Nurse of savage men !
 The Cross descends, thy Minarets arise,
 And the pale Crescent sparkles in the glen,
 Through many a cypress-grove within each city's ken.

¹ Mentor pushed Telemachus into the sea. Calypso was unconsolable—for the time.

² Alexander the Great. "Beacon of the wise" because of his murder of Clytus. "Theme of the young" because of his splendour and success,

Yesterday, the 11th of November, I bathed in the sea ; to-day is so hot that I am writing in a shady room of the English consul's, with three doors wide open, no fire, or even *fireplace*, in the house, except for culinary purposes.

I am going to-morrow, with a guard of fifty men, to Patras in the Morea, and then to Athens, where I shall winter. Two days ago I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain and crew, though the storm was not violent. Fletcher yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the saints, the Mussulmans on Alla ; the captain burst into tears and ran below deck, telling us to call on God ; the sails were split, the main-yard shivered, the wind blowing fresh, the night setting in, and all our chance was to make Corfu, which is in possession of the French, or (as Fletcher pathetically termed it) "a watery grave." I did what I could to console Fletcher, but finding him incorrigible, wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak), and lay down on deck to wait the worst. I have learnt to philosophise in my travels ; and if I had not, complaint was useless. Luckily the wind abated, and only drove us on the coast of Suli, on the main land, where we landed, and proceeded, by the help of the natives, to Prevesa again ; but I shall not trust Turkish sailors in future, though the Pacha had ordered one of his own galliots to take me to Patras. I am therefore going as far as Missolonghi by land, and there have only to cross a small gulf to get to Patras.

Fletcher's next epistle will be full of marvels. We were one night lost for nine hours in the mountains in a thunder-storm, and since nearly wrecked. In both cases Fletcher was sorely bewildered, from apprehensions of famine and banditti in the first, and drowning in the second instance. His eyes were a little hurt by the lightning, or crying (I don't know which), but are now recovered. When you write, address to me at Mr. Strané's, English consul, Patras, Morea.

XXXIX.

Childe Harold sailed, and passed the barren spot,¹
Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave ;
And onward viewed the mount, not yet forgot,
The Lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.²
Dark Sappho ! could not Verse immortal save
That breast imbued with such immortal fire ?
Could she not live who life eternal gave ?
If life eternal may await the lyre,
That only Heaven to which Earth's children may aspire.

XL.

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
Childe Harold hailed Leucadia's cape afar ;
A spot he longed to see, nor cared to leave :
Oft did he mark the scenes of vanished war,
Actium—Lepanto—fatal Trafalgar ;
Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight
(Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
But loathed the bravo's trade, and laughed at martial wight.

XLI.

But when he saw the Evening star above
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
And hailed the last resort of fruitless love,
He felt, or deemed he felt, no common glow :
And as the stately vessel glided slow
Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
He watched the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
More placid seemed his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

¹ Ithaca. The island of Ulysses and Penelope.

² Where Sappho is said to have thrown herself into the sea.

I could tell you I know not how many incidents that I think would amuse you, but they crowd on my mind as much as they would swell my paper, and I can neither arrange them in the one, nor put them down on the other, except in the greatest confusion. I like the Albanians much ; they are not all Turks ; some tribes are Christians. But their religion makes little difference in their manner or conduct. They are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish service. I lived on my route, two days at once, and three days again, in a barrack at Salora, and never found soldiers so tolerable, though I have been in the garrisons of Gibraltar and Malta, and seen Spanish, French, Sicilian, and British troops in abundance. I have had nothing stolen, and was always welcome to their provision and milk. Not a week ago an Albanian chief, (every village has its chief, who is called Primate,) after helping us out of the Turkish galley in her distress, feeding us, and lodging my suite, consisting of Fletcher, a Greek, two Athenians, a Greek priest, and my companion, Mr. Hobhouse, refused any compensation but a written paper stating that I was well received ; and when I pressed him to accept a few sequins, "No," he replied ; "I wish you to love me, not to pay me." These are his words.

It is astonishing how far money goes in this country. While I was in the capital I had nothing to pay by the vizier's order ; but since, though I have generally had sixteen horses, and generally six or seven men, the expense has not been *half* as much as staying only three weeks in Malta, though Sir A. Ball, the governor, gave me a house for nothing, and I had only *one servant*. By the by, I expect Hanson to remit regularly ; for I am not about to stay in this province for ever. Let him write to me at Mr. Strané's, English consul, Patras. The fact is, the fertility of the plains is wonderful, and specie is scarce, which makes this remarkable cheapness. I am going to Athens, to study modern Greek, which differs much from the ancient, though radically similar. I have no desire

XLII.

Morn dawns ; and with it stern Albania's hills,
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
Robed half in mist, bedewed with snowy rills,
Arrayed in many a dun and purple streak,
Arise ; and, as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer :
Here roams the wolf—the eagle whets his beak—
Birds—beasts of prey—and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.

XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,
And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu ;
Now he adventured on a shore unknown,
Which all admire, but many dread to view :
His breast was armed 'gainst fate, his wants were few ;
Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet :
The scene was savage, but the scene was new ;
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
Beat back keen Winter's blast, and welcomed Summer's heat.

XLIV.

Here the red Cross, for still the Cross is here,
Though sadly scoffed at by the circumcised,
Forgets that Pride to pampered priesthood dear ;
Churchman and Votary alike despised.
Foul Superstition ! howsoe'er disguised,
Idol—Saint—Virgin—Prophet—Crescent—Cross—
For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss !
Who from true Worship's gold can separate thy dross ?

to return to England, nor shall I, unless compelled by absolute want, and Hanson's neglect; but I shall not enter into Asia for a year or two, as I have much to see in Greece, and I may perhaps cross into Africa, at least the Egyptian part. Fletcher, like all Englishmen, is very much dissatisfied, though a little reconciled to the Turks by a present of eighty piastres from the vizier, which, if you consider every thing and the value of specie here, is nearly worth ten guineas English. He has suffered nothing but from cold, heat, and vermin, which those who lie in cottages and cross mountains in a cold country must undergo, and of which I have equally partaken with himself; but he is not valiant, and is afraid of robbers and tempests. I have no one to be remembered to in England, and wish to hear nothing from it, but that you are well, and a letter or two on business from Hanson, whom you may tell to write. I will write when I can, and beg you to believe me,

Your affectionate son,

BYRON.

P.S.—I have some very “magnifiques” Albanian dresses, the only expensive articles in this country. They cost fifty guineas each, and have so much gold, they would cost in England two hundred.

I have been introduced to Hussein Bey, and Mahmout Pacha, both little boys, grandchildren of Ali, at Yanina; they are totally unlike our lads, have painted complexions like rouged dowagers, large black eyes, and features perfectly regular. They are the prettiest little animals I ever saw, and are broken into the court ceremonies already. The Turkish salute is a slight inclination of the head, with the hand on the heart; intimates always kiss. Mahmout is ten years old, and hopes to see me again; we are friends without understanding each other, like many other folks, though from a different cause. He has given me a letter to his father in the Morea, to whom I have also letters from Ali Pacha.

XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost
 A world for Woman, lovely, harmless thing !¹
 In yonder rippling bay, their naval host
 Did many a Roman chief and Asian King
 To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring :
 Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose !
 Now, like the hands that reared them, withering :
 Imperial Anarchs, doubling human woes !
 God ! was thy globe ordained for such to win and lose ?

XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,
 Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,
 Childe Harold passed o'er many a mount sublime,
 Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales :
 Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales
 Are rarely seen ; nor can fair Tempe boast
 A charm they know not ; loved Parnassus fails,
 Though classic ground and consecrated most,
 To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast.

XLVII.

He passed bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake,
 And left the primal city of the land,
 And onwards did his further journey take²
 To greet Albania's Chief, whose dread command
 Is lawless law ; for with a bloody hand
 He sways a nation, turbulent and bold :
 Yet here and there some daring mountain-band
 Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
 Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.

¹ Antony for Cleopatra. In the middle of the battle of Actium, Cleopatra's galleys turned, and made for Egypt.

² The travellers left Prevesa on October 1, and arrived at Janina on October 5. They left Janina on October 11, and reached Zitza at night-fall (Byron at 3 a.m., October 12). They left Zitza on October 13, and arrived at Tepeleni on October 19.—C.

To his Mother.

Smyrna, March 19, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,—I cannot write you a long letter ; but as I know you will not be sorry to receive any intelligence of my movements pray accept what I can give. I have traversed the greatest part of Greece, besides Epirus, etc., etc., resided ten weeks at Athens, and am now on the Asiatic side on my way to Constantinople. I have just returned from viewing the ruins of Ephesus, a day's journey from Smyrna. I presume you have received a long letter I wrote from Albania, with an account of my reception by the Pacha of the Province.

When I arrive at Constantinople, I shall determine whether to proceed into Persia or return, which latter I do not wish, if I can avoid it. But I have no intelligence from Mr. Hanson, and but one letter from yourself. I shall stand in need of remittances whether I proceed or return. I have written to him repeatedly, that he may not plead ignorance of my situation for neglect. I can give you no account of any thing, for I have not time or opportunity, the frigate sailing immediately. Indeed the further I go the more my laziness increases, and my aversion to letter-writing becomes more confirmed. I have written to no one but to yourself and Mr. Hanson, and these are communications of business and duty rather than of inclination.

Fletcher is very much disgusted with his fatigues, though he has undergone nothing that I have not shared. He is a poor creature ; indeed English servants are detestable travellers. I have, besides him, two Albanian soldiers and a Greek interpreter ; all excellent in their way. Greece, particularly in the vicinity of Athens, is delightful ;—cloudless skies and lovely landscapes. But I must reserve all account of my adventures till we meet. I keep no journal, but my friend Hobhouse scribbles incessantly. Pray take care of Murray and Robert, and tell the boy

XLVIII.

Monastic Zitzä ! from thy shady brow,
 Thou small, but favoured spot of holy ground !
 Where'er we gaze—around—above—below,—
 What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found !
 Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
 And bluest skies that harmonise the whole :
 Beneath, the distant Torrent's rushing sound
 Tells where the volumed Cataract doth roll
 Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.¹

XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
 Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh
 Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
 Might well itself be deemed of dignity,
 The Convent's white walls glisten fair on high :
 Here dwells the caloyer, nor rude is he,
 Nor niggard of his cheer ; ² the passer by
 Is welcome still ; nor heedless will he flee
 From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

L.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
 Fresh is the green beneath those agéd trees ;
 Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
 From Heaven itself he may inhale the breeze :
 The plain is far beneath—oh ! let him seize
 Pure pleasure while he can ; the scorching ray
 Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease :
 Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
 And gaze, untired, the Morn—the Noon—the Eve away.

¹ Here Byron was caught in a violent thunderstorm and wrote the poem, "Stanzas composed during a Thunderstorm" (p. 85).

² "The prior of the monastery, a humble, meek-mannered man, entertained us in a warm chamber with grapes and a pleasant white wine. . . . We were so well pleased with everything about us that we agreed to lodge with him."—Hobhouse's *Travels in Albania*, i; 73.

it is the most fortunate thing for him that he did not accompany me to Turkey. Consider this as merely a notice of my safety, and believe me,

Yours, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

To his Mother.

Smyrna, April 9, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,—I know you will be glad to hear from me: I wish I could say I am equally delighted to write. However, there is no great loss in my scribbles, except to the portmanteau-makers, who, I suppose, will get all by and by.

Nobody but yourself asks me about my creed,—what I am, am not, etc., etc. If I were to begin *explaining*, God knows where I should leave off; so we will say no more about that, if you please.

I am no “good soul,” and not an atheist, but an English gentleman, I hope, who loves his mother, mankind, and his country. I have not time to write more at present, and beg you to believe me,

Ever yours, etc.,

BYRON.

To his Mother.

Smyrna, April 10, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,—To-morrow, or this evening, I sail for Constantinople in the *Salsette* frigate, of thirty-six guns. She returns to England with our ambassador, whom she is going up on purpose to receive. I have written to you short letters from Athens, Smyrna, and a long one from Albania. I have not yet mustered courage for a second large epistle, and you must not be angry, since I take all opportunities of apprizing you of my safety; but even that is an effort, writing is so irksome.

I have been traversing Greece, and Epirus, Illyria, etc., etc., and you see by my date, have got into Asia. I have made but one excursion lately to the ruins of Ephesus. Malta is the rendez-vous of my letters, so address to that

LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight
 Nature's volcanic Amphitheatre,
 Chimæra's Alps extend from left to right :
 Beneath, a living valley seems to stir ;
 Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain-fir
 Nodding above ; behold black Acheron !
 Once consecrated to the sepulchre.
 Pluto ! if this be Hell I look upon,
 Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for none.

LII.

Ne¹ city's towers pollute the lovely view ;
 Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
 Veiled by the screen of hills : here men are few,
 Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot :
 But, peering down each precipice, the goat
 Browseth ; and, pensive o'er his scattered flock,
 The little shepherd in his white capote
 Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
 Or in his cave awaits the Tempest's short-lived shock.

LIII.

Oh ! where, Dodona ! ² is thine agéd Grove,
 Prophetic Fount, and Oracle divine ?
 What valley echoed the response of Jove ?
 What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine ?
 All, all forgotten—and shall Man repine
 That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke ?
 Cease, Fool ! the fate of Gods may well be thine :
 Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak ?
 When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath the
 stroke !

¹ A Chaucerian word = "No."

² The site of Dodona, a spot "at the foot of Mount Tomaros" (Mount Olytsika) in the valley of Tcharacovista, was finally determined, in 1876, by excavations carried out, at his own expense, by M. Constantin Carapanos, a native of Arta.—C.

island. Mr. Hanson has not written, though I wished to hear of the Norfolk sale, the Lancashire law-suit, etc., etc. I am anxiously expecting fresh remittances. I believe you will like Nottinghamshire, at least my share of it. Pray accept my good wishes in lieu of a long letter, and believe me,

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

BYRON.

To his Mother.

Salsette frigate, off the Dardanelles, April 17, 1810.

DEAR MADAM,—I write at anchor (on our way to Constantinople) off the Troad, which I traversed ten days ago. All the remains of Troy are the tombs of her destroyers, amongst which I saw that of Antilochus from my cabin window. These are large mounds of earth, like the barrows of the Danes in your island. There are several monuments, about twelve miles distant, of the Alexandrian Troas, which I also examined, but by no means to be compared with the remnants of Athens and Ephesus. This will be sent in a ship of war, bound with despatches for Malta. In a few days we shall be at Constantinople, barring accidents. I have also written from Smyrna, and shall, from time to time, transmit short accounts of my movements, but I feel totally unequal to long letters.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

To Henry Drury.

Salsette frigate, May 3, 1810.

MY DEAR DRURY,—When I left England nearly a year ago, you requested me to write to you—I will do so. I have crossed Portugal, traversed the south of Spain, visited Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and thence passed into Turkey, where I am still wandering. I first landed in Albania, the ancient Epirus, where we penetrated as far as Mount Tomarit—excellently treated by the chief Ali Pacha,—and, after journeying through Illyria, Chaonia, etc.,

LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail ;
Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye
Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale
As ever Spring yclad in grassy dye :
Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,
Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,
And woods along the banks are waving high,
Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,
Or with the moonbeam sleep in Midnight's solemn trance.

LV.

The Sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,
And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by ;
The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
When, down the steep banks winding warily,
Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,¹
The glittering minarets of Tepalen,
Whose walls o'erlook the stream ; and drawing nigh,
He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
Swelling the breeze that sighed along the lengthening glen.

LVI.

He passed the sacred Haram's silent tower,
And underneath the wide o'erarching gate
Surveyed the dwelling of this Chief of power,
Where all around proclaimed his high estate.
Amidst no common pomp the Despot sate,
While busy preparation shook the court,
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons² wait ;
Within, a palace, and without, a fort :
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

¹ "During the fast of the Ramazan, . . . the gallery of each minaret is decorated with a circle of small lamps. When seen from a distance, each minaret presents a point of light, 'like meteors in the sky'; and in a large city, where they are numerous, they resemble a swarm of fireflies."
—H. F. Tozer.

² "A kind of dervish or recluse . . . regarded as a saint."—C.

crossed the Gulf of Actium, with a guard of fifty Albanians, and passed the Achelous in our route through Acarnania and Ætolia. We stopped a short time in the Morea, crossed the Gulf of Lepanto, and landed at the foot of Parnassus ;—saw all that Delphi retains, and so on to Thebes and Athens, at which last we remained ten weeks.

His Majesty's ship, *Pylades*, brought us to Smyrna ; but not before we had topographised Attica, including, of course, Marathon and the Sunian promontory. From Smyrna to the Troad (which we visited when at anchor, for a fortnight, off the tomb of Antilochus) was our next stage ; and now we are in the Dardanelles, waiting for a wind to proceed to Constantinople.

This morning I *swam* from *Sestos* to *Abydos*. The immediate distance is not above a mile, but the current renders it hazardous ;—so much so that I doubt whether Leander's conjugal affection must not have been a little chilled in his passage to Paradise. I attempted it a week ago, and failed,—owing to the north wind, and the wonderful rapidity of the tide,—though I have been from my childhood a strong swimmer. But, this morning being calmer, I succeeded, and crossed the “ broad Hellespont ” in an hour and ten minutes.

* * * * *

Greece, ancient and modern, you know too well to require description. Albania, indeed, I have seen more of than any Englishman (except a Mr. Leake), for it is a country rarely visited, from the savage character of the natives, though abounding in more natural beauties than the classical regions of Greece,—which, however, are still eminently beautiful, particularly Delphi and Cape Colonna in Attica. Yet these are nothing to parts of Illyria and Epirus, where places without a name, and rivers not laid down in maps, may, one day, when more known, be justly esteemed superior subjects, for the pencil and the pen, to the dry ditch of the Ilissus and the bogs of Bœotia.

LVII.

Richly caparisoned, a ready row
Of arméd horse, and many a warlike store,
Circled the wide-extending court below ;
Above, strange groups adorned the corridore ;
And oft-times through the area's echoing door
Some high-capped Tartar spurred his steed away :
The Turk—the Greek—the Albanian—and the Moor,
Here mingled in their many-hued array,
While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of
day.

LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroidered garments, fair to see ;
The crimson-scarféd men of Macedon ;
The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
And crooked glaive—the lively, supple Greek,
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son ;
The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak,
Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

LIX.

Are mixed conspicuous : some recline in groups,
Scanning the motley scene that varies round ;
There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
And some that smoke, and some that play, are found ;
Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground ;
Half-whispering there the Greek is heard to prate ;
Hark ! from the Mosque the nightly solemn sound,
The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
“ There is no god but God !—to prayer—lo ! God is great ! ”

The Troad is a fine field for conjecture and snipe-shooting, and a good sportsman and an ingenious scholar may exercise their feet and faculties to great advantage upon the spot;—or, if they prefer riding, lose their way (as I did) in a cursed quagmire of the Scamander, who wriggles about as if the Dardan virgins still offered their wonted tribute. The only vestige of Troy, or her destroyers, are the barrows supposed to contain the carcasses of Achilles, Antilochus, Ajax, etc.;—but Mount Ida is still in high feather, though the shepherds are now-a-days not much like Ganymede. But why should I say more of these things? are they not written in the *Boke of Gell*? and has not Hobhouse got a journal? I keep none, as I have renounced scribbling.

* * * * *

I like the Greeks, who are plausible rascals,—with all the Turkish vices, without their courage. However, some are brave, and all are beautiful, very much resembling the busts of Alcibiades;—the women not quite so handsome. I can swear in Turkish; but, except one horrible oath, and “pimp,” and “bread,” and “water,” I have got no great vocabulary in that language. They are extremely polite to strangers of any rank, properly protected; and as I have two servants and two soldiers, we get on with great *éclat*. We have been occasionally in danger of thieves, and once of shipwreck,—but always escaped.

Of Spain I sent some account to our Hodgson, but have subsequently written to no one, save notes to relations and lawyers, to keep them out of my premises. I mean to give up all connection, on my return, with many of my best friends—as I supposed them—and to snarl all my life. But I hope to have one good-humoured laugh with you, and to embrace Dwyer, and pledge Hodgson, before I commence cynicism.

Tell Dr. Butler I am now writing with the gold pen he gave me before I left England, which is the reason my scrawl is more unintelligible than usual. I have been at Athens, and seen plenty of these reeds for scribbling,

LX.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast ¹
 Through the long day its penance did maintain :
 But when the lingering twilight hour was past;
 Revel and feast assumed the rule again :
 Now all was bustle, and the menial train
 Prepared and spread the plenteous board within ;
 The vacant Gallery now seemed made in vain,
 But from the chambers came the mingling din,
 As page and slave anon were passing out and in.

LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard : apart,
 And scarce permitted, guarded, veiled, to move,
 She yields to one her person and her heart,
 Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove :
 For, not unhappy in her Master's love,
 And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
 Blest cares ! all other feelings far above !
 Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,
 Who never quits the breast—no meaner passion shares.

LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
 Of living water from the centre rose,
 Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
 And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,

¹ “ We were disturbed during the night by the perpetual carousal which seemed to be kept up in the gallery, and by the drum, and the voice of the ‘muezzinn,’ or chanter, calling the Turks to prayers from the minaret of the mosck attached to the palace.

“ The Ramazan, or Turkish Lent, which, as it occurs in each of the thirteen months in succession, fell this year in October.—Hobhouse's *Travels in Albania*, i, 66 and 95.

The whole point of Ramazan is that you fast in the day and feast at night.

some of which he refused to bestow upon me, because topographic Gell had brought them from Attica. But I will not describe,—no—you must be satisfied with simple detail till my return, and then we will unfold the flood-gates of colloquy. I am in a thirty-six gun frigate, going up to fetch Bob Adair from Constantinople, who will have the honour to carry this letter.

And so Hobhouse's *boke* is out, with some sentimental singsong of my own to fill up,—and how does it take, eh? and where the devil is the second edition of my Satire, with additions? and my name on the title page? and more lines tagged to the end, with a new exordium and what not, hot from my anvil before I cleared the Channel? The Mediterranean and the Atlantic roll between me and criticism; and the thunders of the Hyperborean Review are deafened by the roar of the Hellespont.

Remember me to Claridge, if not translated to College, and present to Hodgson assurances of my high consideration. Now, you will ask, what shall I do next? and I answer, I do not know. I may return in a few months, but I have intents and projects after visiting Constantinople.—Hobhouse, however, will probably be back in September.

On the 2d of July we have left Albion one year—*oblitus meorum obliviscendus et illis*. I was sick of my own country, and not much prepossessed in favour of any other; but I “drag on my chain” without “lengthening “it at each remove.” I am like the Jolly Miller, caring for nobody, and not cared for. All countries are much the same in my eyes. I smoke, and stare at mountains, and twirl my mustachios very independently. I miss no comforts, and the mosquitoes that rack the morbid frame of H. have, luckily for me, little effect on mine, because I live more temperately.

I omitted Ephesus in my catalogue, which I visited during my sojourn at Smyrna; but the Temple has almost perished, and St. Paul need not trouble himself to epistolise

ALI reclined, a man of war and woes :
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that agéd venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
Ill suits the passions which belong to Youth ;
Love conquers Age—so Hafiz hath averred,
So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—
But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth,
Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
In years, have marked him with a tiger's tooth ;
Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,
In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.¹

LXIV.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye
The Pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
And gazed around on Moslem luxury,
Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat
Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise :
And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet ;
But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,
And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both destroys.

¹ This was prophetic. "On the 5th of February, 1822, a meeting took place between Ali and Mohammed Pasha. . . . When Mohammed rose to depart, the two viziers, being of equal rank, moved together towards the door. . . . As they parted Ali bowed low to his visitor, and Mohammed, seizing the moment when the watchful eye of the old man was turned away, drew his hanjar, and plunged it in Ali's heart. He walked on calmly to the gallery, and said to the attendants, 'Ali of Tepalen is dead.' . . . The head of Ali was exposed at the gate of the serai."—Finlay's *Hist. of Greece*, 1877, vi, 94, 95.—C.

the present brood of Ephesians, who have converted a large church built entirely of marble into a mosque, and I don't know that the edifice looks the worse for it.

My paper is full, and my ink ebbing—good afternoon ! If you address to me at Malta, the letter will be forwarded wherever I may be. H. greets you; he pines for his poetry,—at least, some tidings of it. I almost forgot to tell you that I am dying for love of three Greek girls at Athens, sisters. I lived in the same house. Teresa, Mariana, and Katinka, are the names of these divinities,—all of them under fifteen.

Your ταπεινοτατος δουλός,
BYRON.

To Francis Hodgson.

Salsette frigate, in the Dardanelles, off Abydos, May 5, 1810.

I am on my way to Constantinople, after a tour through Greece, Epirus, etc., and part of Asia Minor, some particulars of which I have just communicated to our friend and host, H. Drury. With these, then, I shall not trouble you; but as you will perhaps be pleased to hear that I am well, etc., I take the opportunity of our ambassador's return to forward the few lines I have time to despatch. We have undergone some inconveniences, and incurred partial perils, but no events worthy of communication, unless you will deem it one that two days ago I swam from Sestos to Abydos. This, with a few alarms from robbers, and some danger of shipwreck in a Turkish galliot six months ago, a visit to a Pacha, a passion for a married woman at Malta, a challenge to an officer, an attachment to three Greek girls at Athens, with a great deal of buffoonery and fine prospects, form all that has distinguished my progress since my departure from Spain.

Hobhouse rhymes and journalises; I stare and do nothing—unless smoking can be deemed an active amusement. The Turks take too much care of their women to permit them to be scrutinised; but I have lived a good

LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back ?
Who can so well the toil of War endure ?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need :
Their wrath how deadly ! but their friendship sure,
When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,
Unshaken rushing on where'er their Chief may lead.

LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their Chieftain's tower
Thronging to War in splendour and success ;
And after viewed them, when, within their power,
Himself awhile the victim of distress ;
That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press :
But these did shelter him beneath their roof,
When less barbarians would have cheered him less,
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—
In aught that tries the heart, how few withstand the proof !

LXVII.

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,¹
When all around was desolate and dark ;
To land was perilous, to sojourn more ;
Yet for awhile the mariners forbore,
Dubious to trust where Treachery might lurk :
At length they ventured forth, though doubting sore
That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk
Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work.

¹ This refers to an incident in Byron's travels. He and Hobhouse were driven ashore and helped by the Albanians (Hobhouse, i, 157-165).

deal with the Greeks, whose modern dialect I can converse in enough for my purposes. With the Turks I have also some male acquaintances—female society is out of the question. I have been very well treated by the Pachas and Governors, and have no complaint to make of any kind. Hobhouse will one day inform you of all our adventures—were I to attempt the recital, neither *my* paper nor *your* patience would hold out during the operation.

Nobody, save yourself, has written to me since I left England; but indeed I did not request it. I except my relations, who write quite as often as I wish. Of Hobhouse's volume I know nothing, except that it is out; and of my second edition I do not even know *that*, and certainly do not, at this distance, interest myself in the matter. I hope you and Bland roll down the stream of sale with rapidity.

Of my return I cannot positively speak, but think it probable Hobhouse will precede me in that respect. We have been very nearly one year abroad. I should wish to gaze away another, at least, in these evergreen climates; but I fear business, law business, the worst of employments, will recall me previous to that period, if not very quickly. If so, you shall have due notice.

I hope you will find me an altered personage,—I do not mean in body, but in manner, for I begin to find out that nothing but virtue will do in this damned world. I am tolerably sick of vice, which I have tried in its agreeable varieties, and mean, on my return, to cut all my dissolute acquaintance, leave off wine and carnal company, and betake myself to politics and decorum. I am very serious and cynical, and a good deal disposed to moralise; but fortunately for you the coming homily is cut off by default of pen and defection of paper.

Good morrow! If you write, address to me at Malta, whence your letters will be forwarded. You need not remember me to any body, but believe me,

Yours with all faith,

BYRON.

LXVIII.

Vain fear ! the Suliotes stretched the welcome hand,
Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp,
Kinder than polished slaves though not so bland,
And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp,
And filled the bowl, and trimmed the cheerful lamp,
And spread their fare ; though homely, all they had :
Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp :
To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the bad.

LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address
Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,
Combined marauders half-way barred egress,
And wasted far and near with glaive and brand ;
And therefore did he take a trusty band
To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,
In war well-seasoned, and with labours tanned,
Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,
And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds espied.¹

LXX.

Where lone Utraikey forms its circling cove,
And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,
How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,
As winds come lightly whispering from the West,
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene :—
Here Harold was received a welcome guest ;
Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
For many a joy could he from Night's soft presence glean.

¹ An Albanian Guard accompanied Byron and Hobhouse on their ride to Athens.

Constantinople, May 15, 1810.

* * * * *

P.S.—Of Constantinople you have Gibbon's description, very correct as far as I have seen. The mosques I shall have a firman to visit. I shall most probably (*Deo volente*), after a full inspection of Stamboul, bend my course homewards; but this is uncertain. I have seen the most interesting parts, particularly Albania, where few Franks have ever been, and all the most celebrated ruins of Greece and Ionia.

Of England I know nothing, hear nothing, and can find no person better informed on the subject than myself. I this moment drink your health in a bumper of hock; Hobhouse fills and empties to the same; do you and Drury pledge us in a pint of any liquid you please—vinegar will bear the nearest resemblance to that which I have just swallowed to your name; but when we meet again the draught shall be mended and the wine also.

Yours ever,

B.

To Henry Drury.

Constantinople, June 17, 1810.

* * * * *

I am just come from an expedition through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and the Cyanean Symplegades, up which last I scrambled with as great risk as ever the Argonauts escaped in their hoy. You remember the beginning of the nurse's dole in the *Medea*, of which I beg you to take the following translation, done on the summit:—

“ Oh how I wish that an embargo
 Had kept in port the good ship Argo !
 Who, still unlaunch'd from Grecian docks,
 Had never passed the Azure rocks ;
 But now I fear her trip will be a
 Damn'd business for my Miss Medea, etc., etc.,”

as it very nearly was to me;—for, had not this sublime passage been in my head, I should never have dreamed

LXXI.

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,
 The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,
 And he that unawares had there ygzazed
 With gaping wonderment had stared aghast ;
 For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,
 The native revels of the troop began ;
 Each Palikar his sabre from him cast,
 And bounding hand in hand, man linked to man,
 Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled clan.¹

LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood
 And viewed, but not displeased, the revelrie,
 Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude :
 In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
 Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee ;
 And, as the flames along their faces gleamed,
 Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,
 The long wild locks that to their girdles streamed,
 While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half screamed :

1.

TAMBOURGI ! ² Tambourgi ! thy 'larum afar
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war ;
 All the Sons of the mountains arise at the note,
 Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote !

2.

Oh ! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
 In his snowy camese ³ and his shaggy capote ?
 To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
 And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

¹ *Travels in Albania*, i, pp. 166-7, describes in prose the same incidents.

² Tambourgi, "drummer," a Turkish word.—C.

³ The *camese* is the *fustanella* or white kilt of the Toska, a branch of the Albanian, or Shkipetar, race.—C.

of ascending the said rocks, and bruising my carcase in honour of the ancients.

I have now sat on the Cyaneans, swam from Sestos to Abydos (as I trumpeted in my last), and, after passing through the Morea again, shall set sail for Santa Maura, and toss myself from the Leucadian promontory;—surviving which operation, I shall probably join you in England. Hobhouse, who will deliver this, is bound straight for these parts; and, as he is bursting with his travels, I shall not anticipate his narratives, but merely beg you not to believe one word he says, but reserve your ear for me, if you have any desire to be acquainted with the truth.

I am bound for Athens once more, and thence to the Morea; but my stay depends so much on my caprice, that I can say nothing of its probable duration. I have been out a year already, and may stay another; but I am quicksilver, and say nothing positively. We are all very much occupied doing nothing, at present. We have seen everything but the mosques, which we are to view with a firman on Tuesday next. But of these and other sundries let H. relate, with this proviso, that *I* am to be referred to for authenticity; and I beg leave to contradict all those things whereon he lays particular stress. But, if he soars at any time into wit, I give you leave to applaud, because that is necessarily stolen from his fellow-pilgrim. Tell Davies that Hobhouse has made excellent use of his best jokes in many of his Majesty's ships of war; but add, also, that I always took care to restore them to the right owner; in consequence of which he (Davies) is no less famous by water than by land, and reigns unrivalled in the cabin as in the "Cocoa Tree."

To his Mother.

Constantinople, June 28, 1810.

* * * * *

I have been in all the principal mosques by the virtue of a firman: this is a favour rarely permitted to Infidels,

3.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live ?
Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego ?
What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe ? ¹

4.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race ;
For a time they abandon the cave and the chase :
But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before
The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

5.

Then the Pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves,
And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,
Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,
And track to his covert the captive on shore.

6.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy ;
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

7.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe ;
Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned lyre,
And sing us a song on the fall of her Sire.

¹ The Suliotes, after a protracted and often successful resistance, were finally reduced by Ali, in December, 1803.—C.

but the ambassador's departure obtained it for us. I have been up the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, round the walls of the city, and, indeed, I know more of it by sight than I do of London. I hope to amuse you some winter's evening with the details, but at present you must excuse me ;—I am not able to write long letters in June. I return to spend my summer in Greece. I write often, but you must not be alarmed when you do not receive my letters ; consider we have no regular post farther than Malta, where I beg you will in future send your letters, and not to this city.

Fletcher is a poor creature, and requires comforts that I can dispense with. He is very sick of his travels, but you must not believe his account of the country. He sighs for ale, and idleness, and a wife, and the devil knows what besides. I have not been disappointed or disgusted. I have lived with the highest and the lowest. I have been for days in a Pacha's palace, and have passed many a night in a cowhouse, and I find the people inoffensive and kind. I have also passed some time with the principal Greeks in the Morea and Livadia, and though inferior to the Turks, they are better than the Spaniards, who, in their turn, excel the Portuguese. Of Constantinople you will find many descriptions in different travels ; but Lady Mary Wortley errs strangely when she says, " St. Paul's would cut a strange figure by St. Sophia's." I have been in both, surveyed them inside and out attentively. St. Sophia's is undoubtedly the most interesting from its immense antiquity and the circumstance of all the Greek emperors, from Justinian, having been crowned there, and several murdered at the altar, besides the Turkish Sultans who attend it regularly. But it is inferior in beauty and size to some of the mosques, particularly " Soleyman," etc., and not to be mentioned in the same page with St. Paul's (I speak like a *Cockney*). However, I prefer the Gothic cathedral of Seville to St. Paul's, St. Sophia's, and any religious building I have ever seen.

8.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,¹
 The shrieks of the conquered, the conquerors' yell ;
 The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,
 The wealthy we slaughtered, the lovely we spared.

9.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear ;
 He neither must know who would serve the Vizier :
 Since the days of our Prophet the Crescent ne'er saw
 A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

10

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,²
 Let the yellow-haired ³ Giaours ⁴ view his horse-tail ⁵ with
 dread ;
 When his Delhis ⁶ come dashing in blood o'er the banks,
 How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks !

11.

Selictar ! ⁷ unsheathe then our chief's Scimitār ;
 Tambourgi ! thy 'larum gives promise of War.
 Ye Mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
 Shall view us as Victors, or view us no more !

¹ Prevesa, which, with other Venetian possessions, had fallen to the French in 1797, was taken in the Sultan's name by Ali, in October, 1798. The troops in the garrison (300 French, 460 Greeks) encountered and were overwhelmed by 5,000 Albanians, on the plain of Nicopolis. The victors entered and sacked the town.—C.

² Ali's eldest son, Mukhtar, the Pasha of Berat, had been sent against the Russians, who, in 1809, invaded the trans-Danubian provinces of the Ottoman Empire.—C.

³ Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians.—B.

⁴ Infidel.—B.

⁵ The insignia of a Pacha.—B.

⁶ The literal meaning of Delhi or Deli, is, says M. Darmesteter, "fou" ["properly madmen" (D'Herbelot)], a title bestowed on Turkish warriors *honoris causa*. Byron suggests "forlorn hope" as an equivalent ; but there is a wide difference between the blood-drunkenness of the Turk and the "foolishness" of British chivalry.—C.

⁷ Sword-bearer.—B.

The walls of the Seraglio are like the walls of Newstead gardens, only higher, and much in the same *order*; but the ride by the walls of the city, on the land side, is beautiful. Imagine four miles of immense triple battlements, covered with ivy, surmounted with 218 towers and, on the other side of the road, Turkish burying grounds (the loveliest spots on earth), full of enormous cypresses. I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and Delphi. I have traversed great part of Turkey, and many other parts of Europe, and some of Asia; but I never beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side from the Seven Towers to the end of the Golden Horn.

To his Mother.

Athens, July 25, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,—I have arrived here in four days from Constantinople, which is considered as singularly quick, particularly for the season of the year. I left Constantinople with Adair, at whose adieux of leave I saw Sultan Mahmout, and obtained a firman to visit the mosques, of which I gave you a description in my last letter, now voyaging to England in the *Salsette* frigate, in which I visited the plains of Troy and Constantinople. Your northern gentry can have no conception of a Greek summer; which, however, is a perfect frost compared with Malta and Gibraltar, where I reposed myself in the shade last year, after a gentle gallop of four hundred miles, without intermission, through Portugal and Spain. You see, by my date, that I am at Athens again, a place which I think I prefer, upon the whole, to any I have seen.

My next movement is to-morrow into the Morea, where I shall probably remain a month or two, and then return to winter here, if I do not change my plans, which, however, are very variable, as you may suppose; but none of them verge to England.

The Marquis of Sligo, my old fellow-collegian, is here,

LXXIII.

Fair Greece ! sad relic of departed Worth ! ¹
Immortal, though no more ; though fallen, great !
Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
And long accustomed bondage uncreate ?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The helpless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
Oh ! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb ? ²

LXXIV.

Spirit of Freedom ! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain ?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land ;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved ; in word, in deed, unmanned.

LXXV.

In all save form alone, how changed ! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew
With thy unquenchéd beam, lost Liberty !
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage :
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

¹ Here Byron leaves Albania and enters upon Greece proper.

² The meaning is, " When shall another Lysander spring from Laconia (' Eurotas' banks ') and revive the heroism of the ancient Spartans ? "—C.

and wishes to accompany me into the Morea. We shall go together for that purpose; but I am woefully sick of travelling companions, after a year's experience of Mr. Hobhouse, who is on his way to Great Britain. Lord S. will afterwards pursue his way to the capital; and Lord B., having seen all the wonders in that quarter, will let you know what he does next, of which at present he is not quite certain. Malta is my perpetual post-office, from which my letters are forwarded to all parts of the habitable globe:—by the bye, I have now been in Asia, Africa, and the east of Europe, and, indeed, made the most of my time, without hurrying over the most interesting scenes of the ancient world. Fletcher, after having been toasted and roasted, and baked, and grilled, and eaten by all sorts of creeping things, begins to philosophise, is grown a refined as well as a resigned character, and promises at his return to become an ornament to his own parish, and a very prominent person in the future family pedigree of the Fletchers, who I take to be Goths by their accomplishments, Greeks by their acuteness, and ancient Saxons by their appetite.

*To Cam Hobhouse.*¹

Patras, July 29, 1810.

DEAR HOBHOUSE,—The same day which saw me ashore at Zea, set me forth once more upon the high seas, where I had the pleasure of seeing the frigate in the Doldrums by the light of sun and moon.

Before daybreak I got into the Attics at Thaskalio, thence I despatched men to Keratia for horses, and in ten hours from landing I was at Athens.

There I was greeted by my Lord Sligo, and next day Messrs. North, Knight and Fazakerly paid me visits. Sligo has a brig with 50 men who won't work, 12 guns that refuse to go off, and sails that have cut every wind except a contrary one, and then they are as willing as may be. He is sick of

¹ His first letter to Hobhouse after their parting.

LXXVI.

Hereditary Bondsmen ! know ye not
Who would be free *themselves* must strike the blow ?
 By their right arms the conquest must be wrought ?
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye ? No !
 True—they may lay your proud despoilers low,
 But not for you will Freedom's Altars flame.
 Shades of the Helots ! triumph o'er your foe !
 Greece ! change thy lords, thy state is still the same ;
 Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame.

LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour
 The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest ;
 And the Serai's impenetrable tower
 Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest ;¹
 Or Wahab's² rebel brood who dared divest
 The Prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,
 May wind their path of blood along the West ;
 But ne'er will Freedom seek this fated soil,
 But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil.

LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere Lenten days begin,
 That penance which their holy rites prepare
 To shrive from Man his weight of mortal sin,
 By daily abstinence and nightly prayer ;

¹ A reference to the Latin conquest of Constantinople during the Crusades.

² The Wahabees, who took their name from the Arab sheik Mohammed ben Abd-el-Wahab, arose in the province of Nedj, in Central Arabia, about 1760. Half-socialists, half-puritans, they insisted on fulfilling to the letter the precepts of the Koran. In 1803-4 they attacked and ravaged Mecca and Medinah, and in 1808 they invaded Syria and took Damascus. During Byron's residence in the East they were at the height of their power, and seemed to threaten the very existence of the Turkish empire.—C.

the concern, but an engagement of six months prevents him from parting with this precious ark. He *would* travel with me to Corinth, though as you may suppose I was already disgusted with travelling in company. He has "en suite" a painter, a captain, a gentleman misinterpreter (who boxes with the painter), besides sundry idle English varlets.

We were obliged to have twenty-nine horses in all.

The captain and the *Drogueman* were left at Athens to kill bullocks for the crew, and the Marquis and the limner, with a ragged Turk by way of Tartar, and the ship's carpenter in the capacity of linguist, with two servants (one of whom had the gripes) clothed both in leather breeches (the thermometer 125°!!) followed over the hills and far away.

On our route, the poor limner in these gentle latitudes was ever and anon condemned to bask for half-an-hour, that he might produce what he himself termed a "bellissimo sketche" (pardon the orthography of the last word) of the surrounding country.

You may suppose that a man of the Marchese's kidney was not very easy in his seat. As for the servants, *they* and their *leather breeches* were equally immovable at the end of the first stage. Fletcher, too, with his usual acuteness, contrived at Megara to ram his damned clumsy foot into a boiling tea-kettle.

At Corinth we separated, the M(arquis) for Tripolitza, I for Patras.

Here hath just arrived the surgeon of the *Spider* from Zante, who will take this letter to Malta. I hope it will find you warm. You cannot conceive what a delightful companion you are now you are gone.

Sligo has told me some things that ought to set you and me by the ears, but they shan't: and as a proof of it, I won't tell you what they are till we meet, but in the meantime I exhort you to behave well in polite society. His Lordship has been very kind, and as I crossed the Isthmus of Corinth, offered if I chose to take me to that of Darien, but I liked it not, for you have cured me of "villainous company."

I am about—after a Giro of the Morea—to move to Athens

But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,
 Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,
 To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,
 In motley robe to dance at masking ball,
 And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

LXXIX.¹

And whose more rife with merriment than thine,
 Oh Stamboul ! once the Empress of their reign ?
 Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,
 And Greece her very altars eyes in vain :
 (Alas ! her woes will still pervade my strain !)
 Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,
 All felt the common joy they now must feign,
 Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,
 As wooed the eye, and thrilled the Bosphorus along.

LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,²
 Oft Music changed, but never ceased her tone,
 And timely echoed back the measured oar,
 And rippling waters made a pleasant moan :
 The Queen of tides on high consenting shone,
 And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,
 'Twas, as if darting from her heavenly throne,
 A brighter glance her form reflected gave,
 Till sparkling billows seemed to light the banks they lave.

¹ Byron spent two months in Constantinople (Stamboul, *i.e.* *εἰς τὴν πόλιν*)—from May 14 to July 14, 1810. The "Lenten days," which were ushered in by a carnival, were those of the second "great" Lent of the Greek Church, that of St. Peter and St. Paul, which begins on the first Monday after Trinity, and ends on June 29.—C.

² These *al-fresco* festivities must, it is presumed, have taken place on the two days out of the seven when you "might not 'damn the climate' and complain of the spleen." Hobhouse records excursions to the Valley of Sweet Waters ; to Belgrade, where "the French minister gave a sort of *fête-champêtre*," when "the carousal lasted four days," and when "night after night is kept awake by the pipes, tabors, and fiddles of these moonlight dances"; and to the grove of Fanar-Baktchesi.—*Travels in Albania*, ii, 242-258.—C.

again, and thence I know not where ; perhaps to Englonde, Malta, Sicily, Ægypt, or the Low Countries.

I suppose you are at Malta or Palermo. I amuse myself alone very much to my satisfaction, riding, bathing, sweating, hearing Mr. Paul's musical clock, looking at his red breeches ; we visit him every evening.

Nourse and Dacres had been at Athens scribbling all sorts of ribaldry over my old apartment, where Sligo, before my arrival, had added to your B.A. an A.S.S., and scrawled the compliments of Jackson, Deville, Miss Cameron, and "*I am very UNAPPY Sam Jennings.*"

Wallace is incarcerated, and wanted Sligo to bail him at the " Bell and Savage " Fleet Rules.

The news are not surprising. What think you ?

Write to me from Malta, the Mediterranean, or Ingleterra, to care of 'Ο μονολοο Στράνε.

Have you cleansed my pistols, and dined with the " Ginerall " ?

My compliments to the church of St. John's, and peace to the ashes of Bull.

How is the skipper ? I have drank his cherry brandy, and his rum has floated over half the Morea. Plaudite et valete.

Yours ever,
BYRON.

To his Mother.

Patras, July 30, 1810.

* * * * *

DEAR MADAM,—In four days from Constantinople, with a favourable wind, I arrived in the frigate at the island of Teos, from whence I took a boat to Athens, where I met my friend the Marquis of Sligo, who expressed a wish to proceed with me as far as Corinth. At Corinth we separated, he for Tripolitza, I for Patras, where I had some business with the consul, Mr. Strané, in whose house I now write. He has rendered me every service in his power since I quitted Malta on my way to Constantinople, whence I have written to you twice or

LXXXI.

Glanced many a light Caique along the foam,
Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,
No thought had man or maid of rest or home,
While many a languid eye and thrilling hand
Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,
Or gently prest, returned the pressure still :
Oh Love ! young Love ! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill !

LXXXII.

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,
Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain,
Even through the closest searment ¹ half betrayed ?
To such the gentle murmurs of the main
Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain ;
To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd
Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain :
How do they loathe the laughter idly loud, ¹
And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud !

LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,
If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast :
Not such as prate of War, but skulk in Peace,
The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,
Yet with smooth smile his Tyrant can accost,
And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword :
Ah ! Greece ! they love thee least who owe thee most—
Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record
Of hero Sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde !

¹ Cerecloth or searchcloth. A plaster to cover up a wound. Not
“cerement.”

thrice. In a few days I visit the Pacha at Tripolitza, make the tour of the Morea, and return again to Athens, which at present is my headquarters. The heat is at present intense. In England, if it reaches 98° you are all on fire: the other day, in travelling between Athens and Megara, the thermometer was at 125° !!! Yet I feel no inconvenience; of course I am much bronzed, but I live temperately, and never enjoyed better health.

Before I left Constantinople, I saw the Sultan (with Mr. Adair), and the interior of the mosques, things which rarely happen to travellers. Mr. Hobhouse is gone to England: I am in no hurry to return, but have no particular communications for your country, except my surprise at Mr. Hanson's silence, and my desire that he will remit regularly. I suppose some arrangement has been made with regard to Wymondham and Rochdale. Malta is my post-office, or to Mr. Strané, consul-general, Patras, Morea.

I am very well, and neither more nor less happy than I usually am; except that I am very glad to be once more alone, for I was sick of my companion,—not that he was a bad one, but because my nature leads me to solitude, and that every day adds to this disposition. If I chose, here are many men who would wish to join me—one wants me to go to Egypt, another to Asia, of which I have seen enough. The greater part of Greece is already my own, so that I shall only go over my old ground, and look upon old seas and mountains, the only acquaintances I ever found improve upon me.

I have a tolerable suite, a Tartar, two Albanians, an interpreter, besides Fleteher; but in this country these are easily maintained. Adair received me wonderfully well, and indeed I have no complaints against any one. Hospitality here is necessary, for inns are not. I have lived in the houses of Greeks, Turks, Italians, and English—to-day in a palace, to-morrow in a cow-house; this day with a Pacha, the next with a shepherd. I shall continue to write briefly, but frequently, and am glad to hear from

LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedemon's Hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then may'st thou be restored ; but not till then.
A thousand years searee serve to form a state ;
An hour may lay it in the dust : and when
Can Man its shattered splendour renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate ?

LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe ;
Land of lost Gods and godlike men, art thou !
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow—
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now :
Thy fances, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustie plough :
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded *Worth*.

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave ;
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave ;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not Oblivion, feebly brave ;
While strangers, only, not regardless pass,
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh " Alas ! "

you ; but you fill your letters with things from the papers, as if English papers were not found all over the world. I have at this moment a dozen before me. Pray take care of my books, and believe me, my dear mother,

Yours very faithfully,

BYRON.

To Cam Hobhouse.

Tripolitza, August 16, 1810.

DEAR HOBHOUSE,—I am on the rack of setting off for Argos amidst the usual creaking, swearing, loading, and neighing of sixteen horses and as many men, serrugees included.

You have probably received one letter dated Patras, and I send this at a venture.

Vely Pasha has received me even better than his father did, though he is to join the Sultan, and the city is full of troops and confusion, which, as he said, prevented him from paying proper attention.

He has given me a very pretty horse, and a most particular invitation to meet him at Larissa, which last is singular enough, as he recommended a different route to Lord Sligo, who asked leave to accompany him to the Danube.

I asked no such thing, but on his enquiry where I meant to go, and receiving the answer that I was about to return to Albania, for the purpose of penetrating higher up the country, he replied, “ No, you must not take that route, but go round by Larissa, where I shall remain some time on my way. I will send to Athens, and you shall join me : we will eat and drink and go a hunting.”

He said he wished all the old men (specifying under that epithet North, Forrest, and Strané) to go to his father, but the young ones to come to him, to use his own expression “ Vecchio con Vecchio, Giovane con Giovane.” He honoured me with the appellations of his *friend* and *brother*, and hoped that we should be on good terms, not for a few days but for life.

The first time I saw him he received me *standing*,

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild ;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields ;
There the blithe Bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain-air ;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare :
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground ;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of Wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon ;
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone :
Age shakes Athenæ's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

LXXXIX.

The Sun, the soil—but not the slave, the same ;—
Unchanged in all except its foreign Lord,
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word ;
Which uttered, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the Conqueror's career,

accompanied me at my departure to the door of the audience chamber, and told me I was a *παλικάρι* and *εὐμορφῶ παιδί*.

He was very facetious with Andreas and Viscillie, and recommended that my Albanians' heads should be cut off if they behaved ill.

I shall write you from Larissa, and inform you of our proceedings in that city. In the meantime I sojourn at Athens.

You remember Nicolo at Athens, Lusieri's wife's brother. Give my *compliments* to Matthews, from whom I expect a congratulatory letter.

I have a thousand anecdotes for him and you, but at present *τί να κάμπι* I have neither time nor space, but in the words of Dawes, "I have things in store."

I have scribbled thus much. Where shall I send it? Why, to Malta or Paternoster Row.

Hobby, you wretch, how is the Miscellany? that damned and damnable work. "What has the learned world said to your Paradoxes? I hope you did not forget the importance of Monogamy."

Strané has just arrived with bags of piastres, so that I must conclude by the usual phrase of

Yours, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

To the same.

The Convent, Athens, August 23, 1810.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,—Lord Sligo's unmanageable brig being remanded to Malta, with a large quantity of vases amounting in value (according to the description of Fauriel) to one hundred and fifty piastres, I cannot resist the temptation of assailing you in this third letter, which I trust will find you better than your deserts, and no worse than my wishes can make you.

I have girated the Morea, and was presented with a very fine horse (a stallion) and honoured with a number of squeezes and speeches by Velly Pasha, besides a most

XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow—¹
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ;
Mountains above—Earth's, Ocean's plain below—
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear !
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here ?
What sacred Trophy marks the hallowed ground,
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,²
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurns around.

XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy Splendour past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng ;
Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of Battle and of Song :
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;
Boast of the agéd ! lesson of the young !
Which Sages venerate and Bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth ;
He that is lonely—hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.

¹ The Persians, who were the crack soldiers of their time, broke the Greek centre. But the Greek wings, with their long spears and heavy armour, prevailed against the short swords and mail armour of the Persians. The famous rapid charge of the Athenians under Miltiades was probably undertaken to prevent the Persians firing off one of their terrible volleys of arrows.

² When Byron and Hobhouse visited Marathon, the famous tomb of the Athenians had been pierced by Fauvel, the Frenchman, and lay open ; Lord Elgin's sailors had also dug there for pottery. The mound is now restored. I saw it in 1923 quite intact. Byron does not seem to have known that the Greeks were buried there. In "The Isles of Greece," he speaks of "the Persian grave" ("Don Juan," Canto III).

pressing invitation to meet him at Larissa in his way to the wars.

I returned to Athens by Argos, where I found Lord Sligo with a painter, who has got a fever with sketching at midday, and a dragoman who has actually lied himself into a lockjaw.

I am most auspiciously settled in the Convent, which is more commodious than any tenement I have yet occupied, with room for my *suite*: and it is by no means solitary, seeing there is not only "il Padre Abbate" but his "schuola" consisting of six "Ragazzi," all my most particular allies.

These gentlemen being almost (saving Fauriel and Lusieri) my only associates, it is but proper their character, religion and morals should be described.

Of this goodly company, three are Catholics, and three are Greeks, which schismatics I have already set a boxing to the great amusement of the Father, who rejoices to see the Catholics conquer.

Their names are Barthelemi, Giuseppe, Nicolo, Zani, and two anonymous, at least in my memory. Of these, Barthelemi is a "simplice Fanciullo," according to the account of the Father, whose favourite is Giuseppè, who sleeps in the lantern of Demosthenes.

We have nothing but riot from noon to night. The first time I mingled with these sylphs, after about two minutes' reconnoitering, the amiable Signor Barthelemi, without any previous notice, seated himself by me, and after observing by way of compliment that my "Signoria" was the "piu bello" of his English acquaintance, saluted me on the left cheek, for which freedom being reproved by Giuseppe, who very properly informed him that I was "*μεγάλος*," he told me I was his "*φίλος*" and "by his beard" he would do so again, adding, in reply to the question, "*διὰ τί ἀσπάζεστε?*" You see he laughs, as in good truth I did heartily.

But my friend, as you may easily imagine, is Nicolo, who, by-the-by, is my Italian master, and we are already very philosophical. I am his "Padrone" and his "amico"

Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth :
But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated Land,
And pass in peace along the magic waste ;
But spare its relics—let no busy hand
Deface the scenes, already how defaced !
Not for such purpose were these altars placed :
Revere the remnants Nations once revered :
So may our Country's name be undisgraced,
So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was reared,
By every honest joy of Love and Life endeared !

XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song
Hast soothed thine Idlesse with inglorious lays,
Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
Of louder Minstrels in these later days :
To such resign the strife for fading Bays—
Ill may such contest now the spirit move
Which heeds nor keen Reproach nor partial Praise,
Since cold each kinder heart that might approve—
And none are left to please when none are left to love.

[I omit xcv to the end, as Byron leaves Greece. The Canto originally ended at xciv : the stanzas xcv–viii were added without any explanation as to their meaning.—H. S.]

and the Lord knows what besides. It is about two hours since, that, after informing me he was most desirous to follow *him* (that is me) over the world, he concluded by telling me it was proper for us not only to live, but “*morire insieme.*”

The latter I hope to avoid—as much the former as he pleases.

I am awakened in the morning by those imps shouting “*Venite abasso,*” and the friar gravely observes it is “*bisogno bastonare*” everybody before the studies can possibly commence.

Besides these lads, my suite—to which I have added a Tartar and a youth to look after my two new saddle horses—my suite, I say, are very obstreperous, and drink skinfuls of Zean wine at eight paras the olne daily. Then we have several Albanian women washing in the “*giardino*” whose hours of relaxation are spent in running pins into Fletcher’s backside.

“*Damnata di mi, if I have seen such a spectaculo in my way from Viterbo.*”

In short, what with the *women* and the *boys*, and the suite, we are very disorderly. But I am vastly happy and childish, and shall have a world of anecdotes for you and the “*citoyen.*”

Intrigue flourishes : the old woman, Theresa’s¹ mother, was mad enough to imagine I was going to marry the girl : but I have better amusement. Andreas is fooling with Dudu as usual, and Mariana has made a conquest of Dervise Tahiri ; Viscillie, Fletcher and Sullee, my new Tarter, have each a mistress. “*Vive l’Amour.*”

I am learning Italian, and this day translated an ode of Horace “*Exegi monumentum*” into that language. I chatter with everybody, good or bad, and tradute prayers out of the mass ritual : but my lessons, though very long, are sadly interrupted by scamperings, and eating fruit, and peltings and playings : and I am, in fact, at school again, and make as little improvement now as I did there, my time being wasted in the same way.

¹ The Maid of Athens.

STANZAS COMPOSED DURING A THUNDERSTORM.¹

1.

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
Where Pindus' mountains rise,
And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

2.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crost,
Or gild the torrent's spray.

3.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low ?
When lightning broke the gloom—
How welcome were its shade !—ah, no !
'Tis but a Turkish tomb.

4.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
I hear a voice exclaim—
My way-worn countryman, who calls
On distant England's name.

¹ Composed October 11, 1809, during the night in a thunderstorm, when the guides had lost the road to Zitza, near the range of mountains formerly called Pindus, in Albania.—B. Hobhouse had gone on. Byron had dallied and was caught in the storm.

However, it is too good to last. I am going to make a second tour of Attica with Lusieri, who is a new ally of mine, and Nicholo goes with me at his own most pressing solicitation "*per mare per terras.*" "*Forse*" you may see us in Inghilterra, but "*none so, come, etc.*" For the present, good even, Buona sera a vos signoria. Bacio le mani. August 24th 1810.

I am about to take my daily ride to the Piræus, where I swim for an hour despite of the heat; here hath been an Englishman ycleped Watson, who died and is buried in the Tempio of Theseus. I knew him not, but I am told that the surgeon of Lord Sligo's brig slew him with an improper potion, and a cold bath.

Lord Sligo's crew are sadly addicted to liquor. He is in some apprehension of a scrape with the Navy concerning certain mariners of the King's ships.

He himself is now at Argos with his hospital, but intends to winter in Athens. I think he will be sick of it, poor soul, he has all the indecision of your humble servant, without the relish for the ridiculous which makes my life supportable.

I wish you were here to partake of a number of waggeries, which you can hardly find in the gun-room or in Grub Street, but then you are so very crabbed and disagreeable, that when the laugh is over I rejoice in your absence. After all, I do love thee, Hobby, thou hast so many good qualities, and so many bad ones, it is impossible to live with or without thee.

Nine in the evening.

I have, as usual, swum across the Piræus, the Signor Nicolo also laved, but he makes as bad a hand in the water as L'Abbé Hyacinth at Falmouth: it is a curious thing that the Turks when they bathe wear their lower garments as your humble servant always doth, but the Greeks not: however, questo Giovane e vergognoso.

Lord Sligo's surgeon has assisted very materially the malignant fever now fashionable here: another man dead to-day, two men a week, like fighting Bob Acres in the

5.

A shot is fired—by foe or friend ?
 Another—'tis to tell
 The mountain-peasants to descend,
 And lead us where they dwell.

6.

Oh ! who in such a night will dare
 To tempt the wilderness ?
 And who 'mid thunder-peals can hear
 Our signal of distress ?

7.

And who that heard our shouts would rise
 To try the dubious road ?
 Nor rather deem from nightly cries
 That outlaws were abroad.

8.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour !
 More fiercely pours the storm !
 Yet here one thought has still the power
 To keep my bosom warm.

9.

While wandering through each broken path
 O'er brake and craggy brow ;
 While elements exhaust their wrath,
 Sweet Florence,¹ where art thou ?

10.

Not on the sea, not on the sea—
 Thy bark hath long been gone :
 Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
 Bow down my head alone !

¹ Mrs. Spencer Smith.

country. Faurel says he is like the surgeon whom the Venetians fitted out against the Turks, with whom they were then at war.

Yours ever,
BYRON.

To Hobhouse.

Patras, September 25, 1810.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,—I am at present in a very ridiculous situation, under the hands of Dr. Romanelli, and a fever which had confined me to my bed for these three days past, but by the blessing of God and two glysters, I am now able to sit up, but much debilitated.

I will describe my situation in a parody on Pope's lines on the Duke of Buckingham, the which I composed during an interba, for your edification.

On a cold room's cold floor, within a bed
If iron, with three coverlids like lead,
A coat and breeches dangling o'er a nook,
Where sits a doctor and prescribes a puke,
Poor B-r-n sweats, alas ! how changed from him,
So plump in feature, and so round in limb,
The scene of profanation, and champagne,
Or just as gay with scribblers in a ring
Of twenty hungry authors banqueting.
Here victor of a fever, and its friends,
Physicians and their art, his lordship *mends*.

I have been vomited and purged according to rule, and as my fever has almost subsided, I hope to weather this bout, which has been pretty tight, I assure you. Yet if I do fall by the Glyster Pipe of Romanelli, recollect my injunction.

Odious ! in boards, 'twould any Bard provoke
(Were the last words that dying Byron spoke),
No, let some charming cuts and frontispiece
Adorn my volume, and the sale increase.
One would not be unpublished when one's dead,
And, Hobhouse, let my works be bound in *Red*.

11.

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
When last I pressed thy lip ;
And long ere now, with foaming shock,
Impelled thy gallant ship.

12.

Now thou art safe ; nay, long ere now
Hast trod the shore of Spain ;
'Twere hard if aught so fair as thou
Should linger on the main.

13.

And since I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
Which Mirth and Music sped ;

14.

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times from out her latticed halls
Look o'er the dark blue sea ;

15.

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
Endeared by days gone by ;
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh.

16.

And when the admiring circle mark
The paleness of thy face,
A half-formed tear, a transient spark
Of melancholy grace,

To Hobhouse.

Patras, October 2, 1810.

DEAR YANI,—I have made a tolerable tour of the Morea, and visited Vely Pasha, who gave me a very pretty horse.

The other day I went to Olympia. Argos, Napoli, and Mantinea I saw in my route to and from Tripolitza.

I have seen a good deal of Lord Sligo ; by the bye, there is a silly report all over the Morea, that he and I quarrelled and fought, and were wounded at Argos, there is not a word of truth in it from beginning to end.

If I kept any journals your request would be immediately complied with, but I have none.

Vely is gone to the Danube. I have been here on business with Strané, but the moment Nicolo and myself are recovered enough to set out, I shall proceed again to Athens. I lodge in the convent.

To Francis Hodgson.

Patras, Morea, October 3, 1810.

As I have just escaped from a physician and a fever, which confined me five days to bed, you won't expect much *allegrezza* in the ensuing letter. In this place there is an indigenous distemper, which when the wind blows from the Gulf of Corinth (as it does five months out of six), attacks great and small, and makes woful work with visitors. Here be also two physieians, one of whom trusts to his genius (never having studied)—the other to a campaign of eighteen months against the siek of Otranto, which he made in his youth with great effect.

When I was seized with my disorder, I protested against both these assassins ;—but what can a helpless, feverish, toasted-and-watered poor wretch do ? In spite of my teeth and tongue, the English consul, my Tartar, Albanians, dragoman, forced a physieian upon me, and in three days vomited and glystered me to the last gasp. In this state I made my epitaph—take it :—

Youth, Nature, and relenting Jove,
To keep my lamp *in* strongly strove :
But Romanelli was so stout,
He beat all three—and *blew* it out.

17.

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun
 Some coxcomb's raillery ;
 Nor own for once thou thought'st on one,
 Who ever thinks on thee.

18.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
 When severed hearts repine,
 My spirit flies o'er Mount and Main,
 And mourns in search of *thine*.

October 11, 1809.

MS. M. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).

STANZAS WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN GULF.

1.

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
 Full beams the moon on Actium's coast :
 And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
 The ancient world was won and lost.

2.

And now upon the scene I look,
 The azure grave of many a Roman ;
 Where stern Ambition once forsook
 His wavering crown to follow *Woman*.

3.

Florence ! whom I will love as well
 (As ever yet was said or sung,
 Since Orpheus sang his spouse from Hell)
 Whilst *thou* art *fair* and *I* am *young* ;

But Nature and Jove, being piqued at my doubts, did, in fact, at last, beat Romanelli, and here I am, well but weakly, at your service.

Since I left Constantinople, I have made a tour of the Morea, and visited Veley Pacha, who paid me great honours, and gave me a pretty stallion. H. is doubtless in England before even the date of this letter :—he bears a despatch from me to your bardship. He writes to me from Malta, and is desperate of his Miscellany, but has other plots against the public, and requests my journal, if I keep one. I have none, or he should have it ; but I have replied in a consolatory and exhortatory epistle, wherein I do recommend him to turn his hand to prose, which must go down or the Devil's in't at the same time—praying him to abate three and sixpence in the price of his next boke, seeing that half a guinea is a price not to be given for any thing save an opera ticket.

As for England, it is long since I have heard from it. Every one at all connected with my concerns is asleep, and you are my only correspondent, agents excepted. I have really no friends in the world ; though all my old school companions are gone forth into that world, and walk about there in monstrous disguises, in the garb of guardsmen, lawyers, parsons, fine gentlemen, and such other masquerade dresses. So, I have shaken hands and cut with all these busy people, none of whom write to me. Indeed I asked it not ;—and here I am, a poor traveller and heathenish philosopher, who hath perambulated the greatest part of the Levant, and seen a great quantity of very improvable land and sea, and, after all, am no better than when I set out—Lord help me !

I have been out fifteen months this very day, and I believe my concerns will draw me to England soon ; but of this I will apprise you regularly from Malta.

To Francis Hodgson.

Athens, November 14, 1810.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—This will arrive with an English servant whom I send homewards with some papers of

4.

Sweet Florence ! those were pleasant times,
When worlds were staked for Ladies' eyes :
Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
Thy charms might raise new Antonies.

5.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curled !
I cannot *lose* a *world* for thee,
But would not lose *thee* for a *World*.

November 14, 1809.

MS. M. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).

THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM IS FLOWN ! ¹

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16, 1810.

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown !
Thus is it with Life's fitful fever :
We madly smile when we should groan ;
Delirium is our best deceiver.
Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter ;
And *He* that acts as *wise men ought*,
But *lives*—as Saints have died—a martyr.

¹ This lyric marks the passing of Byron's affection for Mrs. Spencer Smith.

consequence. I have been journeying in different parts of Greece for these last four months, and you may expect me in England somewhere about April, but this is very dubious. Hobhouse you have doubtless seen; he went home in August to arrange materials for a tour he talks of publishing. You will find him well and scribbling—that is, scribbling if well, and well if scribbling.

* * * * *

If anybody honours my name with an inquiry tell them of “my whereabouts” and write if you like it. I am living alone in the Franciscan monastery with one “friar” (a Capuchin of course) and one “frier” (a bandy-legged Turkish cook), two Albanian savages, a Tartar, and a Dragoman. My only Englishman departs with this and other letters. The day before yesterday the Waywode (or Governor of Athens) with the Mufti of Thebes (a sort of Mussulman Bishop) supped here and made themselves beastly with raw rum, and the Padré of the convent being as drunk as *we*, my *Attic* feast went off with great *éclat*. I have had a present of a stallion from the Pacha of the Morea. I caught a fever going to Olympia. I was blown ashore on the Island of Salamis, in my way to Corinth through the Gulf of Ægina. I have kicked an Athenian postmaster, I have a friendship with the French consul and an Italian painter, and am on good terms with five Teutones and Cimbri, Danes and Germans, who are travelling for an Academy. Vale!

Yours,

Μπαιρών.

To Hobhouse.

P.S., December 5, 1810.

DEAR CAM,—I open my letter to mention an escape. Graham, Cockerell, Lusieri, myself, and a Bavarian baron went to Cape Colonna, where we spent a day.

At that time five-and-twenty Mainotes (pirates) were in the caves at the foot of the cliff, with some Greek boatmen, their prisoners.

They demanded of these who were the Franks above?

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO
ABYDOS.¹

1.

If, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember ?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont !

2.

If, when the wintry tempest roared,
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current poured,
Fair Venus ! how I pity both !

3.

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

¹ On May 3, 1810, while the *Salsette* (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead, of that frigate, and the writer of these rhymes, swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by the by, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance, from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles, though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may, in some measure, be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows.—B. Abydos stands at the narrowest part of the Dardanelles. It was here that Xerxes built the bridge of boats.—H. S.

One of the Greeks knew *me*, and they were preparing to attack us, when, seeing my Albanians, and conjeecturing there were others in the vieinity, they were seized with a panic, and marched off.

We were all armed (about twelve with our attendants), some with fusils, and all with pistols and ataghans, but though we were prepared for resistanee, I am inelined to think we are rather better without a battle.

Some of the Greeks whom they had taken, told me afterwards they saw me with my double-barrel, mounted on a ehestnut horse, and described the rest of our party very accurately.

Two of them arrived yesterday, released, but stripped of everything by the Mainotes.

These last deliberated some time, but as we were in a very advantageous position among the columns, and they were ignorant of our numbers, and alarmed by some balls which whizzed over their heads by aceident, they kept to the shore, and permitted us to depart in peacee.

The Albanians, my bandy-legged Turkish eook, a servant of Lusieri's and myself, had guns and pistols, the rest, side arms and pistols, but how we should have earried on the war is very doubtful. I rather think we should have been like Billy Taylor and earried off to sea.

We are all snug in our winter quarters after the same tour we made last year.

Graham and myself got drunk at Theratia ; the former in his Bacehanism deeapitated a large pig with a Highland broadsword, to the horror of Lusieri ; and after all we could not eat him. Good-bye, Yani.

Yours a second time,

B****N.

To his Mother.

Athens, January 14, 1811.

* * * * *

It is probable I may steer homewards in spring ; but to enable me to do that, I must have remittances. My

4.

But since he crossed the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo,—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory ;

5.

'Twere hard to say who fared the best :
Sad mortals ! thus the Gods still plague you !
He lost his labour, I my jest :
For he was drowned, and I've the ague.

May 9, 1810.

First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).

LINES IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT
ORCHOMENUS.

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN :

“ FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart
To trace the birth and nursery of art :
Noble his object, glorious is his aim ;
He comes to Athens, and he—writes his name.”

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE
FOLLOWING :

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own ;
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would bring more credit than his verse.

1810.

First published, *Life*, 1830.

own funds would have lasted me very well ; but I was obliged to assist a friend, who, I know, will pay me ; but, in the mean time, I am out of pocket. At present, I do not care to venture a winter's voyage, even if I were otherwise tired of travelling ; but I am so convinced of the advantages of looking at mankind instead of reading about them, and the bitter effects of staying at home with all the narrow prejudices of an islander, that I think there should be a law amongst us, to set our young men abroad, for a term, among the few allies our wars have left us.

Here I see and have conversed with French, Italians, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Turks, Americans, etc., etc., etc. ; and without losing sight of my own, I can judge of the countries and manners of others. Where I see the superiority of England (which, by the by, we are a good deal mistaken about in many things), I am pleased, and where I find her inferior, I am at least enlightened. Now, I might have stayed, smoked in your towns, or fogged in your country, a century, without being sure of this, and without acquiring any thing more useful or amusing at home. I keep no journal, nor have I any intention of scribbling my travels. I have done with authorship, and if, in my last production, I have convinced the critics or the world I was something more than they took me for, I am satisfied ; nor will I hazard *that reputation* by a future effort. It is true I have some others in manuscript, but I leave them for those who come after me ; and, if deemed worth publishing, they may serve to prolong my memory when I myself shall cease to remember. I have a famous Bavarian artist taking some views of Athens, etc., etc., for me. This will be better than scribbling, a disease I hope myself cured of. I hope, on my return, to lead a quiet, recluse life, but God knows and does best for us all ; at least, so they say, and I have nothing to object, as, on the whole, I have no reason to complain of my lot. I am convinced, however, that men do more harm to themselves than ever the devil could do to them. I trust this will find you

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.¹

Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

1.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart !
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest !
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

2.

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind ;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

3.

By that lip I long to taste ;
By that zone-encircled waist ;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well ;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

¹ The Maid of Athens was, it is supposed, the eldest of three sisters, daughters of Theodora Macri, the widow of a former English Vice-Consul. Her name was Theresa. Their house is still standing. I visited it in 1923. She married a Mr. Black, and died in 1875, at the age of eighty, in great poverty. See Appendix I.

well, and as happy as we can be ; you will, at least, be pleased to hear I am so, and

Yours ever.

To Hodgson.

Athens, January 20, 1811.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—

* * * * *

I am still in Athens making little tours to Marathon, Sunium, the top of Hymettus, and the Morea occasionally to diversify the season. My grand Giro finished with Constantinople and I shall not (I think) go further eastward, but I am sure of nothing so little as my own intentions, and if I receive cash and comfortable news from home I shan't trouble your foggy Island for amusement. I am studying modern Greek with a Master, and my current tongue is Levant Italian, which I gabble perforce. My late Dragoon spoke bad Latin, but having dismissed him I am left to my resources, which consist in tolerably fluent *Lingua Franca*, middling Romaic (modern Greek), and some variety of Ottoman oaths of great service with a stumbling horse or a stupid servant. I lately sent to England my only remaining Englishman with some papers about money matters, and am left d'ye see all by myself in these outlandish parts, and I don't find it *never the worse*, for friends and servants, that is to say fellow countrymen in those capacities, are troublesome fellow travellers. I have a variety of acquaintance, French, Danes, German, Greek, Italian and Turkish, and have contracted an alliance with Dr. Bronstedt of Copenhagen, a pretty philosopher as you'd wish to see. Besides I am on good terms with some of my countrymen here, Messrs. Graham and Haygarth, and I have in pay a Bavarian Baron named "Lynch" (pronounce it *Lynk*) who limns landscapes for the lucre of gain. Here also are Messrs. Fyott, Cockerell and Forster, all of whom I know, and they are all vastly amiable and accomplished. I am living in the Capuchin Convent, Hymettus before me, the Acropolis behind, the Temple of Jove to my right, the Stadium in front, the town to the left: eh, Sir, there's



Engraved by W. Miller

Drawn by H. Williams

PROMONTORY OF SUNIUM.
From the sea.

(A contemporary engraving.)

4.

Maid of Athens ! I am gone :
Think of me, sweet ! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul :
Can I cease to love thee ? No !
Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Athens, 1810.

First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).

FRAGMENT FROM THE “ MONK OF ATHOS.” ¹

1.

BESIDE the confines of the Ægean main,
Where northward Macedonia bounds the flood,
And views opposed the Asiatic plain,
Where once the pride of lofty Ilion stood,
Like the great Father of the giant brood,
With lowering port majestic Athos stands,
Crowned with the verdure of eternal wood,
As yet unspoiled by sacrilegious hands,
And throws his mighty shade o’er seas and distant lands.

2.

And deep embosomed in his shady groves
Full many a convent rears its glittering spire,
Mid scenes where Heavenly Contemplation loves
To kindle in her soul her hallowed fire,
Where air and sea with rocks and woods conspire
To breathe a sweet religious calm around,
Weaning the thoughts from every low desire,
And the wild waves that break with murmuring sound
Along the rocky shore proclaim it holy ground.

¹ Given to the Hon. Roden Noel by S. McCalmont Hill, who inherited it from his great-grandfather, Robert Dallas. No date or occasion of the piece has been recorded.—*Life of Lord Byron*, 1890, p. 5.—C.

a situation, there's your picturesque ! nothing like that, Sir, in Lunnon, no, not even the Mansion House. And I feed upon Woodcocks and Red Mullet every day, and I have three horses (one a present from the Pasha of the Morea) and I ride to Piræus, and Phalerum, and Munychia, which however don't look quite so magnificent after the harbours of Cadiz, Lisbon, Constantinople, and Gibraltar, not forgetting Malta. I wish to be sure I had a few books, one's own works for instance, any damned nonsense on a long evening. I had a straggling number of the *E. Review* given me by a compassionate Capt. of a frigate lately, it contains the reply to the Oxonian pamphlet on the Strabonic controversy, the reviewer seems to be in a perilous passion and heaves out a deal of Slack-jaw, as the sailors call it. You have to direct to Malta, whence my letters are or ought to be forwarded. In two days I shall be twenty-three, and on the 2nd above a year and half out of England. I suppose you and Drury sometimes drink one's health on a speech day, and I trust we shall meet merrily and make a tour some summer to Wales or Scotland, it will be a great relaxation to me jaunting once more in a Chay. I need not write at length as Hobby is brimful of remarks, and it would be cruel to curtail him of a syllable. Tell him I have written to him frequently, as indeed I have to yourself and also to Drury and others, but this is a plaguey distance for a "single sheet."

Yours alway,

BYRON.

To his Mother.

Athens, February 28, 1811.

DEAR MADAM,—As I have received a firman for Egypt, etc., I shall proceed to that quarter in the spring, and I beg you will state to Mr. Hanson that it is necessary to [send] further remittances. On the subject of Newstead, I answer as before, *No*. If it is necessary to sell, sell Rochdale. Fletcher will have arrived by this time with my letters to that purport. I will tell you fairly, I have, in the first place, no opinion of funded pro-

3.

Sequestered shades where Piety has given
 A quiet refuge from each earthly care,
 Whence the rapt spirit may ascend to Heaven !

Oh, ye condemned the ills of life to bear !
 As with advancing age your woes increase,
 What bliss amidst these solitudes to share
 The happy foretaste of eternal Peace,
 Till Heaven in mercy bids your pain and sorrows cease.

First published in the *Life of Lord Byron*, by the Hon. Roden Noel,
 London, 1890, pp. 206, 207.

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK
 WAR SONG,

“ Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.”¹

Sons of the Greeks, arise !
 The glorious hour's gone forth,
 And, worthy of such ties,
 Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks ! let us go
 In arms against the foe,
 Till their hated blood shall flow
 In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
 The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
 Let your country see you rising,
 And all her chains are broke.

¹ The song Δεῦτε παῖδες, etc., was written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionise Greece. This translation is as literal as the author could make it in verse.—B.

perty ; if, by any particular circumstances, I shall be led to adopt such a determination, I will, at all events, pass my life abroad, as my only tie to England is Newstead, and, that once gone, neither interest nor inclination lead me northward. Competence in your country is ample wealth in the East, such is the difference in the value of money and the abundance of the necessaries of life ; and I feel myself so much a citizen of the world that the spot where I can enjoy a delicious climate, and every luxury, at a less expense than a common college life in England, will always be a country to me ; and such are in fact the shores of the Archipelago. This then is the alternative—if I preserve Newstead, I return ; if I sell it, I stay away. I have had no letters since yours of June, but I have written several times, and shall continue, as usual, on the same plan.

Believe me, yours ever,

BYRON.

P.S.—I shall most likely see you in the course of the summer, but, of course, at such a distance, I cannot specify any particular month.

To Hobhouse.

Athens, March 18, 1811.

DEAR HOBHOUSE,—Though I neither know where you are or how you are, I write at a venture by way of Zante, as I have already done many times, indeed so often that I can't afford you more than this present sheet.

I have just finished an imitation in English verse (rhyme of course) of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, which I intend as a sequel to my *English Bards*, as I have adapted it entirely to our school of poetry, though always keeping pretty close to the original. This poem I have addressed, and shall dedicate to you. In it you fill the same part that the "Pisones" do in Horace, and if published it will be with the Latin subjoined.

I am now at the "Limæ labour," though I shan't keep

Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
 Behold the coming strife !
 Hellénes of past ages,
 Oh, start again to life !
 At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
 Your sleep, oh, join with me !
 And the seven-hilled city seeking,
 Fight, conquer, till we're free.
 Sons of Greeks, etc.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
 Lethargic dost thou lie ?
 Awake, and join thy numbers
 With Athens, old ally !
 Leonidas recalling,
 That chief of ancient song,
 Who saved ye once from falling,
 The terrible ! the strong !
 Who made that bold diversion
 In old Thermopylæ,
 And warring with the Persian
 To keep his country free ;
 With his three hundred waging
 The battle, long he stood,
 And like a lion raging,
 Expired in seas of blood.
 Sons of Greeks, etc.

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG,

“ Μπένω μεσ’ τὸ περιβόλι,
 ‘Ωραιότατη Χαηδή,” κ.τ.λ.¹

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
 Belovéd and fair Haidée,
 Each morning where Flora reposes,
 For surely I see her in thee.

¹ The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls of Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. I have heard it frequently at our “*χόροι*” in the winter of 1810–11. The air is plaintive and pretty.—B.

my piece nine years : indeed I question if Horace himself kept to his own precept.

I am at present very fond of this bantling, as the youngest offspring of authors, like that of mothers, is generally most cherished because 'tis the *weakest*.

Pray what are you doing ? Have you no literary projects in hand ? Can't you and Matthews and some of our wits commence some literary journal, political, critical, or what not ?

I don't mean, however, like a common magazine or review, but some respectable novelty which I recommend and leave to your own brilliant considerations.

You see my scribbling propensities, though "expelled with a fork," are coming on again.

I am living here very amicably with English, French, Turks, and Greeks, and to-morrow evening I have a supper to all the Franks in the place. You know Athens so well, I shall say no more about it.

As you have been so sparing and myself so liberal in late communications, I shall fold up this rag of paper, which I send to-morrow by a *snail* to Patras. However, it is more than you deserve from

Yours very angry,
BYRON.

To his Mother.

Volage frigate, at sea, June 25, 1811.

DEAR MOTHER,—This letter, which will be forwarded on our arrival at Portsmouth, probably about the 4th of July, is begun about twenty-three days after our departure from Malta. I have just been two years (to a day, on the 2d of July) absent from England, and I return to it with much the same feelings which prevailed on my departure, viz. indifference ; but within that apathy I certainly do not comprise yourself, as I will prove by every means in my power. You will be good enough to get my apartments ready at Newstead ; but don't disturb yourself, on any account, particularly mine, nor

Oh, Lovely ! thus low I implore thee,
Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
Which utters its song to adore thee,
Yet trembles for what it has sung ;
As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
Through her eyes, through her every feature,
Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
When Love has abandoned the bowers ;
Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful,
That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
The poison, when poured from the chalice,
Will deeply embitter the bowl ;
But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
Too cruel ! in vain I implore thee
My heart from these horrors to save :
Will nought to my bosom restore thee ?
Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances
Secure of his conquest before,
Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
Hast pierced through my heart to its core.
Ah, tell me, my soul ! must I perish
By pangs which a smile would dispel ?
Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
For torture repay me too well ?
Now sad is the garden of roses,
Belovéd but false Haidée !
There Flora all withered reposes,
And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

1811.

First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).

consider me in any other light than as a visiter. I must only inform you that for a long time I have been restricted to an entire vegetable diet, neither fish nor flesh coming within my regimen ; so I expect a powerful stock of potatoes, greens, and biscuit ; I drink no wine. I have two servants, middle-aged men, and both Greeks. It is my intention to proceed first to town, to see Mr. Hanson, and thence to Newstead, on my way to Rochdale. I have only to beg you will not forget my diet, which it is very necessary for me to observe. I am well in health, as I have generally been, with the exception of two agues, both of which I quickly got over.

* * * * *

P.S. July 14.—This letter was written to be sent from Portsmouth, but on arriving there, the squadron was ordered to the Nore, from whence I shall forward it. This I have not done before, supposing you might be alarmed by the interval mentioned in the letter being longer than expected between our arrival in port and my appearance at Newstead.

*To R. C. Dallas.*¹

Volage frigate, at sea, June 28, 1811.

After two years' absence (to a day, on the 2d of July, before which we shall not arrive at Portsmouth), I am retracing my way to England. I have, as you know, spent the greater part of that period in Turkey, except two months in Spain and Portugal, which were then accessible. I have seen every thing most remarkable in Turkey, particularly the Troad, Greece, Constantinople, and Albania, into which last region very few have penetrated so high as Hobhouse and myself. I don't know that I have done anything to distinguish me from other

¹ Robert Charles Dallas, Byron's first friend and editor, who was the cause of the publication of "*Childe Harold*." His sister was Byron's aunt by marriage. He became for a time Byron's adviser in literary matters, duly quarrelled with him, and of course in the end published his *Recollections*.

ADDRESS TO GREECE.

From "The Giaour."

[THE story of "The Giaour," a romantic episode in Turkish harem life, contains one of Byron's noblest addresses to Greece in her then fallen state. "The Giaour" was composed between May and November 1813, and no poem was more scrappily written. Byron was constantly adding to it. He used it as a sort of pot-pourri into which to throw his scraps. He was, for some weeks, constantly throwing in fresh fragments. It was after the fifth edition had been printed that he added the splendid lines :

"She was a form of life and light
That, seen, became a part of sight,
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
The Morning-Star of Memory !"

The best commentary on the story of "The Giaour" and Byron's part in it is given in the letter written by Lord Sligo in reply to his quaint inquiries as to the truth of his own part in the transaction :

"ALBANY, MONDAY, August 31, 1813.

"MY DEAR BYRON,—You have requested me to tell you all that I heard at Athens about the affair of that girl who was so near being put an end to while you were there : you have asked me to mention every circumstance, in the remotest degree relating to it, which I heard. In compliance with your wishes, I write to you all I heard, and I cannot imagine it to be very far from the fact, as the circumstance happened only a day or two before I arrived at Athens, and consequently was a matter of common conversation at the time.

"The new governor, unaccustomed to have the same intercourse with the Christians as his predecessor, had of course the barbarous Turkish ideas with regard to women. In consequence, and in compliance with the strict letter of the Mohammedan law, he ordered this girl to be sewed up in a sack, and thrown into the sea—as is, indeed, quite customary at Constantinople. As you were returning from bathing in the Piræus, you met the procession going down

voyagers, unless you will reckon my swimming from Sestos to Abydos, on May 3d, 1810, a tolerable feat for a *modern*.

To Henry Drury.

Volage frigate, off Ushant, July 17, 1811.

MY DEAR DRURY,—After two years' absence (on the 2d) and some odd days, I am approaching your country. The day of our arrival you will see by the outside date of my letter. At present, we are becalmed comfortably, close to Brest Harbour;—I have never been so near it since I left Duck Puddle. We left Malta thirty-four days ago, and have had a tedious passage of it. You will either see or hear from or of me, soon after the receipt of this, as I pass through town to repair my irreparable affairs; and thence I want to go to Notts and raise rents, and to Lancs and sell collieries, and back to London and pay debts,—for it seems I shall neither have coals nor comfort till I go down to Rochdale in person.

I have brought home some marbles for Hobhouse;—for myself, four ancient Athenian skulls, dug out of sarcophagi—a phial of Attic hemlock—four live tortoises—a greyhound (died on the passage)—two live Greek servants, one an Athenian, t'other a *Yaniote*, who can speak nothing but Romaic and Italian—and *myself*, as Moses in the *Vicar of Wakefield* says, *slily*, and I may say it too, for I have as little cause to boast of my expedition as he had of his to the fair.

I wrote to you from the Cyanean Rocks to tell you I had swam from Sestos to Abydos—have you received my letter? Hobhouse went to England to fish up his *Miscellany*, which foundered (so he tells me) in the Gulph of Lethe. I daresay it capsized with the vile goods of his contributory friends, for his own share was very portable. However, I hope he will either weigh up or set sail with a fresh cargo, and a luckier vessel. Hodgson, I suppose, is four deep by this time. What would he have given to have seen, like me, the *real Parnassus*,

to execute the sentence of the Waywode on this unfortunate girl. Report continues to say, that on finding out what the object of their journey was, and who was the miserable sufferer, you immediately interfered ; and on some delay in obeying your orders, you were obliged to inform the leader of the escort that force should make him comply : that, on further hesitation, you drew a pistol, and told him, that if he did not immediately obey your orders, and come back with you to the Aga's house, you would shoot him dead. On this, the man turned about and went with you to the governor's house : here you succeeded, partly by personal threats and partly by bribery and entreaty, to procure her pardon on condition of her leaving Athens. I was told that you then conveyed her in safety to the convent, and despatched her off at night to Thebes, where she found a safe asylum. Such is the story I heard, as nearly as I can recollect it at present. Should you wish to ask me any further questions about it, I shall be very ready and willing to answer them.

“ I remain, my dear Byron,

“ Yours, very sincerely,

“ SLIGO.

“ I am afraid you will hardly be able to read this scrawl, but I am so hurried with the preparations for my journey, that you must excuse it.” ¹]

* * * * *

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of Death is fled,
 The first dark day of Nothingness,
 The last of Danger and Distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers,)
 And marked the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of Repose that's there,

¹ Moore's *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron*, vol. i, pp. 389-90.

where I robbed the Bishop of Chrisso of a book of geography!—but this I can only call plagiarism, as it was done within an hour's ride of Delphi.

*To John M. B. Pigot.*¹

Newport Pagnell, August 2, 1811.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—My poor mother died yesterday! and I am on my way from town to attend her to the family vault. I heard *one* day of her illness, the *next* of her death. Thank God her last moments were most tranquil. I am told she was in little pain, and not aware of her situation. I now feel the truth of Mr. Gray's observation, "That we can only have *one* mother." Peace be with her! I have to thank you for your expressions of regard; and as in six weeks I shall be in Lancashire on business I may extend to Liverpool and Chester,—at least I shall endeavour.

* * * * * *

It is interesting to add, as side-lights on these vivid letters of Byron, the plain narrative of travel written by John Cam Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton) in his book, *Travels in Albania*.² They present a most interesting picture of Greece and Athens at the time (1809-10).

ATHENS AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

"The neighbourhood of Athens abounds in pleasant rides, and the roads, which are numerous, are generally broad and well beaten. Notwithstanding we were in the country during the depth of winter, the weather was never so inclement as to prevent an excursion on horseback, and scarcely a day elapsed without our riding to some distance from the city. For this purpose we were furnished with horses belonging to the post, one of the few institutions which are well regulated in Turkey: and before our final departure there were, I believe, very few spots in Attica

¹ Mr. J. M. B. Pigot was not only his doctor but eldest brother of the friend of Byron as a boy, Miss Pigot.

² *Travels in Albania and Other Provinces of Turkey*, by the Right Hon. Lord Broughton, G.C.B. 2 vols. London. John Murray. 1855 ed.

The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the Tyrant's power ;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by Death revealed !
Such is the aspect of this shore ;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for Soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath ;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded Halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away !
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave !¹
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee ?

¹ From hence to the conclusion of the paragraph, the MS. is written in a hurried and almost illegible hand, as if these splendid lines had been poured forth in one continuous burst of poetic feeling, which would hardly allow time for the pen to follow the imagination.—(*Note to Edition 1837.* The lines were added to the Second Edition.)—C.

with which we were not well acquainted, from repeated visits during more than two months' residence in the city."

VISIT TO ELEUSIS

"On the 13th of January we mounted our horses rather earlier than usual, and set out on that road which has the site of the Academy and the Colonus Hippius a little to the right, and is, on the whole, in a west-north-westerly direction. We rode for nearly twenty minutes before we entered the olive-groves, after passing through which for half an hour we came to the Cephissus : over this river or ditch-stream we crossed on a small ill-constructed bridge ; and after riding through some more olive-groves, and near the ruins of a Greek church, in which a carved marble or two is to be seen, and also an ancient well, we got into a wide open plain, partly a sheep pasture and partly green with corn : at a distance on our right was the road by which we had come from Thebes, by Casha, to Athens. On our left the plain stretched towards the sea-coast to the west of Piræus, which, however, was not visible, owing to the inequality of the ground ; before us were low hills, running from north-north-east to south-south-west, the sides of which were only partially cultivated, and were of a very sterile appearance. A lonely house, with a few ruined churches, might be seen here and there, but no village. We soon crossed the plain, which seemed a continuation of the sloping hills in front of us, and ascending by the gentle acclivity, entered through a gap which is visible from Athens, and which divides the hills on the left (south) once named Corydallus, from the range on the right which juts out from the great mountain Parnes, and was called Ægaleon. Corydallus has now the name of Daphne-Vouni, or the Laurel Mountain, from the shrubs of oleander called by the modern Greeks *πικροδάφνη*, or bitter laurel, with which it abounds : and Ægaleon is Casha-vouni, from the large village of that name, which gives its denomination also to the south-west range of the great mountain Parnes, whose northern summits are called Ozea."

Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
These waters blue that round you lave,—
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own ;
Snatch from the ashes of your Sires
The embers of their former fires ;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame :
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page !
Attest it many a deathless age !
While Kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy Heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die !
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from Splendour to Disgrace ;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
Yes ! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore ?

No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the Muse might soar

SALAMIS—AND THE THRONE OF XERXES

“The other route which I purposed to notice in this chapter is that from Athens to Salamis, now called Colouri.

“The road takes you nearly in a westerly direction, leaving that leading to the Piræus, and another to the gardens, on the left. You enter the olive-groves in twenty minutes, and traverse them transversely for more than an hour, going through a part of them where they are very thickly set, and have the waters of the Cephissus flowing through them in many trenches. After the olive-groves the road is a little on the ascent over a plain, open and barren, except in some few cultivated spots. The mouths of ancient wells, and fragments of stone-work, are visible near the path, just as it reaches the top of the slope, and leaves a small eminence to the right-hand, about half an hour from the olive-groves. From this point the road continues on the descent, in an open country of corn-fields and vineyards : a lone cottage, surrounded with trees, is on the left : in half an hour you arrive at the foot of a bleak, rocky hill, and the shore of a bay, formed by the back of the promontory which is the western side of the Piræus, and a tongue of land jutting out from the rocks on the right, on the front of which there is part of an old tower. This is the port Phoron.

“You cross the base of this neck of land, and then pass, not far from the shore, at the foot of a ridge of bare rocks that runs parallel with the coast.

“These rocks have now no name : they are part of the promontory stretching from Mount Corydallus ; and, in a niche about half-way up, late antiquaries supposed they had discovered the spot where Xerxes sat in his silver-footed chair to behold the battle of Salamis. The niche is nearly opposite to the long rocky islet in the mouth of the strait, once called Psyttalia, and now Lipsocattalia, where the four hundred Persians were cut to pieces by the Greeks during the action.”

High as thine own in days of yore,
 When man was worthy of thy clime.
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,
 The fiery souls that might have led
 Thy sons to deeds sublime,
 Now crawl from cradle to the Grave,
 Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a Slave,¹
 And callous, save to crime ;
 Stained with each evil that pollutes
 Mankind, where least above the brutes ;
 Without even savage virtue blest,
 Without one free or valiant breast,
 Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
 Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft ;
 In this the subtle Greek is found,
 For this, and this alone, renowned.
 In vain might Liberty invoke
 The spirit to its bondage broke
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke :
 No more her sorrows I bewail,
 Yet this will be a mournful tale,
 And they who listen may believe,
 Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

* * * * *

“KNOW YE THE LAND.”

[THESE opening lines of “The Bride of Abydos” refer, strictly, to the coast of the Dardanelles. But they so nearly represent the climate and scenery of Greece in the summer that they seem to earn a place here.

“The Bride of Abydos” was finished in December 1813, after “The Giaour,” and is one of that series of Turkish romances which were so amazingly popular at that time.

¹ Athens is the property of the Kislär Aga [kizlar-aghasi] (the slave of the Seraglio and guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode. A pander and eunuch—these are not polite, yet true appellations—now governs the governor of Athens !—B.

MARATHON

“ The morning of the next day was employed in examining the positions of the plain of Marathon ; and a hillock before the cottage where we slept afforded a view of the whole country.

“ The village at present called Marathonas is in a kind of recess between the hills, about a mile to the back, the north, of the Albanian cottages : it is inhabited by a few Turks, and surrounded by gardens. A river, once called the Charadus, flows from the village, and, passing towards the cottages, winds on before the hillock, taking a turn to the west-north-west, and flows by a ruined tower across the plain into the sea. Beneath the hillock is a large fen or marsh spreading down to the beach, and enclosed to the eastward by the woody range that forms the isthmus of the promontory Stome. On the western side of the river, where there is the ruined tower, is a low, rugged hill, about a mile and a half in extent, lying north and south, and forming the left bank of the narrow valley that reaches as far as Marathon. It is a little more than a quarter of a mile from the Albanian cottages and the hillock on which they stood.

“ The plan of the battle in Anacharsis places the Greeks too much to the north, and in a situation where it is impossible they should have been drawn up in the closest order. But the position of the armies is to be looked for lower down, and in the narrow strip of plain which has the sea on one side and the range of Pentelicus on the other quarter to the west, extending, with some interruption, perhaps eight miles, from the Albanian cottages to the southern entrance, on the road by which we came to the spot.

“ A mile from this hillock is the shore, which, in this spot, turns off in a north-easterly direction, and forms the promontory of Rhamnus. Proceeding for two miles directly down the plain to the south, with the coast ranging to the left, at half a mile's distance from the shore, is the large barrow, about fifteen feet in height and thirty paces in circumference, which, upon most probable grounds, is sup-

That, perhaps, sufficiently explains why Byron went on writing those poems. But Byron himself represented to his friends that he wrote "The Bride of Abydos" to distract him from his passion for Lady Frances Wedderburn. He seemed to think that it required some such excuse. He says in his journal under the date of November 16, 1813: "It was written in four nights to distract my dreams from * *. Were it not thus, it had never been composed; and had I not done something at the time, I must have gone mad, by eating my own heart—bitter diet!"

Byron writes to Moore on November 30, 1813:—

"All convulsions end with me in rhyme: and to solace my midnights, I have scribbled another Turkish story—not a Fragment—which you will soon receive after this. It does not trench upon your kingdom in the least, and, if it did, you would soon reduce me to my proper boundaries. You will think, and justly, that I run some risk of losing the little I have gained in fame, by this further experiment on public patience: but I have really ceased to care on that head. I have written this, and published it, for the sake of the *employment*—to wring my thoughts from reality, and take refuge in 'imaginings,' however 'horrible,' and, as to success! those who succeed will console me for a failure—excepting yourself and one or two more, whom luckily I love too well to wish one leaf of their laurels a tint yellower. This is the work of a week, and will be the reading of an hour to you, or even less—and so, let it go." ¹]

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
 Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
 Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
 Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,

¹ *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron*, vol. i, pp. 134-24.

posed to have been the tomb of the Athenian heroes. It stands alone in a dead flat, so as to be very conspicuous, not only to those who are travelling in the plain, but even to vessels sailing in the channel between the Negroponte and the main. A perpendicular cut has been made into the earth on the top, by some antiquarian researcher : such a relic might surely have been spared ! Standing with your back to the sea upon this barrow, you see a flat valley running north-west from the long plain, and having Pentelicus on the south, and the low rugged hill on the north. At the west end of this valley is the small village before mentioned, Vraona, nearly on the site of the ancient Brauron, celebrated for the worship of that Diana whose image was transported thither from Taurus by Iphigenia, and afterwards carried away by Xerxes.

“ It appears to me that the Athenians were drawn up a little within the mouth of this valley, with the low rugged hills, from which the trees might be felled to impede the Persian cavalry, on their left, and a torrent, that still flows from Vraona into the plain to the south, on their right. The Greek camp was in the field of Hercules, not far, it may be conjectured, from the modern village of Vraona, for some ancient trenches are still visible in that quarter. The western extremity of the flat valley approaches near the modern Marathon, from which it is only separated by the end of the low hill called Agcrlichi, the site, it is probable, of the Heracléum.”

ON THE DRESS OF THE GREEKS (1809)

“ The dress of the Greeks is not at first sight to be much distinguished from that of the Turks, nor is there any difference in the habit of those in power, except that instead of the turban the head is covered with an immense calpac. A cotton shirt made like a woman's chemise, cotton drawers, a vest and jacket of silk or stuff, a pair of large, loose brogues or trousers drawn up a little above the ankle, and a short sock, make the inner part of the dress : the part of the garment next put on is a long broad shawl, often highly

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl in her bloom ;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute ;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye ;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine ?
'Tis the clime of the East—'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done ?
Oh ! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell !

THE CORSAIR.

[BYRON began "The Corsair" three weeks after the issue of the seventh edition of "The Giaour" and the first edition of "The Bride of Abydos" (December 18, 1813). It was issued on February 1, 1814, and became the wonder of its generation. Murray in three days reported an unprecedented sale—10,000 on the first day. Byron characteristically cultivated the idea that he was the original Corsair, and had "gone pirate" in July 1810 in the Greek Archipelago. In any case, he met numerous pirates in Greece, where, in 1810, under Turkish rule, it was the proudest of all professions.

It is always difficult to distinguish between imagination and reality in Byron's life and poetry. He turned his life into poetry, and his poetry into life. He probably himself became confused between fact and fiction: he became to himself an unreal person—a person of legend. It is a case of dual personality—actual and literary. Thus it was that in turns he became the Giaour, the Corsair, and any other villain or hero that was represented.

George IV, in the same way, had heard and written so much about the Battle of Waterloo that he grew to imagine that he had been present. He was telling this for the twentieth time to the Iron Duke, when he noticed his silence, and asked, "Isn't that true, Duke ?"

"So I have often heard Your Majesty say," was the grave reply of the Duke of Wellington.

worked and very expensive, wrapped in wide folds round the loins. In one corner of this girdle the poorer people, especially in travelling, both Turks and Greeks, conceal their money, and then wind the shawl round them. A common fellow in Turkey might, as properly as the soldier in Horace, talk of the loss of his zone as of that of his money ; but the better sort of people have adopted the use of purses, which together with their handkerchiefs, watches, and snuff-boxes, they carry in the bosom, between the folds of their vests. It is a sign of importance much affected by them to have this part of their garments distended to a great size, so as to appear full, not only of trinkets, but papers. The gown with loose sleeves covers the other part of the dress, and this, when in the presence of a Pasha or other great man, they wrap modestly about them, concealing their hands joined below the waist in the sleeves, and resting their chins on their bosoms. The rich have many changes of gowns, some of stuff and satin for the summer, and others of cloth for the winter, both trimmed and partially lined with ermine or other furs, of which the dark are the most precious. The Codja-bashee of Vostizza, who affected magnificence, changed his pelisse when he went out to ride. The privileged Greeks may put on robes of any dye except green, the favourite colour of Mahomet, and that now worn by his supposed descendants the Emirs. They have liberty, as before related, to wear slippers or quarter-boots of yellow morocco."

THE PIRÆUS (1809)

" Nothing in the present appearance of the Piræus would enable you to suspect that it was once a flourishing port, the emporium of a great state, itself a city, and abounding with temples, porticoes, and other magnificent structures.

" The triple port is not very apparent, the recess on the right hand, the ancient Zea, being like a marsh, and that on the left, Cantharus, towards Munychia, of but little depth. The deepest water is at the mouth of the third interior port, the Aphrodisium of the old Piræus. One

We can only meet Byron's claims with the same polite comment.

I print here the opening passages of the first, second, and third cantos of "The Corsair": of the first, because it expresses Byron's passion for valour; of the second, because it gives to the present generation some pictures of the life of the Greek island rovers who afterwards did so much to free Greece; of the third, because it provides a very rare and interesting instance of a literary "repeat." The first fifty-four lines from "Slow sinks" to "where gentler ocean seems to smile" had been already used in "The Curse of Minerva"; but, as will be seen from Byron's note, he claims poetic licence. "The reader must excuse their appearance here—if he can." He has got to. But, of course, we must remember that "The Curse" had not been published openly in England.

There are several notable variants: "Hydra" in "The Curse" becomes "Idra" here; and "deigns" in "gentler ocean deigns to smile" becomes "seems" in "The Corsair."

The lines are so beautiful that I make no further excuse for the "repeat."—H. S.]

THE CORSAIR.¹

CANTO THE FIRST.

"——nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria, ——"

DANTE, *Inferno*, v, 121.

I.

"O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!

¹ The time in this poem may seem too short for the occurrences, but the whole of the Ægean isles are within a few hours' sail of the continent, and the reader must be kind enough to take the *wind* as I have often found it.—B.

does not know what to think of the size of the ships composing the fleets which were anchored in this basin : and yet, so late as the time of Constantine, two hundred ships of war were collected in the Piræus. The Athenian fleet consisted at one time of three hundred ships of three banks of oars. We saw an Hydriote merchant-vessel, of about two hundred tons, anchored in the port, for the purpose of carrying off the Elgin Marbles, and she seemed too big for the station. Yet Wheler judged it capable of containing forty or fifty of the great ships of his time, which is sufficient only to convince me that the size of the vessels has been very much enlarged during the last century and a half. An English sloop of war was warned that she would run aground if she endeavoured to get in, and was therefore obliged to anchor in the straits between Salamis and the port once called Phoron. The direction of the harbour is from north-west to south-east, and the whole length of it, from the outer mouth to the innermost recess, is not a mile and a quarter."

FROM MEGARA TO ELEUSIS

"I will now describe our route from Megara towards Athens, as far as Eleusis. The road was, from the first hour and a half, towards the south-east, inclining to the shore, chiefly through low woods of evergreens ; it then took us more to the eastward, and wound under hills close to the water, still leading through green forests. The hills are ranges of the mountain Kerata, now Kandili, and the two tops are visible at a distance to the north-east. In another hour and a half the path passes round a bay, where there is a solitary cottage and a boat-shed. From this place the tower above Eleusis is in sight, and the tongue of land forming the south-western extremity of the bay of Eleusis is seen stretching before you into the sea : Salamis appears close to this point, and closing up the wide mouth of the bay. From this spot travellers ascend the extremities of the mountain Kerata, and, passing at the back (the west) of the tower of

Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave ;
Not thou, vain lord of Wantonness and Ease !
Whom Slumber soothes not—Pleasure cannot please—
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way ?
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight ;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feeblér faint can only feel—
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar ?
No dread of Death—if with us die our foes—
Save that it seems even duller than repose ;
Come when it will—we snatch the life of Life—
When lost—what reck's it by disease or strife ?

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

In Coron's bay floats many a galley light,
Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright,
For Seyd, the Pacha, makes a feast to-night :
A feast for promised triumph yet to come,
When he shall drag the fettered Rovers home ;
This hath he sworn by Allah and his sword,
And faithful to his firman and his word,
His summoned prows collect along the coast,
And great the gathering crews, and loud the boast ;
Already shared the captives and the prize,
Though far the distant foe they thus despise ;
'Tis but to sail—no doubt to-morrow's Sun
Will see the Pirates bound—their haven won !
Meantime the watch may slumber, if they will,
Nor only wake to war, but dreaming kill.
Though all, who can, disperse on shore and seek
To flesh their glowing valour on the Greek ;
How well such deed becomes the turbaned brave—

Eleusis, come, in an hour, into part of the plain at the foot of the mountain.

“From the back of the tower the path leads through a green valley, on a slope between low hills, until it arrives in the open country. A spring is still to be seen here, which is said to be the Flowery Well where Ceres reposed, and the valley is the Rharian plain. The path to Athens then strikes off over the Thriasian plain, leaving the village of Eleusis to the right, and passing through the ruins of the aqueduct.”

THE PATRIOTISM OF THE GREEKS (1809)

“Mr. De Guys’s long thirty-seventh letter, entitled ‘Patriotism of the Greeks,’ is much such an essay as Montaigne’s on a custom in the island of Cea ; or, like that chapter on Snakes which Dr. Johnson could repeat entire, it leaves us only to conclude that there is no patriotism worth speaking of to be found amongst the modern Greeks, or indeed amongst any of the moderns ; for the whole of his remarks and examples are adduced from the two great nations of antiquity. But notwithstanding such a deficiency in an express panegyric of this people, it is most true that the generality of the Greeks are devotedly attached to their country and nation, and, even to a degree which may appear foolish and incautious, continually express their hatred of their masters, and their confidence in themselves. This latter feeling is, however, tempered by a complete sense of their own degradation ; for, whatever may be their discourse to one another, they never fail to enlarge upon this subject to a stranger. A common commencement of a conversation with them is ‘Your Excellency will find but poor fare in our country ; but you are not in Christendom. What can be done amongst these beasts the Turks ?’ The detestation of their master breaks out on every occasion ; and when the chanter from the Minaret is announcing the death of a Mahometan, each Greek that meets his friend in the street salutes him thus—‘A dog is dead’ (*ἀπέθανε σκυλί*). The Archons, who enjoy the confidence of the Turks, are

To bare the sabre's edge before a slave !
 Infest his dwelling—but forbear to slay,
 Their arms are strong, yet merciful to-day,
 And do not deign to smite because they may !
 Unless some gay caprice suggests the blow,
 To keep in practice for the coming foe.
 Revel and rout the evening hours beguile,
 And they who wish to wear a head must smile ;
 For Moslem mouths produce their choicest cheer,
 And hoard their curses, till the coast is clear.

II.

High in his hall reclines the turbaned Seyd ;
 Around—the bearded chiefs he came to lead.
 Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff—
 Forbidden draughts, 'tis said, he dared to quaff,
 Though to the rest the sober berry's juice ¹
 The slaves bear round for rigid Moslems' use ;
 The long chibouque's ² dissolving cloud supply,
 While dance the Almas to wild minstrelsy.
 The rising morn will view the chiefs embark ;
 But waves are somewhat treacherous in the dark :
 And revellers may more securely sleep
 On silken couch than o'er the rugged deep :
 Feast there who can—nor combat till they must,
 And less to conquest than to Korans trust ;
 And yet the numbers crowded in his host
 Might warrant more than even the Pacha's boast.

CANTO THE THIRD.

“ Come vedi—ancor non m'abbandona.”

DANTE, *Inferno*, v, 105.

I.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,³
 Along Morea's hills the setting Sun ;

¹ Coffee.

² “ Chibouque ” [chibûk], pipe.—B.

³ The opening lines, as far as section ii, have, perhaps, little business here, and were annexed to an unpublished (though printed) poem [“ The Curse of Minerva ”] ; but they were written on the spot, in the Spring of 1811, and—I scarce know why—the reader must excuse their appearance here—if he can.—B. See p. 135.

infected with the same spirit, and, in proportion as they are more powerful, feel a stronger desire of revenge. Signor Londo, of Vostizza, the son of the person who, under Veli Pasha, may be said to govern the Morea, on hearing the name of Riga, when he was playing with me a party of chess, jumped suddenly from the sofa, threw over the board, and, clasping his hands, repeated the name of the patriot with a thousand passionate exclamations, the tears streaming down his cheeks."

HOW THEY LEFT ATHENS

"We were surprised on Sunday, the 4th of March (1810), by a visit from the captain of an English sloop of war, who offered us a passage in his ship to Smyrna, which we accepted, and accordingly made every arrangement for leaving the place where we had so long and so agreeably resided. Having sent off our baggage before us, on the Monday morning, we bid adieu to Athens at a little after one o'clock, and passing through the gate leading to the Piræus, we struck into the olive-wood on the road going to Salamis, galloping at a quick pace, in order to rid ourselves, by the hurry, of the pain of parting, for true it was that we were not a little melancholy at quitting the country, and that, although there was certainly not a single tie existing to bind us to the spot, we felt that uneasy sensation which arises on beholding, probably for the last time, objects rendered familiar by long use and habit. We could not refrain from looking back, as we passed rapidly to the shore; and we continued to direct eyes towards the spot where we had caught the last glimpse of the Theseum and the ruins of the Parthenon through the vistas in the woods, for many minutes after the city and the Acropolis had been totally hidden from our view. It was no affectation which drew from the philosophic Julian a tear at quitting his beloved Athens."

GREEK OPINION OF THE ENGLISH (1809)

"Even so late as the time of our travels, the notions prevalent amongst the generality of the continental Greeks,

Not, as in Northern elimes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light !
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The God of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis !
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glanee,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay eourse, and own the hues of Heaven ;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian eliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he east,
When—Athens ! here thy Wisest looked his last.
How watched thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murdered Sage's ¹ latest day !
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
The precious hour of parting lingers still ;
But sad his light to agonising eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes :
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seemed to pour,
The land, where Phœbus never frowned before :
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
The eup of woe was quaffed—the Spirit fled ;
The Soul of him who scorned to fear or fly—
Who lived and died, as none can live or die !

But lo ! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The Queen of night asserts her silent reign.²

¹ Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

² The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country : the days in winter are longer, but in summer of shorter duration.—B.

and other people of the Levant, respecting our nation and country, were altogether laughable. I was informed that England was an island, a little bigger than Cephalonia, the chief town of which is called London ; of this, however, all are not certain, for one person asked me whether England was in London or London in England ? In this town all the English who are not employed at sea are supposed to live, except a few peasants, who inhabit the villages. But the far greater part of the nation exist upon the water, either in merchant-vessels or ships of war, the management of which is the sole purpose and occupation of their lives ; and in which, together with manufacturing cloth, hardware, and trinkets, the English excel all the world. An Albanian directed a letter to his son, who was in Lord Byron's service, with this address :

To

Dervish Tacheere,

In the English Ships
at Constantinople.

He supposed that my fellow traveller and myself belonged, of course, to the English fleet, and, after looking at the country by land, would join our vessels at the port of the great city. Some of the higher orders are doubtless better informed, and know as much about England as the majority of our countrymen know about the present state of Greece ; and thus, although they are far from being acquainted with the actual extent of our resources, they still believe us to be extremely powerful, and richer than any people in the world. They frequently advert to the great subject of their independence in their conversations with English travellers and protest to them, as they do to French, Russians, Danes, Swedes, Dutch, and to every Frank, that with money, arms, and ten thousand foreign troops, they would expel the Turks from Europe."

HOBHOUSE'S OPINION—A REVOLUTION IMPOSSIBLE (1809)

" Any general revolution of the Greeks, independent of foreign aid, is quite impracticable ; for, although the great

No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form ;
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And bright around with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the Minaret :
The groves of olive scattered dark and wide
Where meek Cephissus pours his scanty tide ;
The cypress saddening by the sacred Mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay Kiosk ;
And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye—
And dull were his that passed them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war ;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
Mixed with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown—where gentler Ocean seems to smile.

II.

Not now my theme—why turn my thoughts to thee ?
Oh ! who can look along thy native sea,
Nor dwell upon thy name, whate'er the tale,
So much its magic must o'er all prevail ?
Who that beheld that Sun upon thee set,
Fair Athens ! could thine evening face forget ?
Not he—whose heart nor time nor distance frees,
Spell-bound within the clustering Cyclades !
Nor seems this homage foreign to its strain,
His Corsair's isle was once thine own domain—
Would that with freedom it were thine again !

III.

The Sun hath sunk—and, darker than the night,
Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height

mass of the people, as is the case in all insurrections, has feeling and spirit enough to make the attempt, yet most of the higher classes, and all the clergy, except as far as expressions of discontent may be taken into account, are apparently willing to acquiesce in their present condition.

“The Patriarch and Princes of the Fanal are at the devotion of the Porte. The primates of the towns and the richer merchants would be cautious not to move, unless they were certain of benefiting by the change ; and of this backwardness in the chiefs of their nation the Greeks are by no means insensible. They talk of it publicly, and make it the subject of their satire, revenging themselves, as is their constant practice, by a song. Lord Byron received as a present a long paper of verses to this import, which, in a dramatic colloquy between a Greek patriot, an Englishman; Frenchman, and Russian, a Metropolitan, a Waiwode of Wallachia, a merchant and a primate, and by the introduction of Greece, personified as a desolate female in tears, displays the apathy of the privileged classes, and concludes with this assertion of the Frank strangers: ‘We have found a Metropolitan and a Bey of Wallachia, and a merchant and a primate, all friends to tyranny.’

“This prudence, or timidity, of the chief men amongst them, not only diminishes the probability of an actual insurrection, but takes away from the zeal with which we might otherwise embark in their cause ; and when we begin to examine the moral power—if I may use the expression of the nation at large—we shall not be inclined to indulge in any very sanguine expectation of their future success.”

Medora's heart—the third day's come and gone—
With it he comes not—sends not—faithless one !
The wind was fair though light ! and storms were none.
Last eve Anselmo's bark returned, and yet
His only tidings that they had not met !
Though wild, as now, far different were the tale
Had Conrad waited for that single sail.
The night-breeze freshens—she that day had passed
In watching all that Hope proclaimed a mast ;
Sadly she sate on high—Impatience bore
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,
And there she wandered, heedless of the spray
That dashed her garments oft, and warned away :
She saw not, felt not this—nor dared depart,
Nor deemed it cold—her chill was at her heart ;
Till grew such certainty from that suspense—
His very Sight had shocked from life or sense !

It came at last—a sad and shattered boat,
Whose inmates first beheld whom first they sought ;
Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the few—
Scarce knew they how escaped—*this* all they knew.
In silence, darkling, each appeared to wait
His fellow's mournful guess at Conrad's fate :
Something they would have said ; but seemed to fear
To trust their accents to Medora's ear.
She saw at once, yet sunk not—trembled not—
Beneath that grief, that loneliness of lot,
Within that meek fair form, were feelings high,
That deemed not till they found their energy.
While yet was Hope they softened, fluttered, wept—
All lost—that Softness died not—but it slept ;
And o'er its slumber rose that Strength which said,
“ With nothing left to love, there's nought to dread.”

“THE CURSE OF MINERVA.”

THE STORY OF THE ELGIN MARBLES.

[As there are no letters of Byron's on the theme of the “Elgin Marbles,” I am giving here a plain narrative of this remarkable episode in the history of English art.—H. S.]

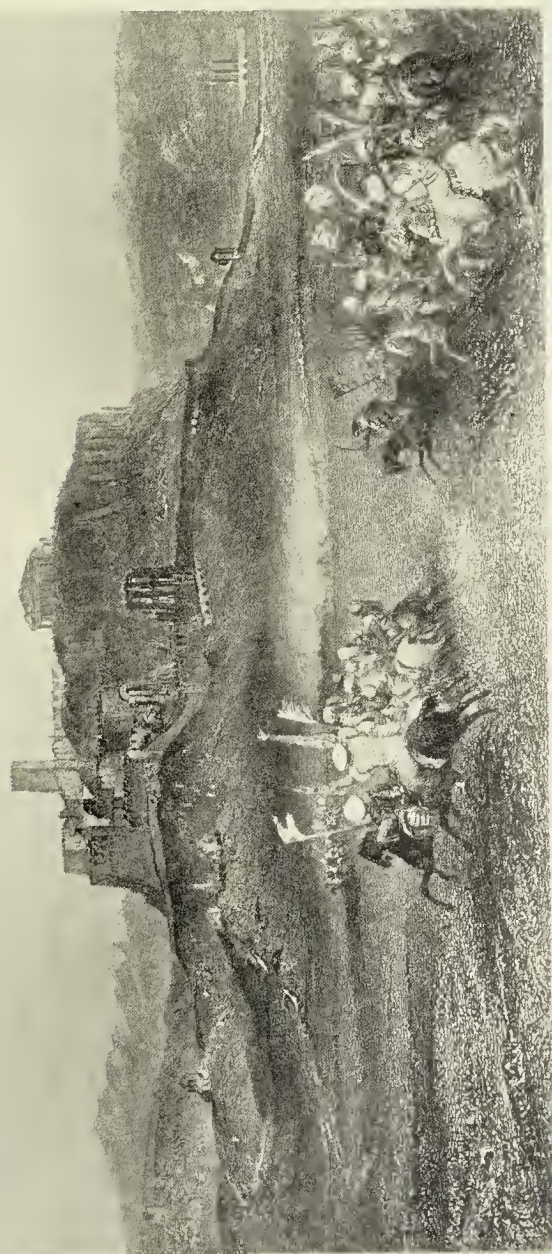
“The Curse of Minerva” was written by Byron at Athens on the first visit to Greece during his first European tour ; it is dated March 17, 1811. It was printed for private circulation, and was to have been published by Cawthorn along with the fifth edition of *English Bards*. But in the end all these satires were suppressed together by Byron, probably because he wanted to return and live in England.

The “Curse,” however, was extensively pirated in America and crept back to England by that route. Byron refused to authorise any publication in England during his lifetime ; but it was published after his death.

Byron was content with the storm created by the fierce stanzas (10–15) of the second canto of “Childe Harold.”

A few copies still survive of the very beautiful edition originally printed in 1811, and Mr. John Murray possesses a very fine, clear copy. It was beautifully printed, and extensively read. But that did not prevent Byron using again the noble opening passage—the description of the view from the summit of the Acropolis—as the beginning of the third canto of “The Corsair.” Standing on the same spot in 1923 we watched the sun set over the mountains of the Peloponnese, and can testify to the precise accuracy in every detail of Byron's word-picture.

The controversy raised by Byron's attack on Lord Elgin reverberated at the time far and wide, and it reverberates still. The “Elgin Marbles” form one of the chief glories of our British Museum ; but there is always the possibility



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner.]

[Engraved by J. Cousins.

THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS,
At the time of the Turkish occupation.

THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

“Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.”

ATHENS: CAPUCHIN CONVENT, *March 17, 1811.*

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting Sun ;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light ;
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows ;
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle ¹
The God of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain-shadows kiss
Thy glorious Gulf, unconquered Salamis !
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of Heaven ;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast
When, Athens ! here thy Wisest looked his last.
How watched thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murdered Sage's ² latest day !
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still ;

¹ Idra ; *The Corsair*, III, st. i, line 7. Hydra, or Hydrea, is an island on the east coast of the Peloponnese, between the gulfs of Nauplia and Ægina. As an “isle of Greece” it had almost no history until the War of Independence, when its chief town became a “city of refuge” for the inhabitants of the Morea and Northern Greece. Byron was, perhaps, the first poet to give it a name in song.—C.

² Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.—B.

that a restored and renovated Greece might suggest their return to Athens.

A considerable literature exists on the subject. Lord Elgin issued a defence in the form of a Memorandum ; and the House of Commons carried out an inquiry into the circumstances through a Committee. The report of this Committee was issued in 1816, and led to the historic purchase of the " Marbles " through the nation for the British Museum.¹

Let us see how and why Lord Elgin carried away the " Elgin Marbles."

* * * * * *

The seventh Earl of Elgin, a distinguished diplomat and patron of the Arts, went to Constantinople as British Ambassador in 1799, at a critical moment in the struggle with Napoleon. The political object of his mission was to secure and consolidate the friendship of Turkey for England in the great European struggle. Napoleon had already made that task easy by his attack on Egypt, which Turkey then regarded as an essential part of her Empire. After the Battle of the Nile,² England came into great favour with Turkey.

Lord Elgin was therefore given by the Sultan every facility to carry out the designs which he had formed before leaving England. Those designs were, and had always been, artistic. The Earl of Elgin was one of that little group of English aristocrats—the " Dilettanti," as they afterwards called themselves—who aimed at making England one of the art-centres of the world. These men possessed great political power. They filled the Embassies. It was their constant habit to employ their opportunities of foreign residence as a means of enriching their British palaces with

¹ See " Report from Select Committee on the Earl of Elgin's Collection of Sculptured Marbles " (British Museum, Pamphleteer V, s., p. 421, 1816).

² August 1, 1798. Aboukir surrendered to Sir Ralph Abercromby on March 8, 1801.

But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes ;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seemed to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frowned before ;
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
The cup of Woe was quaffed—the Spirit fled ;
The soul of Him that scorned to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But lo ! from high Hymettus to the plain
The Queen of Night asserts her silent reign ;¹
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form ;
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And bright around, with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the Minaret :
The groves of olive scattered dark and wide,
Where meek Cephissus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,²
And sad and sombre mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm ;
All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye ;
And dull were his that passed them heedless by.³

¹ The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country ; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of less duration.—C.

² The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house ; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. Cephissus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.—C.

³ The Temple of Theseus, as it is called (or the Theseion), is still the most perfect ruin in Athens, although by no means the most beautiful.

the artistic spoils of Europe. Stowe, Holkham, and many other great country-houses were enriched and embellished in that way. The Pope of the day, for instance, gave Lord Lansdowne every facility for bringing away the statues from Hadrian's Villa to decorate Lansdowne House, where they still are.

The Earl of Elgin, therefore, only acted after his kind when he used his political mission to Constantinople as an opportunity for despoiling Greece of her sculptures. In fact, he finally acted better than his kind: for in the end he consented—or shall we say, was forced?—to sell most of them to the nation; and he sold them at a considerable loss to himself.¹

The "Elgin Marbles," let us admit, have ever since provided to English sculptors the finest models of sculpture at its most splendid period, in a place accessible to students of all classes. Scattered through England there are quite as many treasures of Italian art, but mainly hidden from the public eye.

The official defence of Lord Elgin, in the Memorandum published in 1810,² was very simple. It was that unless Lord Elgin had taken the "Marbles," they would have been destroyed by the Turks, then in possession of Athens. There are a great many other motives given, such as the improvement of British art, the pursuit of classical knowledge, and so forth; but it is clear that the writer feels these insufficient to excuse or palliate so great a depredation.

¹ The nation gave him £35,000. He spent £74,000 (House of Commons Report). But many of the coloured marbles are at Broom Hall.

² "Memorandum of the subject of the Earl of Elgin's Pursuits in Greece" (Edinburgh. Printed by Balfour, Kirkwood and Co., 1810). This is unsigned. But it is noted in the British Museum Catalogue as written by William Hamilton, Lord Elgin's Agent. It was really written by Hunt, the Embassy Chaplain.

Again the *Ægean*, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war :
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,
Mixed with the shades of many a distant isle
That frown, where gentler Ocean deigns to smile.

As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane,
I marked the beauties of the land and main,
Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,
Whose arts and arms but live in poets' lore ;
Oft as the matchless dome I turned to scan,
Sacred to Gods, but not secure from Man,
The Past returned, the Present seemed to cease,
And Glory knew no clime beyond her Greece !

Hours rolled along, and Dian's orb on high
Had gained the centre of her softest sky ;
And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanished God :
But chiefly, Pallas ! thine, when Hecate's glare
Checked by thy columns, fell more sadly fair
O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread
Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead.

Hitherto most of the archæologists had been content with taking casts. But Lord Elgin's agents had removed the originals on a gigantic scale, not merely from the Parthenon, but also from the Erechtheium and the Temple of Victory. There could be only one defence for such conduct, carried on deliberately over many years. It was that the Turks were destroying these treasures ; that they had taken down many temples ; that they were accustomed to pound up statues for mortar ; that they broke up statues to seek for treasure ; that they defaced statues for mischief or sheer sport. All these accusations are definitely made in the Memorandum.

Lord Elgin, therefore, was—according to this defence—engaged in a work of rescue. It became his duty to save these treasures.

“Lord Elgin felt himself impelled by a stronger motive than personal gratification, to endeavour to preserve any specimens of sculpture he could, without injury, rescue from such impending ruin.”

It was only when a Turk had boastfully pointed to the mortar made out of the powdered statues that he took away the figure of Victory—

“Then, and then only, did he employ means to rescue what still remained from a similar fate.”

That, then, was the defence. The Memorandum closes with the expression of a hope that the possession of the “Elgin Marbles” may produce a great English School of Sculpture. Perhaps our climate has stood in the way. Perhaps even the most perfect sculptures are born of the country, the climate, and the soil, and depend for their beauty on national environment. But, at any rate, no such school has, as yet, come into being in England.¹

The Select Committee of the House of Commons, sitting

¹ The Memorandum suggested a scheme of athletic exercises carried out in the presence of the statuary, to stimulate British sculpture. That experiment has not yet been tried !

Long had I mused, and treasured every trace
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
When, lo ! a giant-form before me strode,
And Pallas hailed me in her own Abode !

Yes, 'twas Minerva's self ; but, ah ! how changed,
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged !
Not such as erst, by her divine command,
Her form appeared from Phidias' plastic hand :
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
Her idle Ægis bore no Gorgon now ;
Her helm was dented, and the broken lance
Seemed weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance ;
The Olive Branch, which still she deigned to clasp,
Shrunk from her touch, and withered in her grasp ;
And, ah ! though still the brightest of the sky,
Celestial tears bedimmed her large blue eye ;
Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,
And mourned his mistress with a shriek of woe !

“ Mortal ! ”—'twas thus she spake—“ that blush of
shame

Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble name ;
First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
Now honoured *less* by all, and *least* by me :
Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found.
Seek'st thou the cause of loathing !—look around.

in 1816, when the controversy was still at its height, decided on the whole in favour of Lord Elgin.

They gave a very vivid account of the political circumstances—the tremendous facilities given to the British Ambassador after the defeat of the French ; the full use of those facilities by Lord Elgin. Such powers, they say, had never before been given to any foreigner in Turkey. “To take away any stones that might appear interesting to them”—such was the extensive right that Nelson and Abercromby won for the Earl of Elgin. The “Marbles,” we may justly say, were paid for with the blood of our sailors and soldiers.

The Committee reported that the native people and peasantry had given every possible help to Lord Elgin. The Committee absolutely denied that the “Marbles” had been taken away against the will of the Turks. Nor had the Greeks opposed.

“Among the Greek population and inhabitants of Athens it occasioned no sort of dissatisfaction.”

On the contrary, the people liked it, as a means of bringing foreigners and foreign money into their country. The Turks were totally indifferent to the sculptures, and would often fire at them for amusement. The Greeks regarded them with superstition, considered that the statues contained the spirits of the Ancient Greeks, and were willing to see them saved from the Turks. In short, the Report of the House of Commons Committee, on the proceedings of the great Peer, recall the famous story of the Englishman who asked delicately about the death of the Irishman’s landlord. “Of what complaint did he die ?” “There was no complaint,” said the Irishman. “Everybody was very pleased !”

Lo ! here, despite of war and wasting fire,
 I saw successive Tyrannies expire ;
 'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,
 Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both.
 Survey this vacant, violated fane ;
 Recount the relics torn that yet remain :
These Cecrops placed, *this* Pericles adorned,¹
That Adrian reared when drooping Science mourned.
 What more I owe let Gratitude attest—
 Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest.
 That all may learn from whence the plunderer came,
 The insulted wall sustains his hated name :
 For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,
 Below, his name—above, behold his deeds !
 Be ever hailed with equal honour here
 The Gothic monarch and the Pictish peer :
 Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,
 But basely stole what less barbarians won.
 So when the Lion quits his fell repast,
 Next prowls the Wolf, the filthy Jackal last :
 Flesh, limbs, and blood the former make their own,
 The last poor brute securely gnaws the bone.
 Yet still the Gods are just, and crimes are crossed :
 See here what Elgin won, and what he lost !
 Another name with *his* pollutes my shrine :
 Behold where Dian's beams disdain to shine !
 Some retribution still might Pallas claim,
 When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame."²

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,
 To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye :

¹ This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acropolis in particular. The temple of Jupiter Olympius, by some supposed the Pantheon, was finished by Hadrian ; sixteen columns are standing, of the most beautiful marble and architecture.—B.

² His lordship's name, and that of one who no longer bears it, are carved conspicuously on the Parthenon ; above, in a part not far distant, are the torn remnants of the basso-relievos, destroyed in a vain attempt to remove them.—B.

The Committee closed their Report with a great salvo of patriotic self-satisfaction :

“ If it be true, as we learn from history and experience, that free governments afford a soil most suitable to the production of native talent, to the maturing of the powers of the human mind, and to the growth of every species of excellence, by opening to merit the prospect of reward and distinction, no country can be better adapted than ours to afford an honourable asylum to these monuments of the School of Phidias, and of the administration of Pericles, where, secure from further injury or degradation, they may receive that admiration and homage to which they are entitled : and serve in return as models and examples to those who, by knowing how to revere and appreciate them, may learn first to imitate and ultimately to rival them.”

“ Rival them ! ” That is still to be.

“ Turn we,” as the carol says, from this characteristic effusion of an unreformed Parliament to another very interesting piece of evidence—the description by Cam Hobhouse of the Acropolis as it was found and seen by himself and Lord Byron in 1810.¹

He opens with a description of the approach to the Acropolis :

“ You see on your right the ruins of the Propylæa, and, turning round, pass close under them, to get further up into the Acropolis. You turn again to your left under a square tower, built partly by the Venetians, partly by the Turks, out of the mass of marble remains. The lower part of it is now used as a prison, and has a small iron door of entrance to the dungeons, but was in 1676 a powder-magazine. You then pass to the left, at the back of the ruins of the Propylæa, and see three of the five doorways originally

¹ *Travels in Albania and other Provinces of Turkey*, vol. i, chaps. xvi and xxii (1855 ed.).

“ Daughter of Jove ! in Britain’s injured name,
A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.
Frown not on England ; England owns him not :
Athena, no ! thy plunderer was a Scot.
Ask’st thou the difference ? From fair Phyle’s towers
Survey Bœotia ;—Caledonia’s ours.
And well I know within that bastard land
Hath Wisdom’s goddess never held command ;
A barren soil, where Nature’s germs, confined
To stern sterility, can stint the mind ;
Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
Emblem of all to whom the Land gives birth ;
Each genial influence nurtured to resist ;
A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.
Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain
Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain,
Till, burst at length, each wat’ry head o’erflows,
Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows :
Then thousand schemes of petulance and pride
Despatch her scheming children far and wide ;
Some East, some West, some—everywhere but North !
In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.
And thus—accursed be the day and year !
She sent a Pict to play the felon here.

behind the columns of that building, and constituting the ancient entrance to the Acropolis.

* * * * * *

“The Temple of Victory without Wings was destroyed probably during the Venetian siege. The last memorial of its existence was carried away by Lord Elgin, who from a wall belonging to a rampart attached to the tower obtained the fragment of sculpture supposed by Chandler to represent the Battle of the Amazons, but decided at last to be the combat of the Athenians and Persians.

* * * * * *

“Many of the sculptures on the ninety-two metopes of the peristyle, representing the battle of the Lapithæ and the centaurs, particularly those on the entablature of the south side, were almost entire in 1767. I believe that there is not one now remaining: the last were taken down by Lord Elgin.

“All that was left of the sculpture on the eastern porch, the contest between Minerva and Neptune, has been carried off by the same person. The marks of the separation are still very apparent. Such of the statues as had before fallen had been ground to powder by the Turks. It is but fair to mention this fact at the same time that the other circumstance is recorded.

* * * * * *

“Within the cell of the temple all is desolation and ruin: the shafts of columns, fragments of the entablature and of the bearers of the roof, are scattered about on every side, but especially on the north of the area, where there are vast piles of marble. I measured one piece, seventeen feet in length, and of proportionate breadth and thickness.”

Hobhouse then takes us across the Acropolis from the Parthenon to the Erechtheium, and there notes more of Lord Elgin's destruction:

“There is one of these images before you come to the corner of the chapel, and the angular one remains, but the place of the next, which Lord Elgin has transplanted to England, is now filled up with mortar, so that there are only now three of the four statues

Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth ;
So may her few, the lettered and the brave,
Bound to no clime and victors of the grave,
Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,
And shine like children of a happier strand ;
As once, of yore, in some obnoxious place,
Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race.”

“ Mortal ! ” the blue-eyed maid resumed, “ once more
Bear back my mandate to thy native shore.
Though fallen, alas ! this vengeance yet is mine,
To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.
Hear then in silence Pallas’ stern behest ;
Hear and believe, for Time will tell the rest.

“ First on the head of him who did this deed
My curse shall light,—on him and all his seed :
Without one spark of intellectual fire,
Be all the sons as senseless as the sire :
If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
Believe him bastard of a brighter race :
Still with his hireling artists let him prate,

originally supporting this front looking towards the Parthenon. One of the Caryatides had been carried away, or destroyed on the spot, before the year 1736. On the plaster wall, on the west side of the chapel, these words have been very deeply cut—

Quod Non Fecerunt Goti
Hoc Fecerunt Scoti.¹

The mortar wall, yet fresh when we saw it, supplying the place of the statue now in the noble Ambassador's museum, serves as a comment on this text."

In a note written at this time (1811) Hobhouse adds the following observations, which, strangely enough, contribute considerably to the strength of Lord Elgin's case : for they reflect the opinion and feeling of the time, and corroborate Elgin's own chief plea :

"It is certain that if the Turks remain many years longer in possession of Athens, every valuable antiquity will be destroyed."

And he adds, strangely enough :

"I put aside the chance of the Greeks gaining their freedom ; for an event of that nature cannot, it strikes me, have ever entered into the head of anyone who has seen Athens and the modern Athenians.

"Yet I cannot forbear mentioning a singular speech of a learned Greek of Joannina, who said to me : ' You English are carrying off the works of the Greeks—our forefathers preserved them well—we Greeks will come and re-demand them.' "

This was written in 1811. Forty-four years later (1855) Hobhouse (now Lord Broughton) added the following note :

"The part of their conduct [i.e. the conduct of Lord Elgin's agents] objected to was the not being content with the casts—which was all the French wanted or obtained when in power—without the possession of the originals, and by that means hastening the decay and defacing the ancient monuments, so as to diminish considerably the gratification of future travellers and artists.

"The injuries seem to be these—the taking off the

¹ Roughly, "What the Goths did not dare to do,
The Scots have done."

And Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate ;
Long of their Patron's gusto let them tell,
Whose noblest, *native* gusto is—to sell :
To sell, and make—may shame record the day !—
The State—Receiver of his pilfered prey.
Meantime, the flattering, feeble dotard, West,
Europe's worst dauber, and poor Britain's best,
With palsied hand shall turn each model o'er,
And own himself an infant of fourscore.¹
Be all the Bruisers culled from all St. Giles',
That Art and Nature may compare their styles ;
While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,
And marvel at his Lordship's " stone shop " there.²
Round the thronged gate shall sauntering coxcombs creep
To lounge and lucubrate, to prate and peep ;
While many a languid maid, with longing sigh,
On giant statues casts the curious eye ;
The room with transient glance appears to skim,
Yet marks the mighty back and length of limb ;
Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then* ;
Exclaims, " These Greeks indeed were proper men ! "

¹ This refers to a flattering letter from Sir Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy in 1792, published to assist in the defence of Lord Elgin. It is printed with the Memorandum in the British Museum Library.

² The "Marbles" were first exhibited at Gloucester House, at the corner of Piccadilly and Park Lane (see below).

Metopes, the statue over the Theatre of Bacchus, and the statues of the western pediment of the Parthenon: and the carrying away of one of the Caryatides, and the finest of the columns of the Erechtheium."

Lastly, we come to the profoundly interesting survey of the whole story given in the article by Mr. A. H. Smith in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* of 1916. This article, written by the wish of the Elgin family, supplements with very important details all these witnesses.

It is a close and yet thrilling account of what was really a great romance of those days of war—with all the changes and chances of a great international struggle. It is clear that Lord Elgin himself made the acquisition of the "Marbles" a chief object of his stay in the East. At first, indeed, he chiefly contemplated using them for the adornment of his own houses. He egged on his agents with every kind of promise and persuasion. "Collect as much marble as possible." He desired to secure the whole of the Erechtheium, all the Caryatides, the monument of Lysicrates—until even the Turk and the Sultan's black slave revolted! He speaks familiarly of "my property from Greece," and this is how he writes to his agents at Athens:

"I see with the greatest satisfaction that you have the statue from the monument of Thrasyllus. Continue your acquisitions, and add to my obligations the Lantern of Demosthenes (now known as the Monument of Lysicrates)."

The unfortunate Turks were between two fires. There was Russia, in the person of Prince Dolgorouki, trying to get the Sultan to cut off the Disdar's head because he excluded the Prince from the Acropolis. There were the French cutting off—not their heads, but, almost equally

Draws slight comparisons of *these* with *those*,
And envies Laïs all her Attic beaux.
When shall a modern maid have swains like these ?
Alas ! Sir Harry is no Hercules !
And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,
Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,
In silent indignation mixed with grief,
Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.
Oh, loathed in life, nor pardoned in the dust,
May Hate pursue his sacrilegious lust !
Linked with the fool that fired the Ephesian dome,
Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb,
And Eratostratus ¹ and Elgin shine
In many a branding page and burning line ;
Alike reserved for aye to stand accursed,
Perchance the second blacker than the first.

“ So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fixed statue on the pedestal of Scorn ;
Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,
But fits thy country for her coming fate :
Hers were the deeds that taught her lawless son
To do what oft Britannia’s self had done.

¹ Who fired the Temple of Artemis on the night of the birth of Alexander the Great.

inconveniently, the water-supply—from Elgin's artist, Lusieri, and his assistants. The Battle of the Acropolis raged fiercely.

Then there was the crowning infamy of the lowering of the frieze from the Parthenon—"my property."

"I was obliged," writes Lusieri to Elgin, "to be a little barbarous." What happened, according to an eyewitness, was that "the fine masses of Pentelican marble came clattering down, scattering the white masses with thundering noise among the ruins."

The Disdar, who was looking on, took his narghile from his mouth, and dropped a tear—a black tear. He cried, "Lusieri! Telos! Lusieri!" ("That is enough!") A rebuke from the Black Slave to the White Free Man!

Lord Elgin was not satisfied. A Doric capital was taken from the Propylæa, another from the Parthenon. But the French at Constantinople were angry and menacing. They regarded all this as their spoil. They had spoiled Egypt, and now they wanted to spoil Athens.

Elgin writes urgently: "The moment is precious. Rivalry is ready to show itself in all shapes." He is using all possible influence with Ministers at the Porte. "The least little things from Athens are invaluable."

"If I had three years and all the resources I have had I would employ them all at Athens."

"The slightest object from the Acropolis is a jewel," he writes passionately; and so the work goes on. Surely there is nothing more ruthless than the Ardor Archæologicus!

But meanwhile a terrible Nemesis is toiling, slow-footed, on the track of this splendid robber—this modern Verres. His ship the *Mentor*—strange name!—starts from the

Look to the Baltic—blazing from afar,
 Your old Ally yet mourns perfidious war.¹
 Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,
 Or break the compact which herself had made ;
 Far from such counsels, from the faithless field
 She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield ;
 A fatal gift that turned your friends to stone,
 And left lost Albion hated and alone.

“ Look to the East,² where Ganges’ swarthy race
 Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base ;
 Lo ! there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,
 And glares the Nemesis of native dead ;
 Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,
 And claims his long arrear of northern blood.
 So may ye perish !—Pallas, when she gave
 Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.

“ Look on your Spain !—she clasps the hand she hates,
 But boldly clasps, and thrusts you from her gates.
 Bear witness, bright Barossa !³ thou canst tell
 Whose were the sons that bravely fought and fell.

¹ The affair of Copenhagen. Copenhagen was bombarded by sea by Admiral Lord Gambier (1756–1833), and by land by General Lord Cathcart (1755–1843), September 2–8, 1807. The citadel was given up to the English, and the Danes surrendered their fleet, with all the naval stores, and their arsenals and dockyards. This was done, of course, to anticipate Napoleon.—C.

² “ The East ” is brought within range of Minerva’s curse, *symmetri causa*, and it is hard to say to which “ rebellion ” she refers. Probably the mutiny which broke out in 1809, during Sir George Barlow’s presidency of Madras, among the officers of the Company’s service, and which at one time threatened the continuance of British sway in India ; or perhaps the mutiny at Vellore in 1806.—C.

³ The victory of “ bright Barossa,” March 5, 1811, was achieved by the sudden determination—“ an inspiration rather than a resolution,” says Napier—of the British commander, General Graham (Thomas Lord Lynedoch, 1750–1843), to counter-march his troops, and force the eminence known as the Cerro de Puerco, or hill of Barossa, which had fallen into the hands of the French under Ruffin.—C.

Piræus on September 14, 1802. It is overloaded and undermanned—so eager is he to realise the spoils. The *Ægean* is a difficult sea for a ship laden with stones. In fine, the *Mentor* is wrecked in Cerigo Bay, and lies in ten fathoms of water. It takes the skilled divers of Rhodes fully two years to recover what can be recovered from the wreck. But some of the precious marbles of the Acropolis still lie in Cerigo Bay.

This is the first blow of Nemesis. The second comes swiftly. In 1803 Elgin has to return home to England to report on his mission. Relying on the Peace of Amiens, he imprudently returns across France. He had placed his head in the Tiger's mouth! For in May 1803 it suited Napoleon to resume his war against England: he broke off the Treaty; and he celebrated the renewal of the war by arresting all Englishmen of military age—between eighteen and sixty—who happened to be in France. Lord Elgin was too good a prize to be spared; he had proved too dangerous an enemy to French artists and archæologists in the Near East. So he was arrested with the others; kept in Paris till July; allowed to go to the Pyrenees till November; then arrested again and confined in a fortress as a reprisal for the imprisonment of a French general at Newcastle-under-Lyme. He was kept as a prisoner of war in France until 1806; and then Talleyrand persuaded him to win a parole by signing a promise to return to Paris whenever Napoleon asked for him. Lord Elgin remained under that humiliating restraint until the peace of 1814.

During the long imprisonment of Lord Elgin in France the affair of "the Marbles" went slowly. All favour was withdrawn from his agents at Athens, and poor Lusieri,

But Lusitania, kind and dear ally,
Can spare a few to fight, and sometimes fly.
Oh glorious field ! by Famine fiercely won,
The Gaul retires for once, and all is done !
But when did Pallas teach, that one retreat
Retrieved three long Olympiads of defeat ?

“ Look last at home—ye love not to look there
On the grim smile of comfortless despair :
Your city saddens : loud though Revel howls,
Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine prowls.
See all alike of more or less bereft ;
No misers tremble when there's nothing left.
' Blest paper credit ' ; ¹ who shall dare to sing ?
It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.
Yet Pallas plucked each Premier by the ear,
Who Gods and men alike disdained to hear ;
But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,

¹ “ Blest paper credit ! last and best supply,
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly.”—POPE.

In February, 1811, a select committee of the House of Commons “ on commercial credit ” recommended an advance of £6,000,000 to manufacturers who were suffering from over-speculation.—C.

the Italian artist, had to fly to Malta, and lost all his patient drawings in a ship wrecked off the shores of Crete. One instalment of "the Marbles" reached home and was left in packing-cases, unloved and uncared for, till Elgin's release. The Frieze was left at the docks in the Piræus, looted by Ali Pasha, and finally came home in 1811, strangely enough, in the *Hydra*, the same ship with Byron, who had just written "The Curse of Minerva." Strange fellow-travellers!

Returning to England from captivity in 1806, Elgin started feverishly unpacking his precious "Marbles," the ruling passion still strong. He took "Gloucester House," at the corner of Park Lane and Piccadilly, to exhibit them; showed them to picked artists and friends—Haydon, Mrs. Siddons, Sir Benjamin West, Flaxman. All were amazed at the revelation of Greek art at its best. But Gloucester House was wanted. The Duke of Devonshire lent Burlington House, and thence "the Marbles" were transferred. But Elgin was growing poorer. His captivity and his domestic troubles had half ruined him. He let it be known that he wanted to sell to the State. Mysterious emissaries visited "the Marbles." The Prime Minister, Spencer Perceval, suggested £30,000. Elgin scornfully refused. He offered to accept £50,000. More pressure was brought to bear. The House of Commons appointed their Committee. A bargain was struck at £35,000, and after hot debates a Resolution and an Act of Parliament were passed.¹ Ever since, the "Elgin Marbles" have belonged to this country.²

* * * * *

I have now given the facts and arguments on both sides in this great artistic and literary *cause célèbre*. I must leave my readers to judge between Lord Elgin and Lord Byron.

Like the doings of Warren Hastings in India, the proceedings of Lord Elgin in Greece form a landmark in history.

¹ The Resolution was carried by 82 to 30. A Mr. Hugh Hammersly moved an amendment to keep the Marbles in trust for Greece.

² The Marbles were kept in a temporary gallery of the British Museum till 1831, when the present wing was built.

On Pallas calls,—but calls, alas ! too late :
Then raves for * * ;¹ to that Mentor bends,
Though he and Pallas never yet were friends.
Him senates hear, whom never yet they heard,
Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd.
So, once of yore, each reasonable frog
Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign 'log.'
Thus hailed your rulers their patrician clod,²
As Egypt chose an onion for a God.

“ Now fare ye well ! enjoy your little hour ;
Go, grasp the shadow of your vanished power ;
Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme ;
Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream.
Gone is that Gold, the marvel of mankind,
And Pirates barter all that's left behind.
No more the hirelings, purchased near and far,
Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war.
The idle merchant on the useless quay
Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear away ;
Or, back returning, sees rejected stores
Rot piecemeal on his own encumbered shores :
The starved mechanic breaks his rusting loom,
And desperate mans him 'gainst the coming doom.
Then in the Senates of your sinking state
Show me the man whose counsels may have weight.
Vain is each voice where tones could once command ;

¹ Perhaps “ Horner,” or it is possible that Byron wished to insert “ Vansittart,” but the name would not scan.

² The reference is to Spencer Perceval, the son of the Earl of Egmont, Pitt's most useful law-officer, who became Prime Minister in 1809, and was shot in the Lobby of the House of Commons on May 11, 1812. He made bank notes legal tender, in July 1811, at a critical moment in the Napoleonic Wars.

For a whole century the wealthy British aristocrats had wandered over Italy and Greece—as, since, over Egypt—despoiling the fanes and tombs, tearing down altars and temples, snatching away monuments and statues, to adorn the walls and fill the niches in the great palaces with which they were covering Great Britain.

Italy and Greece, the homes of the old civilisations, lay all that time prostrate and helpless, easy victims for the spoilers. Sultans purred firmans: Popes roared bulls: they sold for cash the treasures of a past that was not theirs.

But now (1810) those sad nations had secured a champion. Byron was capable of great indignations: indignations both savage and noble. One of those—both noble and savage—produced these verses.

When Byron saw the agents of Lord Elgin at work on the Acropolis—feverishly despoiling the exquisite glories of the past—he felt like a man who, on the field of battle, sees some ignoble prowler stripping the heroic dead. He threw on him the blaze of his searchlight. Lord Elgin was thrown into flashing relief. He was only acting after his kind. But he became a classic case.

* * * * *

“Not guilty, but don’t do it again!” seems to have been the verdict of the British public. No aristocrat or plutocrat has ever repeated the performances of Lord Elgin: any more than any Viceroy of India has repeated the doings of the acquitted Warren Hastings. The Acropolis to-day is preserved with scrupulous care. The Temple of Victory has been re-created from its ruins. Even the frieze has been partly replaced on the Parthenon with terra-cotta. A new Caryatid upholds the roof of the Erechtheum. Every stone of those temples is counted faithfully and preserved. The result is that the Acropolis is now, under its Greek guardians, undoubtedly the most beautiful ruin in Europe.

Byron, then, achieved his work with this terrific indictment. He scorched and branded with his accusing finger. He was merciless. But he won a great victory. He stopped the plunderers who were destroying the sacred places.

E'en factions cease to charm a factious land :
Yet jarring sects convulse a sister Isle,
And light with maddening hands the mutual pile.

“ 'Tis done, 'tis past—since Pallas warns in vain ;
The Furies seize her abdicated reign :
Wide o'er the realm they wave their kindling brands,
And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.
But one convulsive struggle still remains,
And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.
The bannered pomp of war, the glittering files,
O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles ;
The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,
That bid the foe defiance ere they come ;
The hero bounding at his country's call,
The glorious death that consecrates his fall,
Swell the young heart with visionary charms,
And bid it antedate the joys of arms.
But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,
With death alone are laurels cheaply bought ;
Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,
His day of mercy is the day of fight.
But when the field is fought, the battle won,
Though drenched with gore, his woes are but begun :
His deeper deeds as yet ye know by name ;
The slaughtered peasant and the ravished dame,
The rifled mansion and the foe-reaped field,
Ill suit with souls at home, untaught to yield.
Say with what eye along the distant down
Would flying burghers mark the blazing town ?
How view the column of ascending flames
Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames ?
Nay, frown not, Albion ! for the torch was thine
That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine :
Now should they burst on thy devoted coast,
Go, ask thy bosom who deserves them most ?
The law of Heaven and Earth is life for life,
And she who raised, in vain regrets, the strife.”

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

[“THE Siege of Corinth” is so dramatic a description of an episode in the eighteenth-century struggle between Venice and Turkey for the possession of Greece, that I make no excuse for giving it nearly in full.

The attack on Corinth, then in Venetian possession, by the Turks, began on June 28, 1715. The historical facts are sufficiently near to Byron’s narrative. At first the Venetians refused to surrender, but capitulated to a storming party on July 2. While the Janissaries were pillaging, the fortress blew up. The Janissaries revenged their comrades by putting the Venetian garrison to the sword.

Byron had to make Minetto imitate Sardanapalus. But Benjamin Brue discovered that Minetto was actually conveyed secretly to Smyrna and afterwards ransomed by the Dutch Consul. Byron probably derived his material from meditations on the spot. For he often visited Corinth in 1810, although he probably did not write the poem till 1815. He sent the manuscript to Murray in November 1815. It was published in a single volume on February 7, 1816.

This poem was written in fragments, like “The Bride of Abydos.” In a letter written on December 28, 1815, Byron encloses the opening lines. “I had forgotten them,” he characteristically adds, “and am not sure that they had better be left out now.” Trying for a publisher!—H. S.]

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

IN the year since Jesus died for men,
Eighteen hundred years and ten,
We were a gallant company,
Riding o’er land, and sailing o’er sea.

Oh ! but we went merrily !
We forded the river, and clomb the high hill,
Never our steeds for a day stood still ;
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed ;
Whether we couched in our rough capote,
On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,
Or stretched on the beach, or our saddles spread
As a pillow beneath the resting head,
Fresh we woke upon the morrow :
 All our thoughts and words had scope,
 We had health, and we had hope,
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.
We were of all tongues and creeds ;—
Some were those who counted beads,
Some of mosque, and some of church,
 And some, or I mis-say, of neither ;
Yet through the wide world might ye search,
 Nor find a motlier crew nor blither.

But some are dead, and some are gone,
And some are scattered and alone,
And some are rebels on the hills
 That look along Epirus' valleys,
 Where Freedom still at moments rallies,
And pays in blood Oppression's ills ;
 And some are in a far countree,
And some all restlessly at home ;
 But never more, oh ! never, we
Shall meet to revel and to roam.
But those hardy days flew cheerily !
And when they now fall drearily,
My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main,
And bear my spirit back again
Over the earth, and through the air,
A wild bird and a wanderer.
'Tis this that ever wakes my strain,
And oft, too oft, implores again

The few who may endure my lay,
 To follow me so far away.
 Stranger, wilt thou follow now,
 And sit with me on Acro-Corinth's brow ?

I.

Many a vanished year and age,
 And Tempest's breath, and Battle's rage,
 Have swept o'er Corinth ; yet she stands,
 A fortress formed to Freedom's hands.
 The Whirlwind's wrath, the Earthquake's shock,
 Have left untouched her hoary rock,
 The keystone of a land, which still,
 Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,
 The landmark to the double tide
 That purpling rolls on either side,
 As if their waters chafed to meet,
 Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.
 But could the blood before her shed
 Since first Timoleon's brother bled,¹
 Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
 Arise from out the Earth which drank
 The stream of Slaughter as it sank,
 That sanguine Ocean would o'erflow
 Her isthmus idly spread below :
 Or could the bones of all the slain,
 Who perished there, be piled again,
 That rival pyramid would rise
 More mountain-like, through those clear skies,
 Than yon tower-capp'd Acropolis,
 Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

¹ Timoleon, who had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in battle, afterwards put him to death for aiming at the supreme power in Corinth. Warton says that Pope once intended to write an epic poem on the story, and that Akenside had the same design (*Works of Alexander Pope, Esq.*, 1806, ii. 83).—B.

II.

On dun Cithæron's ridge appears
The gleam of twice ten thousand spears ;
And downward to the Isthmian plain,
From shore to shore of either main,
The tent is pitched, the Crescent shines
Along the Moslem's leaguering lines ;
And the dusk Spahi's bands ¹ advance
Beneath each bearded Pacha's glance ;
And far and wide as eye can reach
The turbaned cohorts throng the beach ;
And there the Arab's camel kneels,
And there his steed the Tartar wheels ;
The Turcoman hath left his herd,
The sabre round his loins to gird ;
And there the volleying thunders pour,
Till waves grow smoother to the roar.
The trench is dug, the cannon's breath
Wings the far hissing globe of death ;
Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,
Which crumbles with the ponderous ball ;
And from that wall the foe replies,
O'er dusty plain and smoky skies,
With fires that answer fast and well
The summons of the Infidel.

III.

But near and nearest to the wall
Of those who wish and work its fall,
With deeper skill in War's black art
Than Othman's sons, and high of heart
As any Chief that ever stood
Triumphant in the fields of blood ;
From post to post, and deed to deed,
Fast spurring on his reeking steed,

¹ Turkish holders of military fiefs.—B.

Where sallying ranks the trench assail,
And make the foremost Moslem quail ;
Or where the battery, guarded well,
Remains as yet impregnable,
Alighting cheerly to inspire
The soldier slackening in his fire ;
The first and freshest of the host
Which Stamboul's Sultan there can boast,
To guide the follower o'er the field,
To point the tube, the lance to wield,
Or whirl around the bickering blade ;—
Was Alp, the Adrian renegade !

IV.

From Venice—once a race of worth
His gentle Sires—he drew his birth ;
But late an exile from her shore,
Against his countrymen he bore
The arms they taught to bear ; and now
The turban girt his shaven brow.
Through many a change had Corinth passed
With Greece to Venice' rule at last ;
And here, before her walls, with those
To Greece and Venice equal foes,
He stood a foe, with all the zeal
Which young and fiery converts feel,
Within whose heated bosom throngs
The memory of a thousand wrongs.
To him had Venice ceased to be
Her ancient civic boast—" the Free " ;
And in the palace of St. Mark
Unnamed accusers in the dark
Within the " Lion's mouth " had placed
A charge against him uneffaced :
He fled in time, and saved his life,
To waste his future years in strife,

That taught his land how great her loss
In him who triumphed o'er the Cross,
'Gainst which he reared the Crescent high,
And battled to avenge or die.

V.

Coumourgi—he whose closing scene
Adorned the triumph of Eugene,
When on Carlowitz' bloody plain,
The last and mightiest of the slain,
He sank, regretting not to die,
But cursed the Christian's victory—
Coumourgi—can his glory cease,
That latest conqueror of Greece,
Till Christian hands to Greece restore
The freedom Venice gave of yore ?
A hundred years have rolled away
Since he refixed the Moslem's sway ;
And now he led the Mussulman,
And gave the guidance of the van
To Alp, who well repaid the trust
By cities levelled with the dust ;
And proved, by many a deed of death,
How firm his heart in novel faith.

VI.

The walls grew weak ; and fast and hot
Against them poured the ceaseless shot,
With unabating fury sent
From battery to battlement ;
And thunder-like the pealing din
Rose from each heated culverin ;
And here and there some crackling dome
Was fired before the exploding bomb ;
And as the fabric sank beneath
The shattering shell's volcanic breath,

In red and wreathing columns flashed
The flame, as loud the ruin crashed,
Or into countless meteors driven,
Its earth-stars melted into heaven ;
Whose clouds that day grew doubly dun,
Impervious to the hidden sun,
With volumed smoke that slowly grew
To one wide sky of sulphurous hue.

VII.

But not for vengeance, long delayed,
Alone, did Alp, the renegade,
The Moslem warriors sternly teach
His skill to pierce the promised breach :
Within these walls a Maid was pent
His hope would win, without consent
Of that inexorable Sire,
Whose heart refused him in its ire,
When Alp, beneath his Christian name,
Her virgin hand aspired to claim.
In happier mood, and earlier time,
While unimpeached for traitorous crime,
Gayest in Gondola or Hall,
He glittered through the Carnival ;
And tuned the softest serenade
That e'er on Adria's waters played
At midnight to Italian maid.

VIII.

And many deemed her heart was won ;
For sought by numbers, given to none,
Had young Francesca's hand remained
Still by the Church's bonds unchained :
And when the Adriatic bore
Lanciotto to the Paynim shore,

Her wonted smiles were seen to fail,
 And pensive waxed the maid and pale ;
 More constant at confessional,
 More rare at masque and festival ;
 Or seen at such, with downcast eyes,
 Which conquered hearts they ceased to prize :
 With listless look she seems to gaze :
 With humbler care her form arrays ;
 Her voice less lively in the song ;
 Her step, though light, less fleet among
 The pairs on whom the Morning's glance
 Breaks, yet unsated with the dance.

IX.

Sent by the State to guard the land,
 (Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,
 While Sobieski tamed his pride
 By Buda's wall and Danube's side,¹
 The chiefs of Venice wrung away
 From Patra to Eubœa's bay,)
 Minotti held in Corinth's towers
 The Doge's delegated powers,
 While yet the pitying eye of Peace
 Smiled o'er her long forgotten Greece :
 And ere that faithless truce was broke
 Which freed her from the unchristian yoke,
 With him his gentle daughter came ;
 Nor there, since Menelaus' dame
 Forsook her lord and land, to prove
 What woes await on lawless love,
 Had fairer form adorned the shore
 Than she, the matchless stranger, bore.

¹ The siege of Vienna was raised by John Sobieski, King of Poland (1629-1696), September 12, 1683. Buda was retaken from the Turks by Charles VII, Duke of Lorraine, Sobieski's ally and former rival for the kingdom of Poland, September 2, 1686. The conquest of the Morea was begun by the Venetians in 1685, and completed in 1699.—C.

X.

The wall is rent, the ruins yawn ;
And, with to-morrow's earliest dawn,
O'er the disjointed mass shall vault
The foremost of the fierce assault.
The bands are ranked—the chosen van
Of Tartar and of Mussulman,
The full of hope, misnamed "forlorn,"
Who hold the thought of death in scorn,
And win their way with falchion's force,
Or pave the path with many a corse,
O'er which the following brave may rise,
Their stepping-stone—the last who dies !

XI.

'Tis midnight : on the mountains brown
The cold, round moon shines deeply down ;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright ;
Who ever gazed upon them shining
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray ?
The waves on either shore lay there
Calm, clear, and azure as the air ;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmured meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillowed on the waves ;
The banners drooped along their staves,
And, as they fell around them furling,
Above them shone the crescent curling ;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
And echo answered from the hill,

And the wide hum of that wild host
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
In midnight call to wonted prayer ;
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
Like some lone Spirit's o'er the plain :
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
It seemed to those within the wall
A cry prophetic of their fall :
It struck even the besieger's ear
With something ominous and drear,
An undefined and sudden thrill,
Which makes the heart a moment still,
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
Of that strange sense its silence framed ;
Such as a sudden passing-bell
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

XII.

The tent of Alp was on the shore ;
The sound was hushed, the prayer was o'er ;
The watch was set, the night-round made,
All mandates issued and obeyed :
'Tis but another anxious night,
His pains the morrow may requite
With all Revenge and Love can pay,
In guerdon for their long delay.
Few hours remain, and he hath need
Of rest, to nerve for many a deed
Of slaughter ; but within his soul
The thoughts like troubled waters roll.
He stood alone among the host ;
Not his the loud fanatic boast
To plant the Crescent o'er the Cross,
Or risk a life with little loss,

Secure in paradise to be
By Houris loved immortally :
Nor his, what burning patriots feel,
The stern exaltedness of zeal,
Profuse of blood, untired in toil,
When battling on the parent soil.
He stood alone—a renegade
Against the country he betrayed ;
He stood alone amidst his band,
Without a trusted heart or hand :
They followed him, for he was brave,
And great the spoil he got and gave ;
They crouched to him, for he had skill
To warp and wield the vulgar will :
But still his Christian origin
With them was little less than sin.
They envied even the faithless fame
He earned beneath a Moslem name ;
Since he, their mightiest chief, had been
In youth a bitter Nazarene.
They did not know how Pride can stoop,
When baffled feelings withering droop ;
They did not know how Hate can burn
In hearts once changed from soft to stern ;
Nor all the false and fatal zeal
The convert of Revenge can feel.
He ruled them—man may rule the worst,
By ever daring to be first :
So lions o’er the jackals sway ;
The jackal points, he fells the prey,
Then on the vulgar, yelling, press,
To gorge the relics of success.

XIII.

His head grows fevered, and his pulse
The quick successive throbs convulse ;
In vain from side to side he throws
His form, in courtship of repose ;

Or if he dozed, a sound, a start
Awoke him with a sunken heart.
The turban on his hot brow pressed,
The mail weighed lead-like on his breast,
Though oft and long beneath its weight
Upon his eyes had slumber sate,
Without or couch or canopy,
Except a rougher field and sky
Than now might yield a warrior's bed,
Than now along the heaven was spread.
He could not rest, he could not stay
Within his tent to wait for day,
But walked him forth along the sand,
Where thousand sleepers strewed the strand.
What pillowed them ? and why should he
More wakeful than the humblest be,
Since more their peril, worse their toil ?
And yet they fearless dream of spoil ;
While he alone, where thousands passed
A night of sleep, perchance their last,
In sickly vigil wandered on,
And envied all he gazed upon.

XIV.

He felt his soul become more light
Beneath the freshness of the night.
Cool was the silent sky, though calm,
And bathed his brow with airy balm :
Behind, the camp—before him lay,
In many a winding creek and bay,
Lepanto's gulf ; and, on the brow
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,
High and eternal, such as shone
Through thousand summers brightly gone,
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime ;
It will not melt, like man, to time :
Tyrant and slave are swept away,
Less formed to wear before the ray ;

But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
While tower and tree are torn and rent,
Shines o'er its craggy battlement ;
In form a peak, in height a cloud,
In texture like a hovering shroud,
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
As from her fond abode she fled,
And lingered on the spot, where long
Her prophet spirit spake in song.
Oh ! still her step at moments falters
O'er withered fields, and ruined altars,
And fain would wake, in souls too broken,
By pointing to each glorious token :
But vain her voice, till better days
Dawn in those yet remembered rays,
Which shone upon the Persian flying,
And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

XV.

Not mindless of these mighty times
Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes ;
And through this night, as on he wandered,
And o'er the past and present pondered,
And thought upon the glorious dead
Who there in better cause had bled,
He felt how faint and feebly dim
The fame that could accrue to him,
Who cheered the band, and waved the sword,
A traitor in a turbaned horde ;
And led them to the lawless siege,
Whose best success were sacrilege.
Not so had those his fancy numbered,
The chiefs whose dust around him slumbered ;
Their phalanx marshalled on the plain,
Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.
They fell devoted, but undying ;
The very gale their names seemed sighing ;

The waters murmured of their name ;
The woods were peopled with their fame ;
The silent pillar, lone and grey,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay ;
Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain ;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river
Rolled mingling with their fame for ever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
That land is Glory's still and theirs !
'Tis still a watch-word to the earth :
When man would do a deed of worth
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head :
He looks to her, and rushes on
Where life is lost, or Freedom won.

XVI.

Still by the shore Alp mutely mused,
And wooed the freshness Night diffused.
There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,
Which changeless rolls eternally ;
So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,
Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood ;
And the powerless moon beholds them flow,
Heedless if she come or go :
Calm or high, in main or bay,
On their course she hath no sway.
The rock unworn its base doth bare,
And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not there ;
And the fringe of the foam may be seen below,
On the line that it left long ages ago :
A smooth short space of yellow sand
Between it and the greener land.

He wandered on along the beach,
Till within the range of a carbine's reach

Of the leaguered wall ; but they saw him not,
Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot ?
Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold ?
Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts waxed cold ?
I know not, in sooth ; but from yonder wall
There flashed no fire, and there hissed no ball,
Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,
That flanked the seaward gate of the town ;
Though he heard the sound, and could almost tell
The sullen words of the sentinel,
As his measured step on the stone below
Clanked, as he paced it to and fro ;
And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their Carnival,
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb ;
They were too busy to bark at him !
From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh ;
And their white tusks crunched o'er the whiter skull,
As it slipped through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed ;
So well had they broken a lingering fast
With those who had fallen for that night's repast.
And Alp knew, by the turbans that rolled on the sand,
The foremost of these were the best of his band :
Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,
And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair,
All the rest was shaven and bare.
The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
The hair was tangled round his jaw :
But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,
There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,
Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,
Scared by the dogs, from the human prey ;
But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,
Picked by the birds, on the sands of the bay.

XVII.

Alp turned him from the sickening sight :
Never had shaken his nerves in fight ;
But he better could brook to behold the dying,
Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,
Scorched with the death-thirst, and writhing in vain,
Than the perishing dead who are past all pain.
There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which Death may lower ;
For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
And Honour's eye on daring deeds !
But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there ;
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay.

XVIII.

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashioned by long forgotten hands ;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown !
Out upon Time ! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before !
Out upon Time ! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be :
What we have seen, our sons shall see ;
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone, reared by creatures of clay !

XIX.

He sate him down at a pillar's base,¹
And passed his hand athwart his face ;
Like one in dreary musing mood,
Declining was his attitude ;

¹ The temple of Jupiter Nemœus, between Argos and Corinth.

His head was drooping on his breast,
Fevered, throbbing, and oppressed ;
And o'er his brow, so downward bent,
Oft his beating fingers went,
Hurriedly, as you may see
Your own run over the ivory key,
Ere the measured tone is taken
By the chords you would awaken.
There he sate all heavily,
As he heard the night-wind sigh.
Was it the wind through some hollow stone,
Sent that soft and tender moan ?
He lifted his head, and he looked on the sea,
But it was unrippled as glass may be ;
He looked on the long grass—it waved not a blade ;
How was that gentle sound conveyed ?
He looked to the banners—each flag lay still,
So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,
And he felt not a breath come over his cheek ;
What did that sudden sound bespeak ?
He turned to the left—is he sure of sight ?
There sate a lady, youthful and bright !¹

XX

He started up with more of fear
Than if an arméd foe were near.
“ God of my fathers ! what is here ?
Who art thou ? and wherefore sent
So near a hostile armament ? ”
His trembling hands refused to sign
The cross he deemed no more divine :
He had resumed it in that hour,
But Conscience wrung away the power.

¹ These lines gave rise to a great literary controversy. They are singularly like the lines in “Christabel,” Part the First, 43-52, 57-8. “Christabel” was read to Byron in MSS. by Sir Walter Scott ; and a suspicion of plagiarism arose. Byron explained that he wrote these lines in “The Siege” before he heard “Christabel” read. The passages are strangely similar.

He gazed, he saw ; he knew the face
 Of beauty, and the form of grace ;
 It was Francesca by his side,
 The maid who might have been his bride !

* * * * * *

[We can, I think, omit the tender passages that follow,
 and pass to the close of the heroic episode.—H. S.]

* * * * * *

The Morning from her mantle grey,
 And the Noon will look on a sultry day.
 Hark to the trump, and the drum,
 And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
 And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,
 And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
 And the clash, and the shout, " They come ! they come ! "

The horsetails are plucked from the ground, and the sword
 From its sheath ; and they form, and but wait for the word.
 Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,
 Strike your tents, and throng to the van ;
 Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
 That the fugitive may flee in vain,
 When he breaks from the town ; and none escape,
 Agéd or young, in the Christian shape ;
 While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,
 Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.
 The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein ;
 Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane ;
 White is the foam of their champ on the bit ;
 The spears are uplifted ; the matches are lit ;
 The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,
 And crush the wall they have crumbled before :
 Forms in his phalanx each Janizar ;
 Alp at their head ; his right arm is bare,
 So is the blade of his scimitar ;
 The Khan and the Pachas are all at their post :
 The Vizier himself at the head of the host.
 When the culverin's signal is fired, then on ;
 Leave not in Corinth a living one—

A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.
God and the prophet—Alla Hu !
Up to the skies with that wild halloo !
“ There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale ;
And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail ?
He who first downs with the red cross may crave
His heart’s dearest wish ; let him ask it, and have ! ”
Thus uttered Coumourgi, the dauntless Vizier ;
The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,
And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire :—
Silence—hark to the signal—fire !

XXIII.

As the wolves, that headlong go
On the stately buffalo,
Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,
And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,
He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die :
Thus against the wall they went,
Thus the first were backward bent ;
Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,
Strewed the earth like broken glass,
Shivered by the shot, that tore
The ground whereon they moved no more :
Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower’s grass at the close of day,
When his work is done on the levelled plain ;
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

XXIV.

As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,
From the cliffs invading dash
Huge fragments, sapped by the ceaseless flow,
Till white and thundering down they go,

Like the avalanche's snow
On the Alpine vales below ;
Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne
By the long and oft renewed
Charge of the Moslem multitude.
In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
Heaped by the host of the Infidel,
Hand to hand, and foot to foot :
Nothing there, save Death, was mute ;
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter, or for victory,
Mingle there with the volleying thunder,
Which makes the distant cities wonder
How the sounding battle goes,
If with them, or for their foes ;
If they must mourn, or may rejoice
In that annihilating voice,
Which pierces the deep hills through and through
With an echo dread and new :
You might have heard it, on that day,
O'er Salamis and Megara ;
(We have heard the hearers say,)
Even unto Piræus' bay.

XXV.

From the point of encountering blades to the hilt,
Sabres and swords with blood were gilt ;
But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,
And all but the after carnage done.
Shriller shrieks now mingling come
From within the plundered dome :
Hark to the haste of flying feet,
That splash in the blood of the slippery street ;
But here and there, where 'vantage ground
Against the foe may still be found,
Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,
Make a pause, and turn again—

With banded backs against the wall,
Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.
There stood an old man—his hairs were white,
But his veteran arm was full of might :
So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
The dead before him, on that day,
In a semicircle lay ;
Still he combated unwounded,
Though retreating, unsurrounded.
Many a scar of former fight
Lurked beneath his corslet bright ;
But of every wound his body bore,
Each and all had been ta'en before :
Though agéd, he was so iron of limb,
Few of our youth could cope with him,
And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,
Outnumbered his thin hairs of silver grey.
From right to left his sabre swept :
Many an Othman mother wept
Sons that were unborn, when dipped
His weapon first in Moslem gore,
Ere his years could count a score.
Of all he might have been the sire
Who fell that day beneath his ire :
For, sonless left long years ago,
His wrath made many a childless foe ;
And since the day, when in the strait
His only boy had met his fate,
His parent's iron hand did doom
More than a human hecatomb.
If shades by carnage be appeased,
Patroclus' spirit less was pleased
Than his, Minotti's son, who died
Where Asia's bounds and ours divide.
Buried he lay, where thousands before
For thousands of years were inhumed on the shore ;
What of them is left, to tell
Where they lie, and how they fell ?

Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves ;
But they live in the verse that immortally saves.

XXVI.

Hark to the Allah shout ! a band
Of the Mussulman bravest and best is at hand ;
Their leader's nervous arm is bare,
Swifter to smite, and never to spare—
Unclothed to the shoulder it waves them on ;
Thus in the fight is he ever known :
Others a gaudier garb may show,
To tempt the spoil of the greedy foe ;
Many a hand's on a richer hilt,
But none on a steel more ruddily gilt ;
Many a loftier turban may wear,—
Alp is but known by the white arm bare ;
Look through the thick of the fight, 'tis there !
There is not a standard on that shore
So well advanced the ranks before ;
There is not a banner in Moslem war
Will lure the Delhis half so far ;
It glances like a falling star !
Where'er that mighty arm is seen,
The bravest be, or late have been ;
There the craven cries for quarter
Vainly to the vengeful Tartar ;
Or the hero, silent lying,
Scorns to yield a groan in dying ;
Mustering his last feeble blow
'Gainst the nearest levelled foe,
Though faint beneath the mutual wound,
Grappling on the gory ground.

XXVII.

Still the old man stood erect,
And Alp's career a moment checked.
“ Yield thee, Minotti ; quarter take,
For thine own, thy daughter's sake.”

“ Never, Renegado, never !
Though the life of thy gift would last for ever.”

“ Francesca !—Oh, my promised bride !
Must she too perish by thy pride ! ”

“ She is safe.”—“ Where ? where ? ”—“ In Heaven ;
From whence thy traitor soul is driven—
Far from thee, and undefiled.”
Grimly then Minotti smiled,
As he saw Alp staggering bow
Before his words, as with a blow.

“ Oh God ! when died she ? ”—“ Yesternight—
Nor weep I for her spirit’s flight :
None of my pure race shall be
Slaves to Mahomet and thee—
Come on ! ”—That challenge is in vain—
Alp’s already with the slain !
While Minotti’s words were wreaking
More revenge in bitter speaking
Than his falchion’s point had found,
Had the time allowed to wound,
From within the neighbouring porch
Of a long defended church,
Where the last and desperate few
Would the failing fight renew,
The sharp shot dashed Alp to the ground ;
Ere an eye could view the wound
That crashed through the brain of the infidel,
Round he spun, and down he fell ;
A flash like fire within his eyes
Blazed, as he bent no more to rise,
And then eternal darkness sunk
Through all the palpitating trunk ;
Nought of life left, save a quivering
Where his limbs were slightly shivering :
They turned him on his back ; his breast
And brow were stained with gore and dust,

And through his lips the life-blood oozed,
From its deep veins lately loosed ;
But in his pulse there was no throb,
Nor on his lips one dying sob ;
Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath
Heralded his way to death :
Ere his very thought could pray,
Unaneled he passed away,
Without a hope from Mercy's aid,—
To the last a Renegade.

XXVIII.

Fearfully the yell arose
Of his followers, and his foes ;
These in joy, in fury those :
Then again in conflict mixing,
Clashing swords, and spears transfixing,
Interchanged the blow and thrust,
Hurling warriors in the dust.
Street by street, and foot by foot,
Still Minotti dares dispute
The latest portion of the land
Left beneath his high command ;
With him, aiding heart and hand,
The remnant of his gallant band.
Still the church is tenable,
 Whence issued late the fated ball
 That half avenged the city's fall,
When Alp, her fierce assailant, fell :
Thither bending sternly back,
They leave before a bloody track ;
And, with their faces to the foe,
Dealing wounds with every blow,
The chief, and his retreating train,
Join to those within the fane ;
There they yet may breathe awhile,
Sheltered by the massy pile.

XXIX.

Brief breathing-time ! the turbaned host,
With added ranks and raging boast,
Press onwards with such strength and heat,
Their numbers balk their own retreat ;
For narrow the way that led to the spot
Where still the Christians yielded not ;
And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly try
Through the massy column to turn and fly ;
They perforce must do or die.
They die ; but ere their eyes could close,
Avengers o'er their bodies rose ;
Fresh and furious, fast they fill
The ranks unthinned, though slaughtered still ;
And faint the weary Christians wax
Before the still renewed attacks :
And now the Othmans gain the gate ;
Still resists its iron weight,
And still, all deadly aimed and hot,
From every crevice comes the shot ;
From every shattered window pour
The volleys of the sulphurous shower :
But the portal wavering grows and weak—
The iron yields, the hinges creak—
It bends—it falls—and all is o'er ;
Lost Corinth may resist no more !

XXX.

Darkly, sternly, and all alone,
Minotti stood o'er the altar stone :
Madonna's face upon him shone,
Painted in heavenly hues above,
With eyes of light and looks of love ;
And placed upon that holy shrine
To fix our thoughts on things divine,
When pictured there, we kneeling see
Her, and the boy-God on her knee,

Smiling sweetly on each prayer
To Heaven, as if to waft it there.
Still she smiled ; even now she smiles,
Though slaughter streams along her aisles :
Minotti lifted his agéd eye,
And made the sign of a cross with a sigh,
Then seized a torch which blazed thereby ;
And still he stood, while with steel and flame,
Inward and onward the Mussulman came.

XXXI.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
Contained the dead of ages gone ;
Their names were on the graven floor,
But now illegible with gore ;
The carvéd crests, and curious hues
The varied marble's veins diffuse,
Were smeared, and slippery—stained, and strown
With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown :
There were dead above, and the dead below
Lay cold in many a confined row ;
You might see them piled in sable state,
By a pale light through a gloomy grate ;
But War had entered their dark caves,
And stored along the vaulted graves
Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread
In masses by the fleshless dead :
Here, throughout the siege, had been
The Christians' chiefest magazine ;
To these a late formed train now led,
Minotti's last and stern resource
Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

XXXII.

The foe came on, and few remain
To strive, and those must strive in vain :
For lack of further lives, to slake
The thirst of vengeance now awake,

With barbarous blows they gash the dead,
And lop the already lifeless head,
And fell the statues from their niche,
And spoil the shrines of offerings rich,
And from each other's rude hands wrest
The silver vessels Saints had blessed.
To the high altar on they go ;
Oh, but it made a glorious show !
On its table still behold
The cup of consecrated gold ;
Massy and deep, a glittering prize,
Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes :
That morn it held the holy wine,
Converted by Christ to his blood so divine,
Which his worshippers drank at the break of day
To shrive their souls ere they joined in the fray
Still a few drops within it lay ;
And round the sacred table glow
Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,
From the purest metal cast ;
A spoil—the richest, and the last.

XXXIII.

So near they came, the nearest stretched
To grasp the spoil he almost reached,
When old Minotti's hand
Touched with the torch the train—
'Tis fired !
Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
The turbaned victors, the Christian band
All that of living or dead remain,
Hurled on high with the shivered fane,
In one wild roar expired !
The shattered town—the walls thrown down—
The waves a moment backward bent—
The hills that shake, although unrent,
As if an Earthquake passed—

The thousand shapeless things all driven
In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,
By that tremendous blast—
Proclaimed the desperate conflict o'er
On that too long afflicted shore :
Up to the sky like rockets go
All that mingled there below :
Many a tall and goodly man,
Scorched and shrivelled to a span,
When he fell to earth again
Like a cinder strewed the plain :
Down the ashes shower like rain ;
Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkles
With a thousand circling wrinkles ;
Some fell on the shore, but, far away,
Scattered o'er the isthmus lay ;
Christian or Moslem, which be they ?
Let their mothers see and say !
When in cradled rest they lay,
And each nursing mother smiled
On the sweet sleep of her child,
Little deemed she such a day
Would rend those tender limbs away.
Not the matrons that them bore
Could discern their offspring more ;
That one moment left no trace
More of human form or face
Save a scattered scalp or bone :
And down came brazing rafters, strown
Around, and many a falling stone,
Deeply dinted in the clay,
All blackened there and reeking lay.
All the living things that heard
The deadly earth-shock disappeared :
The wild birds flew ; the wild dogs fled,
And howling left the unburied dead ;
The camels from their keepers broke ;
The distant steer forsook the yoke—

The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,
And burst his girth, and tore his rein ;
The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh,
Deep-mouthed arose, and doubly harsh ;
The wolves yelled on the caverned hill
Where Echo rolled in thunder still ;
The jackal's troop, in gathered cry,
Bayed from afar complainingly,
With a mixed and mournful sound,
Like crying babe, and beaten hound :
With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
The eagle left his rocky nest,
And mounted nearer to the sun,
The clouds beneath him seemed so dun ;
Their smoke assailed his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek—
Thus was Corinth lost and won !

THE BITTER CRY OF GREECE.

From "The Age of Bronze."

[**"THE** Age of Bronze " was written in 1822-3. It was a political satire on the Congress of Verona, a meeting of the Allied Powers, now rapidly becoming dis-allied. The Verona Conference was a last attempt to keep together the Holy Alliance in face of the revolutionary spirit which was sweeping over the smaller nations, already successful in Spain, and menacing in Greece. All the sovereigns of Europe assembled at Verona in 1822; and it was the scene of great magnificence and display. The Czar was there, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia. George IV sent the Duke of Wellington, and Louis XVIII the Vicomte de Montmorenci, but also, above all, Chateaubriand. Britain broke away, and refused to join in the coercion of Spain.

The Congress was followed by the invasion of Spain by France, which led to Canning's policy of final detachment from Europe. He called in the "New World to redress the balance of the Old."

But the vitally important thing about the Verona Conference was the rejection of the claims of Greece, which led to the prolonged agony of the Greek War of Independence (1821-9).

I select, therefore, from "The Age of Bronze" the notable passage in which Byron alluded to events in Greece, and saw, with true prophetic insight, the connection between the Spanish and the Greek Revolutions. It is to be noted that here Byron upheld his old doctrine of the "hereditary bondsmen" appeal—

"Greeks only should free Greece."

What Greece had to fear—so Byron saw already in 1823—was that she would only shake off the Turkish tyranny to fall under the Russian or the French. He detested that idea—

“Better succumb even to their own despair,
And drive the Camel—than purvey the Bear.”

Byron greatly hated the Russian tyranny, and perhaps scarcely gave any credit to the sincere idealism of that remarkable man the Czar Alexander, who was better understood by Tolstoi in *War and Peace*. Alexander's idealism was crossed with vanity, and ultimately came to little good. It ran to seed. But, as far as it went, it was sincere.

The second passage on the Czar Alexander and Greece expresses in bitter, scathing, personal satire Byron's own opinion of the “Russian Dreamer.”—H. S.]

SPAIN AND GREECE.

The swarthy Spaniard feels his former glow ;
The same high spirit which beat back the Moor
Through eight long ages of alternate gore
Revives—and where ? in that avenging clime
Where Spain was once synonymous with crime,
Where Cortes' and Pizarro's banner flew,
The infant world redeems her name of “*New*.”
'Tis the *old* aspiration breathed afresh,
To kindle souls within degraded flesh,
Such as repulsed the Persian from the shore
Where Greece *was*—No ! she still is Greece once more.
One common cause makes myriads of one breast,
Slaves of the East, or helots of the West :
On Andes' and on Athos' peaks unfurled,
The self-same standard streams o'er either world :
The Athenian wears again Harmodius' sword ;
The Chili chief abjures his foreign lord ;
The Spartan knows himself once more a Greek,
Young Freedom plumes the crest of each cacique ;

Debating despots, hemmed on either shore,
Shrink vainly from the roused Atlantic's roar ;
Through Calpe's strait the rolling tides advance,
Sweep slightly by the half-tamed land of France,
Dash o'er the old Spaniard's cradle, and would fain
Unite Ausonia to the mighty main :
But driven from thence awhile, yet not for aye,
Break o'er th' Ægean, mindful of the day
Of Salamis !—there, there the waves arise,
Not to be lulled by tyrant victories.
Lone, lost, abandoned in their utmost need
By Christians, unto whom they gave their creed,
The desolated lands, the ravaged isle,
The fostered feud encouraged to beguile,
The aid evaded, and the cold delay,
Prolonged but in the hope to make a prey ;—
These, these shall tell the tale, and Greece can show
The false friend worse than the infuriate foe.
But this is well : Greeks only should free Greece,
Not the barbarian, with his masque of peace.
How should the Autocrat of bondage be
The king of serfs, and set the nations free ?
Better still serve the haughty Mussulman,
Than swell the Cossaque's prowling caravan ;
Better still toil for masters, than await,
The slave of slaves, before a Russian gate,—
Numbered by hordes, a human capital,
A live estate, existing but for thrall,
Lotted by thousands, as a meet reward
For the first courtier in the Czar's regard ;
While their immediate owner never tastes
His sleep, *sans* dreaming of Siberia's wastes :
Better succumb even to their own despair,
And drive the Camel—than purvey the Bear.

THE COXCOMB CZAR.

From "The Age of Bronze."

Resplendent sight ! Behold the coxcomb Czar,
The Autocrat of waltzes and of war !
As eager for a plaudit as a realm,
And just as fit for flirting as the helm ;
A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit,
And generous spirit, when 'tis not frost-bit ;
Now half dissolving to a liberal thaw,
But hardened back whene'er the morning's raw ;
With no objection to true Liberty,
Except that it would make the nations free.
How well the imperial dandy prates of peace !
How fain, if Greeks would be his slaves, free Greece !
How nobly gave he back the Poles their Diet,
Then told pugnacious Poland to be quiet !
How kindly would he send the mild Ukraine,
With all her pleasant Pulks, to lecture Spain !
How royally show off in proud Madrid
His goodly person, from the South long hid !

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

From "Don Juan."

["DON Juan" was begun in 1818, and was still unfinished in 1824, when Byron died.

This is not the place to enter into the great controversy which has raged round this poem ever since Southey's red-hot attack and Murray's refusal to continue publication. But the poem contained one passage which everyone agreed to praise: that was the famous lyric poem "The Isles of Greece."

It comes in the third canto. I give it here, and also a little vignette of Haidée's father, which I have ventured to entitle "A Greek Islander." These poems are too well known to need any comment.—H. S.]

DON JUAN.

(CANTO III)

1.

The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of War and Peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their Sun, is set.

2.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The Hero's harp, the Lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse :
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your Sires' "Islands of the Blest."

3.

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free ;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

4.

A King sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations ;—all were his !
He counted them at break of day—
And, when the Sun set, where were they ?

5.

And where are they ? and where art thou,
My Country ? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more !
And must thy Lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine ?

6.

'T is something, in the dearth of Fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
For what is left the poet here ?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

7.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
Earth ! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead !
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ !

8.

What, silent still ? and silent all ?
Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, “ Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come ! ”
'T is but the living who are dumb.

9.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal !

10.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one ?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

11.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
We will not think of themes like these !
It made Anacreon's song divine :
He served—but served Polycrates—
A Tyrant ; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

12.

The Tyrant of the Chersonese
Was Freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
Oh ! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

13.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

14.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells ;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells ;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

15.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;

But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

16.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;

There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

A GREEK ISLANDER.

(CANTO II)

CXXV.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,
And still a sort of fisherman was he ;
But other speculations were, in sooth,
Added to his connection with the sea,
Perhaps not so respectable, in truth :
A little smuggling, and some piracy,
Left him, at last, the sole of many masters
Of an ill-gotten million of piastres.

CXXVI.

A fisher, therefore, was he,—though of men,
Like Peter the Apostle, and he fished
For wandering merchant-vessels, now and then,
And sometimes caught as many as he wished ;
The cargoes he confiscated, and gain
He sought in the slave-market too, and dished
Full many a morsel for that Turkish trade,
By which, no doubt, a good deal may be made.

CXXVII.

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)
A very handsome house from out his guilt,
And there he lived exceedingly at ease ;

Heaven knows what cash he got, or blood he spilt,
A sad old fellow was he, if you please ;
But this I know, it was a spacious building,
Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

CXXVIII.

He had an only daughter, called Haidée,
The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles ;
Besides, so very beautiful was she,
Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles :
Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

TO HOMER.

(CANTO VII)

LXXIX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer ! who couldst charm
All ears, though long ; all ages, though so short,
By merely wielding with poetic arm
Arms to which men will never more resort,
Unless gunpowder should be found to harm
Much less than is the hope of ever court,
Which now is leagued young Freedom to annoy ;
But they will not find Liberty a Troy :—

LXXX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer ! I have now
To paint a siege, wherein more men were slain,
With deadlier engines and a speedier blow,
Than in thy Greek gazette of that campaign ;
And yet, like all men else, I must allow,
To vie with thee would be about as vain
As for a brook to cope with Ocean's flood,—
But still we moderns equal you in blood :

LXXXI.

If not in poetry, at least in fact ;
And fact is Truth, the grand desideratum !
Of which, howe'er the Muse describes each act,
There should be ne'ertheless a slight substratum.

But now the town is going to be attacked ;
Great deeds are doing—how shall I relate 'em ?
Souls of immortal Generals ! Phœbus watches
To colour up his rays from your despatches.

LXXXII.

Oh, ye great bulletins of Bonaparte !
Oh, ye less grand long lists of killed and wounded !
Shade of Leonidas, who fought so hearty,
When my poor Greece was once, as now, surrounded !
Oh, Cæsar's Commentaries ! now impart, ye
Shadows of Glory ! (lest I be confounded),
A portion of your fading twilight hues—
So beautiful, so fleeting—to the Muse !

UNHAPPY GREECE.

From "Hints from Horace."

["HINTS from Horace" was the poem which Byron brought back from his first visit to Greece in 1811, and thrust on Dallas. Byron always retained an inordinate admiration for this poem, which seems to us very poor stuff. But he was reared on Pope's Satires, and loved to imitate them. I give this as a specimen.—H. S.]

* * * * *

Unhappy Greece ! thy sons of ancient days
 The Muse may celebrate with perfect praise,
 Whose generous children narrowed not their hearts
 With Commerce, given alone to Arms and Arts.
 Our boys (save those whom public schools compel
 To "Long and Short" before they're taught to spell)
 From frugal fathers soon imbibe by rote,
 "A penny saved, my lad,'s a penny got."
 Babe of a city birth ! from sixpence take
 The third, how much will the remainder make ?—
 "A groat."—"Ah, bravo ! Dick hath done the sum !
 He'll swell my fifty thousand to a Plum."

They whose young souls receive this lust betimes,
 'Tis clear, are fit for anything but rhymes ;
 And Locke will tell you, that the father's right
 Who hides all verses from his children's sight ;
 For Poets (says this Sage, and many more,)
 Make sad mechanics with their lyric lore :

And Delphi now, however rich of old,
Discovers little silver, and less gold,
Because Parnassus, though a Mount divine,
Is poor as Irus,¹ or an Irish mine.²

¹ "Iro pauperior": a proverb: this is the same beggar who boxed with Ulysses for a pound of kid's fry, which he lost and half a dozen teeth besides. (See *Odyssey*, xviii, 98.)—B.

² The Irish gold-mine in Wicklow, which yields just ore enough to swear by, or gild a bad guinea.—B.

A VISION FROM OLD GREECE.

From "The Deformed Transformed." (1822.)

[THIS poem was written at Pisa just before the death of Shelley. It was undoubtedly, as Moore originally perceived, suggested to Byron by his own physical deformity of foot. It was founded, indeed, on a remark of his mother's which Byron never forgot. That remark, and his own boyish reply, is recalled in the opening line—

Bertha. Out, Hunchback !

Arnold.

I was born so, mother."

His own mother's words were "Lame Brat !" uttered in one of those fits of passion to which she was liable.

The image of the Greek Liberator, Demetrius Poliorcetes, who rescued Greece in 307 B.C. from the sway of Ptolemy and Cassander, comes to Arnold in the Forest, among the visions of beauty and power miraculously revealed to him.—H. S.]

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

Arn.

Who is this ?

Who truly looketh like a demigod,
 Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and stature,
 If not more high than mortal, yet immortal
 In all that nameless bearing of his limbs,
 Which he wears as the Sun his rays—a something
 Which shines from him, and yet is but the flashing
 Emanation of a thing more glorious still.
 Was he e'er human only ?

Stran. Let the earth speak,
If there be atoms of him left, or even
Of the more solid gold that formed his urn.

Arn. Who was this glory of mankind ?

Stran. The shame
Of Greece in peace, her thunderbolt in war—
Demetrius the Macedonian, and
Taker of cities.

Arn. Yet one shadow more.

Stran. (*addressing the shadow*). Get thee to Lamia's lap !
[*The shade of Demetrius Poliorcetes vanishes : another rises.*]

I'll fit you still,
Fear not, my Hunchback : if the shadows of
That which existed please not your nice taste,
I'll animate the ideal marble, till
Your soul be reconciled to her new garment.

Arn. Content ! I will fix here.

Stran. I must commend
Your choice. The godlike son of the sea-goddess,
The unshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves
Of rich Pactolus, rolled o'er sands of gold,
Softened by intervening crystals, and
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,
All bowed to Sperchius as they were—behold them !
And *him*—as he stood by Polixena,
With sanctioned and with softened love, before
The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,
With some remorse within for Hector slain
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep passion
For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young hand
Trembled in *his* who slew her brother. So
He stood i' the temple ! Look upon him as
Greece looked her last upon her best, the instant
Ere Paris' arrow flew.

ἄρ' 733.

Προσωπὶ Πλημυνῶν τῶν Ἑλλήδων.

Ὁ Γερμῆς Νικόλαος τῶν Δουκῶν Α. Ἑλλᾶδος

Παραγγίλῃ τῷ ἰδ' ἄρ' 316. καὶ ἡμεῖς 15. Οὐκὼς 1823. Διατάξεις
τῶν Βασιλικῶν Στρατῶν.

Διατάξεις.

α

Ὁ ὑψηλότης Λόρδ Νόελ Βάιρον, / Lord Noel Byron / κτλ.
ἵστα Συνταγματάρχου τῶν Στρατῶν τῶν Αἰγυπτίων, καὶ Ἀρχηγὸς τῶν
Διοικητικῶν πραγμάτων ὅτι ὑπερβαίνει τῶν Στρατῶν τῶν Αἰγυπτίων.

β

ἡ Παύσα Παύσα διὰ τῶν ἰδῶν τακτικῶν διατάξεων, ἀπὸ τῶν ἐκ
τοῦ τῶν Αἰγυπτίων τῶν Αἰγυπτίων.

ἡ Μεταρρύθμις

τῶν 22. Φεβρ. 1824

Ο. Μανερντ



Ὁ Γερμῆς Νικόλαος
τῶν Δουκῶν Α. Ἑλλᾶδος

FACSIMILE OF BYRON'S COMMISSION IN THE GREEK ARMY.

PART II

THE SECOND VISIT (1823-4)

LETTERS AND JOURNAL.

POEMS :

Journal in Cephalonia.

Song to the Suliotes.

Last Words on Greece.

On this Day I complete my Thirty-sixth Year.

[*N.B.*—In this second part I have to drop the *vis-à-vis* method of printing owing to the fact that Byron, on the second visit to Greece, was too preoccupied with the urgent needs of a country at war to be able to write many poems. I have not interfered with Byron's spellings, which are many and various. Missolonghi, for instance, is often spelt in several different ways in one and the same letter. —H. S.]

PART II
THE SECOND VISIT (1823-4)
LETTERS AND JOURNAL

*To Edward Blaquiere.*¹

Albaro, April 5, 1823.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be delighted to see you and your Greek friend, and the sooner the better. I have been expecting you for some time,—you will find me at home. I cannot express to you how much I feel interested in the cause, and nothing but the hopes I entertained of witnessing the liberation of Italy itself prevented me long ago from returning to do what little I could, as an individual, in that land which it is an honour even to have visited.

Ever yours truly,

NOEL BYRON.

*To the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird.*²

Genoa, April 7, 1823.

DEAR DOUGLAS,—I saw Captain Blaquiere on his way to Greece a few days ago, and have written to Hobhouse by to-day's post on the result of our conversation, which I have requested Hobhouse to communicate to you. If I can, in person or otherwise, do anything for the good cause, I will as far as my means go, but I do not choose to intrude till invited.

I have converted £1,500 in circulars into cash, on account

¹ See Appendix D for a full statement as to Blaquiere and his mission.

² Fifth son of the seventh Baron Kinnaird, an intimate friend of Hobhouse, a banker, a Radical, and a great organiser of "Mob Dinners." He was Byron's banker.

of the present great advantage of the exchange here, the gain being between 50 and 60, this is 57 pounds sterling above par on the whole sum now drawn.

To Hobhouse.

Genoa, April 7, 1823.

MY DEAR H(OBHOUSE),—I saw Captain Blaquiere and the Greek companion of his mission on Saturday. Of course I entered very sincerely into the object of their journey, and have even offered to go up to the Levant in July, if the Greek provisional government think that I could be of any use. It is not that I could pretend to anything in a military capacity. I have not the presumption of the philosopher at Ephesus who lectured before Hannibal on the art of war : nor is it much that an individual foreigner can do in any other way, but perhaps as a reporter of the actual state of things there, or in carrying on any correspondence between them and their western friends, I might be of use : at any rate I would try.

To Hobhouse.

April 17, 1823.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,—Since I wrote I have heard from Captain B(laquiere). He is at Rome, was refused passage through Naples, and must go to Corfu by Ancona. Please state this to the Committee. They, i.e. B. and his companion, are anxious for me to go up there : and if I can I will. I have, in the meantime, ordered about a hundred pounds sterling worth of powder, and some hospital supplies to be sent up to the seat of the provisional government.

To Hobhouse.

Genoa, May 5, 1823.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,—This will be presented to you by my friend, Cap. T. Medwin,¹ who, at my request, will

¹ Medwin was a devoted disciple and friend of Shelley and Byron, and played Boswell to Byron at Pisa, afterwards publishing his famous *Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron*—a book which made Fletcher, for one, very angry.

introduce himself to you as Member of the Greek Committee, and explain some plan that he has formed with regard to offering his services to the Greeks,—a subject in which we are all interested. I need not say more than that any attention to him will be appreciated by me as an additional obligation due to you on the part of

Yours ever,

N. B.

*To John Bowring.*¹

Genoa, May 12, 1823.

SIR,—I have great pleasure in acknowledging your letter, and the honour which the Committee have done me:—I shall endeavour to deserve their confidence by every means in my power. My first wish is to go up into the Levant in person, where I might be enabled to advance, if not the cause, at least the means of obtaining information which the Committee might be desirous of acting upon; and my former residence in the country, my familiarity with the Italian language, (which is there universally spoken, or at least to the same extent as French in the more polished parts of the Continent,) and my *not* total ignorance of the Romaic, would afford me some advantages of experience. To this project the only objection is of a domestic nature, and I shall try to get over it;—if I fail in this, I must do what I can where I am; but it will be always a source of regret to me, to think that I might perhaps have done more for the cause on the spot.

* * * * *

The principal material wanted by the Greeks appears to be, first, a park of field artillery—light, and fit for mountain-service; secondly, gunpowder; thirdly, hospital or medical stores. The readiest mode of transmission is, I hear, by Idra, addressed to Mr. Negri, the minister. I meant to send up a certain quantity of the two

¹ Afterwards Sir John Bowring, at the time acting as honorary secretary to the Greek Committee. Afterwards the famous Consul who brought on the bombardment of Canton. Lived from 1792 to 1872.

latter—no great deal—but enough for an individual to show his good wishes for the Greek success,—but am pausing, because, in case I should go myself, I can take them with me. I do not want to limit my own contribution to this merely, but more especially if I can get to Greece myself, I should devote whatever resources I can muster of my own, to advancing the great object. I am in correspondence with Signor Nicolas Karrellas (well known to Mr. Hobhouse), who is now at Pisa ; but his latest advice merely stated, that the Greeks are at present employed in organising their *internal* government, and the details of its administration : this would seem to indicate *security*, but the war is however far from being terminated.

The Turks are an obstinate race, as all former wars have proved them, and will return to the charge for years to come, even if beaten, as it is to be hoped they will be. But in no case can the labours of the Committee be said to be in vain ; for in the event even of the Greeks being subdued, and dispersed, the funds which could be employed in succouring and gathering together the remnant, so as to alleviate in part their distresses, and enable them to find or make a country (as so many emigrants of other nations have been compelled to do), would “ bless both those who gave and those who took,” as the bounty of justice and of mercy.

With regard to the formation of a brigade, (which Mr. Hobhouse hints at in his short letter of this day’s receipt, enclosing the one to which I have the honour to reply,) I would presume to suggest—but merely as an opinion, resulting rather from the melancholy experience of the brigades embarked in the Columbian service than from any experiment yet fairly tried in GREECE,—that the attention of the Committee had better perhaps be directed to the employment of *officers* of experience than the enrolment of *raw British* soldiers, which latter are apt to be unruly, and not very serviceable, in irregular warfare, by the side of foreigners. A small body of good

officers, especially artillery ; an engineer, with quantity (such as the Committee might deem requisite) of stores of the nature which Captain Blaquiere indicated as most wanted, would, I should conceive, be a highly useful accession. Officers, also, who had previously served in the Mediterranean would be preferable, as some knowledge of Italian is nearly indispensable.

It would also be as well that they should be aware, that they are not going “to rough it on a beef-steak and bottle of port,”—but that Greece—never, of late years, very plentifully stocked for a *mess*—is at present the country of all kinds of *privations*. This remark may seem superfluous ; but I have been led to it, by observing that many *foreign* officers, Italian, French, and even Germans (but *fewer* of the *latter*), have returned in disgust, imagining either that they were going up to make a party of pleasure, or to enjoy full pay, speedy promotion, and a very moderate degree of duty. They complain, too, of having been ill received by the Government or inhabitants ; but numbers of these complainants were mere adventurers, attracted by a hope of command and plunder, and disappointed of both. Those Greeks I have seen strenuously deny the charge of inhospitality, and declare that they shared their pittance to the last crumb with their foreign volunteers.

I need not suggest to the Committee the very great advantage which must accrue to Great Britain from the success of the Greeks, and their probable commercial relations with England in consequence ; because I feel persuaded that the first object of the Committee is their EMANCIPATION, without any interested views. But the consideration might weigh with the English people in general, in their present passion for every kind of speculation,—they need not cross the American seas for one much better worth their while, and nearer home. The resources even for an emigrant population, in the Greek islands alone, are rarely to be paralleled ; and the cheapness of every kind of, not *only necessary*, but *luxury*, (that

is to say, *luxury* of nature,) fruits, wine, oil, etc., in a state of peace, are far beyond those of the Cape, and Van Diemen's Land, and the other places of refuge, which the English people are searching for over the waters.

I beg that the Committee will command me in any and every way. If I am favoured with any instructions, I shall endeavour to obey them to the letter, whether conformable to my private opinion or not. I beg leave to add, personally, my respect for the gentleman whom I have the honour of addressing,

And am, Sir, your obliged, etc.

To Lady —————

May 17, 1823.

My voyage to Greece will depend upon the Greek Committee (in England) partly and partly on the instructions which some persons now in Greece on a private mission may be pleased to send me. I am a member, lately elected, of the said Committee; and my object in going up would be to do any little good in my power; —but as there are some *pros* and *cons* on the subject, with regard to how far the intervention of strangers may be advisable, I know no more than I tell you; but we shall probably hear something soon from England and Greece, which may be more decisive.

To Kinnaird.

Genoa, May 21, 1823.

MY DEAR DOUGLAS,—I am doing all I can to get away, but I have all kinds of obstacles thrown in my way by the “absurd womankind”¹ who seems determined on sacrificing herself in every way, and preventing me from doing any good, and all without reason: for her relations, and her husband (who is moving the Pope and the Government here to get her to live with him again,) and everybody are earnest with her to return to Ravenna. She wants to go to Greece too!

¹ The Countess Guiccioli. See page 234.

forsooth, a precious place to go at present. Of course the idea is ridiculous, as everything must there be sacrificed to seeing her out of harm's way. It is a case too in which interest does not enter, and therefore hard to deal with, for I have no kind of control in that way, and if she makes a scene (and she has a turn that way) we shall have another romance, and tale of ill-usage, and abandoning, and Lady Carolining, and Lady Byroning, and Glenarvoning all cut and dry. There never was a man who gave up so much to women, and all I have gained by it has been the character of treating them harshly. However I shall do what I can, and have hopes : for her father has been recalled from his political exile, but with this proviso, that he do not return without his daughter. If I left a woman for another woman, she might have cause to complain, but really when a man merely wishes to go on a great duty, for a good cause, this selfishness on the part of the "feminie" is rather too much.

Ever yrs,

N. B.

To Bowring.

Genoa, May 21, 1823.

SIR,—I received yesterday the letter of the Committee, dated the 14th of March. What has occasioned the delay I know not. It was forwarded by Mr. Galignani, from Paris, who stated that he had only had it in his charge four days, and that it was delivered to him by a Mr. Grattan. I need hardly say that I gladly accede to the proposition of the Committee, and hold myself highly honoured by being deemed worthy to be a member. I have also to return my thanks, particularly to yourself, for the accompanying letter, which is extremely flattering.

Since I last wrote to you, through the medium of Mr. Hobhouse, I have received and forwarded a letter from Captain Blaquiere to me from Corfu, which will show how he gets on. Yesterday I fell in with two young Germans, survivors of General Normann's band. They arrived at Genoa in the most deplorable state—without

food—without a sou—without shoes. The Austrians had sent them out of their territory on their landing at Trieste ; and they had been forced to come down to Florence, and had travelled from Leghorn here, with four Tuscan *livres* (about three francs) in their pockets. I have given them twenty Genoese scudi (about a hundred and thirty-three livres, French money) and new shoes, which will enable them to get to Switzerland, where they say that they have friends. All that they could raise in Genoa, besides, was thirty *sous*. They do not complain of the Greeks, but say that they have suffered more since their landing in Italy.

I tried their veracity, 1st, by their passports and papers ; 2dly, by topography, cross-questioning them about Arta, Argos, Athens, Missolonghi, Corinth, etc. ; and 3dly, in Romaic, of which I found one of them, at least, knew more than I do. One of them (they are both of good families) is a fine handsome young fellow of three-and-twenty—a Wirtembergher, and has a look of *Sandt* about him—the other a Bavarian, older and flat-faced, and less ideal, but a great, sturdy, soldier-like personage. The Wirtembergher was in the action at Arta, where the Philhellenists were cut to pieces after killing six hundred Turks, they themselves being only a hundred and fifty in number, opposed to about six or seven thousand ; only eight escaped, and of them about three only survived ; so that General Normann “ posted his “ ragamuffins where they were well peppered—not three “ of the hundred and fifty left alive—and they are for the “ town’s end for life.”

These two left Greece by the direction of the Greeks. When Churschid Pacha overrun the Morea, the Greeks seem to have behaved well, in wishing to save their allies, when they thought that the game was up with themselves. This was in September last (1822) : they wandered from island to island, and from Milo to Smyrna, where the French consul gave them a passport, and a charitable captain a passage to Ancona, whence they got to Trieste, and were turned back by the Austrians.

They complain only of the minister (who has always been an indifferent character); say that the Greeks fight very well in their own way, but were at *first* afraid to *fire* their own cannon—but mended with practice.

Adolphe (the younger) commanded at Navarino for a short time; the other, a more material person, “the bold Bavarian in a luckless hour,” seems chiefly to lament a fast of three days at Argos, and the loss of twenty-five paras a day of pay in arrear, and some baggage at Tripolitza; but takes his wounds, and marches, and battles in very good part. Both are very simple; full of naïveté, and quite unpretending; they say the foreigners quarrelled among themselves, particularly the French with the Germans, which produced duels.

The Greeks accept muskets, but throw away *bayonets*, and will *not* be disciplined. When these lads saw two Piedmontese regiments yesterday, they said, “Ah! if we had but *these* two, we should have cleared the Morea”: in that case the Piedmontese must have behaved better than they did against the Austrians. They seem to lay great stress upon a few regular troops—say that the Greeks have arms and powder in plenty, but want victuals, hospital stores, and lint and linen, etc., and money, very much. Altogether, it would be difficult to show more practical philosophy than this remnant of our “puir hill folk” have done; they do not seem the least cast down, and their way of presenting themselves was as simple and natural as could be. They said, a Dane here had told them that an Englishman, friendly to the Greek cause, was here; and that, as they were reduced to beg their way home, they thought they might as well begin with me. I write in haste to snatch the post.

Believe me, and truly,

Your obliged, etc.

P.S.—I have, since I wrote this, seen them again. Count P. Gamba asked them to breakfast. One of them means

to publish his Journal of the campaign. The Bavarian wonders a little that the Greeks are not quite the same with them of the time of Themistocles, (they were not then very tractable, by the by,) and at the difficulty of disciplining them ; but he is a *bon homme* and a tactician, and a little like Dugald Dalgetty, who would insist upon the erection of "a sconce on the hill of Drumsnab," or whatever it was ; —the other seems to wonder at nothing.

*To the Earl of Blessington.*¹

May 24, 1823.

MY DEAR LORD,—I find that I was elected a Member of the Greek Committee in March, but did not receive the Chairman's notice till yesterday, and this by mere chance, and through a private hand. I am doing all I can to get away, and the Committee and my friends in England seem both to approve of my going up into Greece ; but I meet here with obstacles, which have hampered and put me out of spirits, and still keep me in a vexatious state of uncertainty. I began bathing the other day, but the water was still chilly, and in diving for a Genoese *lira* in clear but deep water, I imbibed so much water through my ears, as gave me a *megrim* in my head, which you will probably think a superfluous malady.

Ever yours, obliged and truly,

NOEL BYRON.

To Kinnaird.

Genoa, June 9, 1823.

MY DEAR DOUGLAS,—By Saturday's post I sent you a letter from Captain Blaquiere to me, and if his next confirms it, I shall go up to join the Greeks forthwith. We cannot exactly make out what stores they chiefly want, but I suppose that money will be the most useful, as they then can apply it as occasion dictates. I would suggest to the

¹ Husband of the famous Lady Blessington, who became a friend and admirer of Lord Byron's, and finally ran away with the handsome adventurer, Count D'Orsay.

committee's consideration, to send some Congreve rockets speedily : and engineers to instruct the Greeks in their application.

Depend upon it, they would have an effect. Also, if [Sir Robert] Wilson quits Spain, send him up : he would do wonders probably. It is rather strange that I hear nothing further, either from Hobhouse, or the Committee.

Yours ever,

N. B.

*To Edward John Trelawny.*¹

June 15, 1823.

MY DEAR T.,—You must have heard that I am going to Greece. Why do you not come to me ? I want your aid, and am exceedingly anxious to see you. Pray come, for I am at last determined to go to Greece ; it is the only place I was ever contented in. I am serious, and did not write before, as I might have given you a journey for nothing ; they all say I can be of use in Greece. I do not know how, nor do they ; but at all events let us go.

Yours, etc., truly,

N. BYRON.

*To Charles F. Barry.*¹

June 19, 1823.

DEAR SIR,—I have made out partly your correspondent's epistle ; but as I should prefer to have its *exact* sense, I could wish (if there be any Greek here capable) to have a translation in Italian, which, by the way, all the educated Greeks that ever I met with spoke or wrote fluently. When I left Greece in 1811, I could gabble Romaic pretty fluently ; but have been long out of the habit, and would rather not trust to what I may recollect of it, in a matter of this kind, where it is requisite to make as few mistakes as possible. I therefore retain the letter for the present.

¹ Friend and admirer of Byron and Shelley ; himself a brilliant man of letters ; and perhaps the best observer of this amazing coterie of exiles at Genoa in 1823. He was always more critical of Byron than of Shelley. Lived till 1881. See Appendix C.

² A banker friend and admirer of Byron and the Greek cause. A partner in the firm of Messrs. Webb & Co., bankers, of Genoa and Leghorn.

To Trelawny.

[Undated.]¹

DEAR T.,—I have engaged a vessel (now on her way to Leghorn to unload), and on her return to Genoa we embark. She is called the *Hercules*; you can come back in her if you like, it will save you a land journey. I need not say I shall like your company of all things. I want a surgeon, native or foreign, to take charge of medical stores, and be in personal attendance. Salary, a hundred pounds a year, and his treatment, at our table, as a companion and a gentleman. He must have recommendations, of course. Can you look out for me? Perhaps you can consult Vaccà, to whom I have written on the same subject; we are, however, pressed for time a little. I expect you with impatience, and am ever yours,

N. B.

To Bowring.

July 7, 1823.

We sail on the 12th for Greece.—I have had a letter from Mr. Blaquiere, too long for present transcription, but very satisfactory. The Greek Government expects me without delay.

In conformity to the desires of Mr. B. and other correspondents in Greece, I have to suggest, with all deference to the Committee, that a remittance of even "*ten thousand pounds only*" (Mr. B.'s expression) would be of the greatest service to the Greek Government at present. I have also to recommend strongly the attempts of a loan, for which there will be offered a sufficient security by deputies now on their way to England. In the meantime, I hope that the Committee will be enabled to do something effectual.

For my own part, I mean to carry up, in cash or credits,

¹ Trelawny (*Records, etc.*, p. 189) received this letter June 22. He describes the *Hercules* (p. 198) as a "collier-built tub of 120 tons, round-bottomed, and bluff-bowed, and, of course, a dull sailer, with the bulkheads, the horse-boxes, and other fittings newly put up, ill-contrived, and scamped by the contractor. The Captain, one of the rough old John Bull stamp, was well enough."



*dall' originale
In Genova. Delo Giarova
1823.*

BYRON IN HIS GREEK UNIFORM.
Sketched at Genoa before embarkation.

above eight, and nearly nine thousand pounds sterling, which I am enabled to do by funds I have in Italy, and credits in England. Of this sum I must necessarily reserve a portion for the subsistence of myself and suite; the rest I am willing to apply in the manner which seems most likely to be useful to the cause—having of course some guarantee or assurance, that it will not be misapplied to any individual speculation.

If I remain in Greece, which will mainly depend upon the presumed probable utility of my presence there, and of the opinion of the Greeks themselves as to its propriety—in short, if I am welcome to them, I shall continue, during my residence at least, to apply such portions of my income, present and future, as may forward the object—that is to say, what I can spare for that purpose. Privations I can, or at least could once, bear—abstinence I am accustomed to—and as to fatigue, I was once a tolerable traveller. What I may be now, I cannot tell—but I will try.

I await the commands of the Committee.—Address to Genoa—the letters will be forwarded me, wherever I may be, by my bankers, Messrs. Webb and Barry. It would have given me pleasure to have had some more *defined* instructions before I went; but these, of course, rest at the option of the Committee. I have the honour to be,

Yours obediently, etc.

P.S.—Great anxiety is expressed for a printing press and types etc. I have not the time to provide them, but recommend this to the notice of the Committee. I presume the types must, partly at least, be *Greek*: they wish to publish papers, and perhaps a Journal, probably in Romaic, with Italian translations.

To Barry.

Leghorn Roads, Ship *Hercules*, July 24, 1823.

DEAR SIR,—I have very little time to thank you for your very kind letter.

After our first rough experiment, we have had calms or contrary winds ; but finally a light breeze brought us in here about four and twenty hours ago. Though I perceive that I have dated from shore, I write on board : we expect to sail again to-day.

I have found the Greeks here, as expected, a little divided among themselves ; but we must make the best of it.

As I have bought several more necessary articles of Dunn, my order will exceed considerably the hundred and twenty crowns, which I had set apart for his account.

Our Captain has conducted himself extremely well, and has all the appearance of continuing to do so.

Several vessels, now here, were tost about and suffered damage in the Squall, that sent us back for a day to Genoa.

I got what I believe to be the insured Packet (from Goethe, dated Weimar in Germany), and have signed an order for the post office in future, and left it with your partners of the Leghorn House.

You may be sure that I am very sensible of your obliging expressions, and ashamed of the various troubles which I have occasioned by the preparation for my voyage.

Ever and truly yours,

N. B.

*To Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.*¹

Leghorn, July 24, 1823.

I am returning to Greece, to see if I can be of any little use there : if ever I come back, I will pay a visit to Weimar, to offer the sincere homage of one of the many millions of your admirers. I have the honour to be, ever and most respectfully, y[our]

Obliged adm[irer] and se[rvant],

NOEL BYRON.

¹ This was Byron's last homage to the famous German poet. There always existed between them a strong mutual admiration.

BYRON'S JOURNAL 1823.

Metaxata, Cephalonia, September 28.

On the sixteenth (I think) of July, I sailed from Genoa in the English brig *Hercules* : J^{no}. Scott Master. On the 17th, a Gale of wind occasioning confusion and threatening damage to the horses in the hold, we bore up again for the same port, where we remained four and twenty hours longer, and then put to sea, touched at Leghorn, and pursued our voyage by the straits of Messina for Greece. Passing within sight of Elba, Corsica, the Lipari islands including Stromboli, Sicily, Italy, etc., about the 4th of August we anchored off Argostoli, in the chief harbour of the Island of Cephalonia.

Here I had some expectation of hearing from Capt. B[laquiere], who was on a mission from the G^k Committee in London to the Provincial Gov^t of the Morea, but, rather to my surprise, learned that he was on his way home, though his latest letters to me from the peninsula, after expressing an anxious wish that I should come up without delay, stated further that he intended to remain in the country for the present. I have since received various letters from him addrest to Genoa, and forwarded to the Islands, partly explaining the cause of his unexpected return, and also (contrary to his former opinion) requesting me not to proceed to Greece *yet*, for sundry reasons, some of importance. I sent a boat to Corfu in the hopes of finding him still there, but he had already sailed for Ancona.

In the island of Cephalonia, Colonel Napier commanded in chief as Resident, and Col. Duffie the 8th, a King's Regiment then forming the Garrison. We were received by both those Gentlemen, and indeed by all the officers, as well as the Civilians, with the greatest kindness and hospitality, which, if we did not deserve, I still hope that we have done nothing to forfeit, and it has continued unabated, even since the Gloss of new Acquaintance has been worn away by frequent intercourse.

We here learned, what has since been fully confirmed, that the Greeks were in a state of political dissention amongst themselves ; that Mavrocordato was dismissed, or had resigned (*L'un vaut bien l'autre*) ; and that Colocotroni, with I know not what or whose party, was paramount in the Morea. The Turks were in force in Acarnania, etc., and the Turkish fleet blockaded the coast from Messolonghi to Chiarenza, and subsequently to Navarino. The Greek fleet, from the want of means or other causes, remained in port in Hydra, Ipsara, and Spetzas, and, for aught that is yet certainly known, may be there still. As, rather contrary to my expectations, I had no advices from Peloponnesus, and had also letters to receive from England from the Committee, I determined to remain for the interim in the Ionian Islands, especially as it was difficult to land on the opposite coast without risking the confiscation of the vessel and her contents, which Captⁿ Scott, naturally enough, declined to do, unless I would ensure to him the full amount of his possible damage.

To pass the time we made a little excursion over the mountain to Saint Euphemia, by worse roads than I ever met in the course of some years of travel in rough places of many countries. At Santa Euphemia we embarked for Ithaca, and made the tour of that beautiful Island, which I had visited several years before. The hospitality of Capt. Knox (the Resident) and his lady was in no respect inferior to that of our military friends of Cephalonia. That gentleman, with Mrs. K., and some of their friends, conducted us to the fountain of Arethusa, which alone would be worth the voyage ; but the rest of the Island is not inferior in attractions to the admirers of Nature. The arts and traditions I leave to the Antiquaries, and so well have those Gentlemen contrived to settle such questions, that, as the existence of Troy is disputed, so that of Ithaca (as Homer's Ithaca, *i.e.*) is not yet admitted.

Though the month was August, and we had been cautioned against travelling in the sun, yet, as I had during my former experience never suffered from the heat as long as I continued

in *motion*, I was unwilling to lose so many hours of the day on account of a sunbeam more or less, and, though our party was rather numerous, no one suffered either illness or inconvenience, as far as could be observed, though one of the servants (a Negro) declared that it was as hot as in the West Indies. I had left our thermometer on board, so could not ascertain the precise degree. We returned to Saint Euphemia, and passed over to the monastery of Samos on the opposite part of the bay, and proceeded next day to Argostoli by a better road than the path to Saint Euphemia. The land journey was made on mules.

Some days after our return, I heard that there were letters for me at Zante; but a considerable delay took place before the Greek, to whom they were consigned, had them properly forwarded, and I was at length indebted to Col. Napier for obtaining them for me; *what* occasioned the demur or delay was never explained.

I learned, by my advices from England, the request of the Committee that I would act as their representative near the Greek Gov^t, and take charge of the proper disposition and delivery of certain stores, etc., etc., expected by a vessel which has not yet arrived up to the present date (Sept^r 28).

Soon after my arrival, I took into my own pay a body of forty Suliotes under their chiefs Photomara, Giavella, and Drako, and would probably have increased the number, but I found them not quite united among themselves in any thing except raising their demands on me, although I had given a dollar per man more each month than they could receive from the G^k Gov^t, and they were destitute, at the time I took them, of everything. I had acceded to their own demand, and paid them a month in advance. But, set on probably by some of the trafficking shopkeepers with whom they were in the habit of dealing on credit, they made various attempts at what I thought extortion, so that I called them together, stating my view of the case, and declining to take them on with me. But I offered them another month's pay, and the price of their

passage to Acarnania, where they could now easily go, as the Turkish fleet was gone, and the blockade removed.

This part of them accepted, and they went accordingly. Some difficulty arose about restoring their arms by the Septinsular Gov^t, but these were at length obtained, and they are now with their compatriots in Etolia or Acarnania.

I also transferred to the resident in Ithaca the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars for the refugees there, and I had conveyed to Cephalonia a Moreote family who were in the greatest helplessness, and provided them with a house and decent maintenance under the protection of Messrs. Corgialegno, wealthy merchants of Argostoli, to whom I had been recommended by my correspondents.

I had caused a letter to be written to Marco Bozzaris, the acting commander of a body of troops in Acarnania, for whom I had letters of recommendation. His answer was probably the last he ever signed, or dictated, for he was killed in action the very day after its date, with the character of a good soldier, and an honourable man, which are not always found together nor indeed separately. I was also invited by Count Metaxa, the Governor of Messolonghi, to go over there ; but it was necessary, in the present state of parties, that I should have some communication with the existing Gov^t on the subject of their opinion *where* I might be, if not *most* useful, at any rate *least* obnoxious.

As I did not come here to join a faction but a nation, and to deal with honest men and not with speculators or peculators, (charges bandied about daily by the Greeks of each other) it will require much circumspection to avoid the character of a partizan, and I perceive it to be the more difficult as I have already received invitations from more than one of the contending parties, always under the pretext that *they* are the " real Simon Pure." After all, one should not despair, though all the foreigners that I have hitherto met with from amongst the Greeks are going or gone back disgusted.

Whoever goes into Greece at present should do it as Mrs. Fry went into Newgate—not in the expectation of

meeting with any especial indication of existing probity, but in the hope that time and better treatment will reclaim the present burglarious and larcenous tendencies which have followed this General Gaol delivery.

When the limbs of the Greeks are a little less stiff from the shackles of four centuries, they will not march so much "as if they had gyves on their legs." At present the Chains are broken indeed ; but the links are still clanking, and the Saturnalia is still too recent to have converted the Slave into a sober Citizen. The worst of them is that (to use a coarse but the only expression that will not fall short of the truth) they are such damned liars ; there never was such an incapacity for veracity shown since Eve lived in Paradise. One of them found fault the other day with the English language, because it had so few shades of a Negative, whereas a Greek can so modify a "No " to a "Yes," and *vice versa*, by the slippery qualities of his language, that prevarication may be carried to any extent and still leave a loop-hole through which perjury may slip without being perceived. This was the Gentleman's own talk, and is only to be doubted because in the words of the Syllogism "Now Epimenides was a Cretan." But they may be mended by and bye.

Sept. 30th.

After remaining here some time in expectation of hearing from the G^k G^t I availed myself of the opportunity of Messrs. B[rowne] and T[relawny] proceeding to Tripolitza, subsequently to the departure of the Turkish fleet, to write to the acting part of the Legislature. My object was not only to obtain some accurate information so as to enable me to proceed to the Spot where I might be, if not most safe, at least more serviceable, but to have an opportunity of forming a judgement on the real state of their affairs. In the meantime I hear from Mavrocordato and the Primate of Hydra, the latter inviting me to that island, and the former hinting that he should like to meet me there or elsewhere.

1823.

10^{bre} 17th

My Journal was discontinued abruptly and has not been resumed sooner, because on the day of its former date I received a letter from my sister Augusta, that intimated the illness of my daughter, and I had not then the heart to continue it. Subsequently I had heard through the same channel that she was better, and since that she is well ; if so, for me all is well.

But although I learned this early in 9th 9^{bre}, I know not why I have not continued my journal, though many things which would have formed a curious record have since occurred.

I know not why I resume it even now, except that, standing at the window of my apartment in this beautiful village, the calm though cool serenity of a beautiful and transparent Moonlight, showing the Islands, the Mountains, the Sea, with a distant outline of the Morea traced between the double Azure of the waves and skies, has quieted me enough to be able to write, which (however difficult it may seem for one who has written so much publicly to refrain) is, and always has been, to me a task and a painful one. I could summon testimonies, were it necessary ; but my hand-writing is sufficient. It is that of one who thinks much, rapidly, perhaps deeply, but rarely with pleasure.

But—*En avant*. The Greeks are advancing in their public progress, but quarrelling amongst themselves. I shall probably, *bon grè mal grè*, be obliged to join one of the factions, which I have hitherto strenuously avoided in the hope to unite them in one common interest.

Mavrocordato has appeared at length with the Hydriote Squadron in these seas, which apparition would hardly have taken place had I not engaged to pay two hundred thousand piastres (10 piastres per dollar being the present value on the Greek continent) in aid of Messolonghi, and has commenced operations somewhat successfully but not very prudently.

Fourteen (some say seventeen) Greek ships attacked a Turkish vessel of 12 Guns, and took her. This is not quite an Ocean Thermopylæ, but *n'importe* ; they (*on dit*) have found on board 50,000 dollars, a sum of great service in their present exigencies, if properly applied. This prize, however, has been made within the bounds of Neutrality on the coast of Ithaca, and the Turks were (it is said) pursued on shore, and some slain. All this may involve a question of right and wrong with the not very tolerant Thomas Maitland, who is not very capable of distinguishing either. I have advanced the sum above noted to pay the said Squadron ; it is not very large but is double that with which Napoleon, the Emperor of Emperors, began his campaign in Italy withal—*vide Las Cases, passim*, vol. i (*tome premier*).

The Turks have retired from before Messolonghi—nobody knows why—since they left provisions and ammunition behind them in quantities, and the Garrison made no sallies, or none to any purpose. They never invested Messolonghi this year, but bombarded Anatoliko (a sort of village which I recollect well, having passed through the whole of that country with fifty Albanians in 1809, Messolonghi included) near the Achelous. Some say Vrioni Pacha heard of an insurrection near Scutari, some one thing, some another. For my part, I have been in correspondence with the Chiefs and their accounts are not unanimous.

The Suliotes, both there, here, and elsewhere, having taken a kind of liking *to*, or at least formed or renewed a sort of acquaintance *with*, me—(as I have aided them and their families in all that I could, according to circumstances) are apparently anxious that I should put myself forward as their Chief (if I may so say). I would rather not for the present, because there are too many divisions and Chiefs already. But if it should appear necessary, why—as they are admitted to be the best and bravest of the present combatants—it might, or may, so happen that I could, would, should, or shall take to me the support of such a body of men, with whose aid I think something might be done both *in* Greece and *out* of it (for there is a

good deal to put to rights in both). I could maintain them out of my own present means (always supposing my present income and means to be permanent). They are not above a thousand, and of these not six hundred *real* Suliotes ; but then they are allowed to be equal (that seems a bravado though, but it is in print recently) *one* to *5* European Moslems, and ten Asiatics ! Be it as it may, they are in high esteem, and my very good friends.

A soldier may be maintained on the Mainland for 25 piastres (rather *better than two* dollars a month) monthly, and find his rations out of the country, or for *five dollars*, including his paying for his rations. Therefore for between two and three thousand dollars a month (and the dollar here is to be had for 4 and 2 pence instead of 4 and 6 pence, the price in England), I could maintain between five hundred and a thousand of these warriors for as long as necessary, and I have more means than are (supposing them to last) [sufficient] to do so. For my own personal wants are very simple (except in horses as I am no great pedestrian), and my income considerable for any country but England (being equal to the President's of the United States ! the English Secretaries of States or the French Ambassador's at Vienna and the greater Courts—150,000 Francs, I believe), and I have hope to have sold a Manor besides for nearly 3,000,000 francs more. Thus I could (with what we should extract according to the usages of war also), keep on foot a respectable clan, or Sept, or tribe, or horde, for some time, and, as I have not any motive for so doing but the well-wishing to Greece, I should hope with advantage.

To Barry.

Cephalonia, August 10, 1823.

DEAR SIR,—We have been some days in harbour here to collect information on the state of the neighbouring countries, before I proceeded there. There is great uncertainty in the reports, but on the whole they are unfavourable.

The Turkish fleet is in sight from the heights of these Islands, and the greater part of the nearest coast in a state of declared and partly efficient blockade. The Greek Government is——¹ (it is believed), and the Turks are trying to penetrate into the Morea.

The Greeks appear to want everything, even union, for they are divided again, it seems, among themselves. All this I state as stated to me.

Mr. Blaquiere has left the Morea, and has been at Corfu on his way to England. Notwithstanding all this, I shall remain as long as I can to seek an opportunity of reaching the Main, though the hazard is considerable and perhaps useless.

Everyone has been very kind and attentive here, but of course without compromising themselves, which was not to be expected, nor would I wish it. I speak of the English.

* * * * * *

I have engaged about forty Suliotes here (the place and people I knew formerly); but the English Government, in violation of a solemn promise on their landing, *now* refuses to restore them their arms. But nothing can be kinder than the Officers, etc., have *been individually* to us, as far as their duty will permit. I say this the more readily, as I neither expected, nor had cause to expect it.

Of the Greeks I shall say nothing, till I can say something better, except that I am not discouraged, and am

Always yours,

N. B.

To Lieut.-Col. Napier.²

Metaxata, September 9, 1823.

MY DEAR COLONEL,—I return you your somewhat desponding correspondent's epistle, with many thanks for that as for other and many kindnesses. I have had

¹ Word illegible under the seal.

² Colonel Charles Napier, a member of the famous Radical family of Napiers, was Resident Governor of Cephalonia, and it was largely owing to his presence there, and his sympathy with the Greek cause, that Byron went to the island.

two from Blaquiere (dated Ancona and addrest to me at Genoa) in the old style, but more sanguine than Signor Pavone's. All this comes of what Mr. Braham pronounces "*Entusymusy*," expecting too much and starting at speed ; it is lucky for me so far that, fail or not fail, I can hardly be disappointed, for I believed myself on a fool's errand from the outset, and must, therefore, like Dogberry, "spare no wisdom." I will at least linger on here or there till I see whether I *can* be of *any* service in *any* way ; and if I doubt it, it is because I do not feel confidence in my individual capacity for this kind of bear-taming, and not from a disbelief in the powers of a more active or less indifferent character to be of use to them, though I feel persuaded that that person must be a military man.

But I like the Cause at least, and will stick by it while it is not degraded nor dishonoured.

You have been so kind to me (as indeed all our compatriots have been) that any additional trouble I should give you would be in the Gospel phrase—another "coal of fire" upon my head.

The first time I descend into the valley, I will call, and I hope whenever you come up this way you will look in and see how comfortable we are under your auspices.

Ever yours,

NOEL BYRON.

To Hobhouse.

Metaxata, Cephalonia, October 6, 1823.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,—

* * * * *

The Greek disputes amongst themselves are *in statu quo*. The fleet is at length said to be at sea, but has done nothing. Indeed there has been (except in the case of Bozzari who was killed in Rumelia) a kind of inaction on both sides during the present year. But the Turks have at length come down in force (sixteen thousand they say) on Messalonghi : which however, is stronger than it was last year, when they were repulsed in a similar attempt.

There is a squadron of some sort, in sight from our windows

in the village here, at this present writing : but whether Greek, or Turk, is not easily made out : two sail, one three-masted vessel, and apparently ships of war.

We are very anxious for your Committee Argo, with its continents and Congreve rockets, which I will direct to the place where they seem needful. I have not had any answer yet from the Greek G[overnmen]t, but I have heard of a packet, directed to me by their order some time ago, which is said to have been searched, or destroyed by some of the factions or their adherents, at Zante. When Mrs. Fry has done with Newgate, it would not be amiss if the Committee would send her into Greece, she would find plenty of exercise for her re-moralizing talents, by all accounts.

It is my duty and business to conceal nothing, either of my own impressions, or of the general belief upon the score of the Greeks, from the Committee. When I add that I do not despair, but think still that every exertion should be made on their behalf, in the hope that time and freedom will revive for them what tyranny has kept under, but perhaps not extinguished : I conceive that you will not despond, nor believe me desponding, because I state things as they really are. They want a regular force to support a regular system quite as much as to repel their enemies. In the interim, every man who can pay, or command from one hundred to a thousand gillies, is independent, and seems to act for himself. When I state to you that I have had half a dozen offers of different kinds, and from different parties to put myself at the head of some hundred boys of the belt, and of the blade, all of whom might be maintained for any purpose with less means than those which I can at present command, you may judge for yourself how far there is any actual order or regularity. I have hitherto steered clear of such matters ; and avoided committing myself with any of the parties, being a peaceable man ; but really if they go on in this way and I get up in a bad humour some morning, there is no saying what one may be provoked into.

* * * * *

I mean (unless something out of the way occurs to recall me) to stay up in the country itself, or the neighbourhood of Greece, till things are either better, or hopeless, and in every case will take advantage of circumstances to serve the *Cause* if the patriots will permit me : but it must be the *Cause*, and not individuals or *parties* that I endeavour to benefit.

Yrs ever,
N. B.

*To the Countess Guiccioli.*¹

October 7.

Pietro has told you all the gossip of the island,—our earthquakes, our politics, and present abode in a pretty village. As his opinions and mine on the Greeks are nearly similar, I need say little on that subject. I was a fool to come here ; but, being here, I must see what is to be done.

October —

We are still in Cephalonia, waiting for news of a more accurate description ; for all is contradiction and division in the reports of the state of the Greeks. I shall fulfil the object of my mission from the Committee, and then return into Italy ; for it does not seem likely that, as an individual, I can be of use to them ;—at least no other foreigner has yet appeared to be so, nor does it seem likely that any will be at present.

Pray be as cheerful and tranquil as you can ; and be assured that there is nothing here that can excite any thing but a wish to be with you again,—though we are very kindly treated by the English here of all descriptions. Of the Greeks, I can't say much good hitherto, and I do not like to speak ill of them, though they do of one another.

¹ Byron's last "flame." She was nineteen when he first met her, and unhappily married to a husband of sixty. There was love at first sight, for she was very pretty. She drew Byron to Pisa, Ravenna, and Genoa, and held Byron's affections for over two years in spite of her family and husband. She had parted from him with tears.

October 29.

You may be sure that the moment I can join you again, will be as welcome to me as at any period of our recollection. There is nothing very attractive here to divide my attention ; but I must attend to the Greek cause, both from honour and inclination. Messrs. B[rowne] and T[relawny] are both in the Morea, where they have been very well received, and both of them write in good spirits and hopes. I am anxious to hear how the Spanish cause will be arranged, as I think it may have an influence on the Greek contest. I wish that both were fairly and favourably settled, that I might return to Italy, and talk over with you *our*, or rather Pietro's adventures, some of which are rather amusing, as also some of the incidents of our voyages and travels. But I reserve them, in the hope that we may laugh over them together at no very distant period.

To Colonel Duffie.

October 9, 1823.

DEAR COLONEL,—The pelisse fits as if it had been made for me, excepting that it is a little too short in the sleeves, which is not of any consequence.

I shall therefore, with many acknowledgements, accept and wear it,—somewhat, I fear, in the mode of the ass in the lion's skin in the fable ; or, rather in the hope which the Indians entertain when they wear the spoils of a redoubted enemy, viz. that his good qualities may be transferred to the new possessor with his habiliments. But these being the garments of a friend, may, I trust, be still more propitious.

I send you some papers, but I doubt that you have later ones ; however, they can serve the mess as duplicates : the 29th and 30th are among them ; but the 26th and 27th (28th being Sunday) are not yet arrived.

Believe me, ever and truly, yours affectionately

NOEL BYRON.

*To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.*¹

Cephalonia, 8bre 12, 1823.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—Your three letters on the subject of Ada's indisposition have made me very anxious to hear further of her amelioration. I have been subject to the same complaint, but not at so early an age, nor in so great a degree. Besides, it never affected my eyes but rather my hearing, and that only partially and slightly and for a short time. I had dreadful and almost periodical headaches till I was fourteen, and sometimes since; but abstinence and a habit of bathing my head in cold water every morning cured me, I think, at least I have been less molested since that period. . . . Let me know how she is. I need not say how *very* anxious I am (at this distance particularly) to hear of her welfare.

You ask why I came up amongst the Greeks? It was stated to me that my so doing might tend to their advantage in some measure in their present struggle for independence, both as an individual and as a member for the Committee now in England. How far this may be realized I cannot pretend to anticipate, but I am willing to do what I can. They have at length found leisure to quarrel among themselves, after repelling their other enemies, and it is no very easy part that I may have to play to avoid appearing partial to one or other of their factions. They have turned out Mavrocordato, who was the only *Washington* or *Kosciusko* kind of man amongst them, and they have not yet sent their deputies to London to treat for a loan, nor in short done themselves so much good as they might have done. I have written to Mr. Hobhouse three several times with a budget of documents on the subject, from which he can extract all the present information for the Committee. I have written to their Gov^t at Tripolizza and Salamis, and am waiting for instructions *where* to proceed, for things are in such a state amongst them, that it is difficult to conjecture where one could be useful to them, if at all. However, I have some hopes that they will see their own interest

¹ His half-sister.

sufficiently not to quarrel till they have received their national independence, and then they can fight it out among them in a domestic manner—and welcome. You may suppose that I have something to *think* of at least, for you can have no idea what an intriguing cunning unquiet generation they are, and as emissaries of all parties come to me at present, and I must act impartially, it makes me exclaim, as Julian did at his military exercises, “ Oh ! Plato, what a task for a Philosopher ! ”

However, *you* won't think much of *my philosophy* ; nor do I, *entre nous*.

If you think this epistle or any part of it worth transmitting to L^y B. you can send her a copy, as I suppose . . . she cannot be altogether indifferent as to my “ whereabouts ” and *whatabouts*.

I am at present in a very pretty village (Metaxata in Cephalonia) between the mountains and the Sea, with a view of Zante and the Morea, waiting for some more decisive intelligence from the provisional Gov in Salamis.—— But here come some visitors.

Later.

I was interrupted yesterday by Col. Napier and the Captain of a King's ship now in the harbour. Col. N. is Resident or Governor here and has been extremely kind and hospitable, as indeed have been all the English here. When their visit was over a Greek arrived on business about this eternal siege of Mesalonghi (on the Coast of Acarnania or Etolia) and some convoys of provisions which we want to throw in ; and after this was discussed, I got on horseback (I brought up my horses with me on board and troublesome neighbours they were in blowing weather) and rode to Argostoli and back ; and then I had one of my *thunder* headaches (*you* know how my head acts like a barometer when there is electricity in the air) and I could not resume till this morning. Since my arrival in August I made a tour to Ithaca (which you will take to be Ireland, but if you look into Pope's *Odyssey*, you will discover to be the antient name of the Isle of Wight) and also over some parts of Cephalonia.

We are pretty well in health, the Gods be thanked !

* * * * * *
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There is a clever but eccentric man here, a Dr. Kennedy, who is very pious and tries in good earnest to make converts ; but his Christianity is a queer one, for he says that the priesthood of the Church of England are no more Christians than " Mahound or Termagant " are. He has made some converts, I suspect rather to the beauty of his wife (who is pretty as well as pious) than of his theology. I like what I have seen of him, of *her* I know nothing, nor desire to know, having other things to think about. *He* says that the dozen shocks of an Earthquake we had the other day are a sign of his doctrine, or a judgement on his audience, but this opinion has not acquired proselytes. One of the shocks was so prolonged that, though not very heavy, we thought the house would come down, and as we have a staircase to dismount *out* of the house (the buildings here are different from ours), it was judged expedient by the inmates (all *men* please to recollect, as if there had been females we must have helped them out or broken our heads for company) to make an expeditious retreat into the courtyard. *Who* was *first* out of the door I know not, but when I got to the bottom of the stairs I found several arrived before me, which could only have happened by their jumping out of the windows or down *over* or from the stairs (which had no balustrade or bannisters) rather than in the regular way of descent. The scene was ludicrous enough, but we had several more slight shocks in the night but stuck quietly to our beds, for it would have been of no use moving, as the house would have been down first, had it been to come down at all.

There was no great damage done in the Island (except an old house or two creaking in the middle), but the soldiers on parade were lifted up as a boat is by the tide, and you could have seen the whole line waving (though no one was in motion) by the heaving of the ground on which they were drawn up. You can't complain of this being a brief letter.

To Hobhouse.

Cephalonia, 8bre 16, 1823.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,—

* * * * *

I shall continue here till I see when, and where, I can be of use, if such a thing at least be practicable. I have hitherto only contradictory accounts. If you send out a military man, he will have every co-operation from me : or if you send out any other person, I have no objection to act either as his coadjutor, or subordinately, for I have none of those punctilios.

Yours ever,
N. B.

To Colonel Duffie.

October 23, 1823.

DEAR COLONEL,—I have to pray you to permit the regimental smith to shoe my horses, when he can be spared from duty.

I was very sorry that I missed you the other day, and yet I know not how, for I rode out on the road to Argostoli. The day before yesterday I was in town, and with the intention of intruding on you ; but I was detained by business till too late.

The Greek provisional Government has sent over one of their agents to conduct me to the residence of the said government. Browne and Trelawny, having been better treated than others, probably give a much more favourable account than we have yet had, from other quarters, of the state of the government and country. For my own part, I shall endeavour to judge for myself, and expect to set out early in November, according to the desire of the President and his brethren.

We have had another earthquake here (somewhat smarter than the former,) in the night. It threw down and broke a “lambico,” or filtering-machine for water (I really have forgotten the proper term in our language but it is for a

drip-stone to clear water), and we are bounden to Providence for not having our bones broken instead of crockery.

Believe me ever and truly, your obliged

And sincere friend and servant,

NOEL BYRON.

To Barry.

8bre 25, 1823.

* * * * *

I am invited over by the Greek Gov^t, who have received Messrs. Browne and Trelawney with great hospitality. They have sent an Agent to conduct me to that city, for which I expect to set out early in November. Continue to address to Cephalonia, however, till I direct otherwise.

The various letters of Credit from Messrs. Webb, the Corgialegnos declare to be superfluous, as they wish to be the intermediate agents in our business. So that all seems very well so far.

The states of parties in Greece are still the same. I have transmitted by private hands several packets of documents and Correspondence to Mr. Hobhouse M.P., to be laid by him before Mr. Bowring for his inspection and the Committee's. If you write to that Gentleman, say, that I do not address directly to him especially by the *post*, as *his* letters are liable to be looked into by the curious in correspondence on the Continent, ever since his adventure in France; but the letters to Mr. H. are in fact meant for his perusal with their enclosed papers.

It is very expedient that the Committee should support me with their authority; and if they were to frame a memorial to the Greek Gov^t on the subject of their existing differences and the expulsion or secession of Mavrocordato, it would probably have more effect than any *individual* attempt of mine to reconcile the parties: and until they *are* reconciled, it seems to be allowed very generally, that their internal affairs will be in an unpleasant state of weakness. I would of course present such a memorial and enforce it by all lawful means in my power.

All the stories of the Greek victories by sea and land are exaggerated or untrue : they *have* had the advantage in some skirmishes, but the Turks have also had the same in others, and are now before Messolonghi in force ; and, as for the fleet, it has never been to sea at all until very lately, and, as far as can be ascertained, has done little or nothing to the purpose.

The deputies for the loan are not yet set out, though I have written (to urge their departure) to the Gk. Gov^t. I neither despond nor despair of the Cause ; but it is *my* business to state things as they are to the Committee, were it only to show the expediency of further exertion.

I offered to advance a thousand dollars per month for the succour of Messolonghi and the Suliotes under Bozzari (who was since killed) but the Gov^t have answered me (through Count Delladecima of this island) that they wish to confer with me previously—which is in fact saying that they wish me to expend my money in some other direction.

Now, I will take especial care that it *is* for the public cause ; otherwise, I will not advance a *parà*. The Opposition say they want to cajole me, and the party in power say the others wish to seduce me ; so between the two I have a difficult part to play : however, I will have nothing to do with their factions, unless to reconcile them, if possible.

I know not whether it be true that “Honesty is the best policy,” but it is the only kind that I am disposed to practise or to sanction.

The Committee should hasten their brigade, as its announcement has been gratefully received by the G^k Gov^t, who are also profuse in their civilities and acknowledgements to the Committee, etc., and are preparing to receive me with all regard.

It is not of their ill-usage (which I should know how to repel, or at least endure perhaps), but of their *good* treatment that I am apprehensive ; for it is difficult not to allow our private impressions to predominate : and if these Gentlemen *have* any undue interest and discover my weak side, viz. a propensity to be governed, and were to set a pretty woman,

or a clever woman, about me, with a turn for political or any other sort of intrigue—why, they would make a fool of me, no very difficult matter probably even without such an intervention. But if I can keep passion, at least that passion, out of the question (which may be the more easy, as I left my heart in Italy), they will not weather me with quite so much facility.

If the Committee expect to do much good, they must increase their funds, to which I will add all that I can spare of my own ; and they should appoint at least *three* persons, in whom they have confidence, to direct their expenditure. I would rather *not* myself have any thing to do with *that* department, not being a good accomptant ; but in superintending all or any thing, *not* relative to the pecuniary detail, I am at their commandment.

Mr. Blaquiere's report in the papers is not quite the same with that in his private letters to Col. Napier ; but he may be in the right to conceal partly the extent of the Greek divisions, especially as Mavrocordato was still in power when Mr. B. left the Morea. I hope that his statement will be of some utility.

* * * * * *

I hope you will give a careful look at my travelling carriage, which I wish to have kept in good order. The prints also, and some of my books (a life of Marceau, the French General, sent me by his Sister), and some volumes, inscribed tracts, etc., which I believe I mentioned in a recent letter, I wish to have reserved in case of disposal of the furniture, etc.

It is not very probable that I should return before Spring, if even then : but it were idle to anticipate what must so much depend upon circumstances.

* * * * * *

I have recently seen something of a zealous Dr. Kennedy—a very good Calvinist, who has a taste for controversy and conversion, and thinks me so nearly a tolerable Christian, that he is trying to make me a whole one. I have found, indeed, one indisputable text in St. Paul's epistle to the

Romans (Chapter 10th, I believe), which disposes me much to credit all the rest of the dicta of that powerful Apostle. It is this (see the Chapter)—“*For there is no difference between a JEW and a GREEK*”; tell Messrs. Webb and Barker that I intend to preach from this text to Carriddi and Corgialegno. What think you? I hope that it is not a Sin to say so.

To Kinnaird.

Cephalonia, 8bre 29, 1823.

MY DEAR DOUGLAS,—

* * * * *

You, gentlemen of the committee, must exert yourselves, and I will second you as well as I can : but your newspaper accounts are highly exaggerated, for neither Turks nor Greeks have done much this year. I shall continue to state things to you all exactly as they are, or appear to me, and the best way not to despond is perhaps to commence with not being over-sanguine. The cause is good, and I think eventually *safe* (if the Holy Alliance leave the Greeks to themselves) and I am inclined to believe that the committee may be of essential service if forwarding supplies, or monies, and obtaining a loan for the independents : but there is still a good deal to be done, and more than is imagined in your part of the world, for proof (or at least assertions) of which I refer you to high authorities amongst the Greeks themselves, transmitted to me by Hobhouse.

To Bowring.

9bre 29, 1823.

This letter will be presented to you by Mr. Hamilton Browne, who precedes or accompanies the Greek deputies. He is both capable and desirous of rendering any service to the cause, and information to the Committee. He has already been of considerable advantage to both, of my own knowledge. Lord Archibald Hamilton, to whom he is related, will add a weightier recommendation than mine.

Corinth is taken, and a Turkish squadron said to be beaten in the Archipelago. The public progress of the Greeks is considerable, but their internal dissensions still continue. On arriving at the seat of Government, I shall endeavour to mitigate or extinguish them—though neither is an easy task. I have remained here till now, partly in expectation of the squadron in relief of Messolonghi, partly of Mr. Parry's detachment, and partly to receive from Malta or Zante the sum of four thousand pounds sterling, which I have advanced for the payment of the expected squadron. The bills are negotiating, and will be cashed in a short time, as they would have been immediately in any other mart; but the miserable Ionian merchants have little money, and no great credit, and are besides *politically shy* on this occasion; for although I had letters of Messrs. Webb (one of the strongest houses of the Mediterranean), and also of Messrs. Ransom, there is no business to be done on *fair* terms except through English merchants. These, however, have proved both able and willing,—and upright as usual.

Colonel Stanhope has arrived, and will proceed immediately; he shall have my co-operation in all his endeavours: but, from every thing that I can learn, the formation of a brigade at present will be extremely difficult, to say the least of it. With regard to the reception of foreigners,—at least of foreign officers,—I refer you to a passage in Prince Mavrocordato's recent letter, a copy of which is enclosed in my packet sent to the Deputies. It is my intention to proceed by sea to Napoli di Romania as soon as I have arranged this business for the Greeks themselves—I mean the advance of two hundred thousand piastres for their fleet.

My time here has not been entirely lost,—as you will perceive by some former documents that any advantage from my *then* proceeding to the Morea was doubtful. We have at last moved the Deputies, and I have made a strong remonstrance on their divisions to Mavrocordato, which, I understand, was forwarded by the Legislative to the

Prince. With a loan they *may* do much, which is all that I, for particular reasons, can say on the subject.

I regret to hear from Colonel Stanhope, that the Committee have exhausted their funds. Is it supposed that a brigade can be formed without them ? or that three thousand pounds would be sufficient ? It is true that money will go farther in Greece than in most countries ; but the regular force must be rendered a *national concern*, and paid from a national fund ; and neither individuals nor committees, at least with the usual means of such as now exist, will find the experiment practicable.

I beg once more to recommend my friend, Mr. Hamilton Browne, to whom I have also personal obligations, for his exertions in the common cause, and have the honour to be

Yours very truly.

To the General Government of Greece.¹

Cephalonia, November 30, 1823.

The affair of the Loan, the expectations so long and vainly indulged of the arrival of the Greek fleet, and the danger to which Messolonghi is still exposed, have detained me here, and will still detain me till some of them are removed. But when the money shall be advanced for the fleet, I will start for the Morea ; not knowing, however, of what use my presence can be in the present state of things. We have heard some rumours of new dissensions, nay, of the existence of a civil war. With all my heart I pray that these reports may be false or exaggerated, for I can imagine no calamity more serious than this ; and I must frankly confess that unless union and order are established, all hopes of a Loan will be vain ; and all the assistance which the Greeks could expect from abroad—and assistance neither trifling nor worthless—will be suspended or destroyed ; and, what is worse, the great powers of Europe, of whom no one was an enemy to Greece, but seemed to favour her establishment

¹ This is the Government at Missolonghi, where the National Council sat, and Prince Mavrocordato was President.

of an independent power, will be persuaded that the Greeks are unable to govern themselves, and will, perhaps, themselves undertake to settle your disorders in such a way as to blast the brightest hopes of yourselves and of your friends.

Allow me to add, once for all,—I desire the well-being of Greece, and nothing else ; I will do all I can to secure it ; but I cannot consent, I never will consent, that the English public, or English individuals, should be deceived as to the real state of Greek affairs. The rest, Gentlemen, depends on you. You have fought gloriously ;—act honourably towards your fellow citizens and the world, and it will then no more be said, as has been repeated for two thousand years with the Roman historians, that Philopœmen was the last of the Grecians. Let no calumny itself (and it is difficult, I own, to guard against it in so arduous a struggle) compare the patriot Greek, when resting from his labours, to the Turkish pacha, whom his victories have exterminated.

I pray you to accept these my sentiments as a sincere proof of my attachment to your real interests, and to believe that I am and always shall be

Yours, etc.

*To Mavrocordato.*¹

Cephalonia, December 2, 1823.

PRINCE,—The present will be put into your hands by Colonel Stanhope, son of Major-General the Earl of Harrington, etc., etc. He has arrived from London in fifty days, after having visited all the Committees of Germany. He is charged by our Committee to act in concert with me for the liberation of Greece. I conceive that his name and his mission will be a sufficient recommendation, without the necessity of any other from a foreigner, although one who, in common with all Europe, respects and admires the courage, the talents, and, above all, the probity of Prince Mavrocordato.

I am very uneasy at hearing that the dissensions of Greece

¹ Translated by Moore (*Life*, p. 602).

still continue, and at a moment when she might triumph over everything in general, as she has already triumphed in part. Greece is, at present, placed between three measures : either to reconquer her liberty, to become a dependence of the sovereigns of Europe, or to return to a Turkish province. She has the choice only of these three alternatives. Civil war is but a road which leads to the two latter. If she is desirous of the fate of Walachia and the Crimea, she may obtain it to-morrow ; if of that of Italy, the day after ; but if she wishes to become truly Greece, free and independent, she must resolve to-day, or she will never again have the opportunity.

I am, with all respect,

Your Highness's obedient servant,

N. B.

P.S.—Your Highness will already have known that I have sought to fulfil the wishes of the Greek Government, as much as it lay in my power to do so : but I should wish that the fleet so long and so vainly expected were arrived, or, at least, that it were on the way ; and especially that your Highness should approach these parts, either on board the fleet, with a public mission, or in some other manner.

To Bowring.

10bre 7, 1823.

* * * * *

The public success of the Greeks has been considerable, —Corinth taken, Messolonghi nearly safe, and some ships in the Archipelago taken from the Turks ; but there is not only dissension in the Morea, but *civil war*, by the latest accounts ; to what extent we do not yet know, but hope trifling.

For six weeks I have been expecting the fleet, *which has not arrived*, though I have, at the request of the Greek Government, advanced—that is, prepared, and have in hand two hundred thousand piastres (deducting the com-

mission and bankers' charges) of my own monies to forward their projects. The Suliotes (now in Acarnania) are very anxious that I should take them under my directions, and go over and put things to rights in the Morea, which without a force seems impracticable; and, really, though very reluctant (as my letters will have shown you) to take such a measure, there seems hardly any milder remedy. However, I will not do any thing rashly, and have only continued here so long in the hope of seeing things reconciled, and have done all in my power thereto. Had *I gone sooner, they would have forced me into one party or other*, and I doubt as much now; but we will do our best.

Yours, etc.

To Bowring.

10bre 10, 1823.

DEAR SIR,—Colonel Napier will present to you this letter. Of his military character it were superfluous to speak: of his personal, I can say, from my own knowledge, as well as from all public rumour or private report, that it is as excellent as his military: in short, a better or a braver man is not easily to be found. *He is our man* to lead a regular force, or to organise a national one for the Greeks. Ask the army—ask any one. He is besides a personal friend of both Prince Mavrocordato, Colonel Stanhope, and myself, and in such concord with all three that we should all pull together—an indispensable, as well as a rare point, especially in Greece at present.

To enable a regular force to be properly organised, it will be requisite for the loan-holders to set apart at least 500,000*l.* sterling for that particular purpose—perhaps more; but by so doing they will guarantee their own monies, “and make assurance doubly sure.” They can appoint commissioners to see that part properly expended—and I recommend a similar precaution for the whole.

I hope that the deputies have arrived, as well as some of my various despatches (chiefly addressed to Mr. Hobhouse) for the Committee. Colonel Napier will tell you

the recent special interposition of the gods, in behalf of the Greeks—who seem to have no enemies in heaven or on earth to be dreaded but their own tendency to discord amongst themselves. But these, too, it is to be hoped, will be mitigated, and then we can take the field on the offensive, instead of being reduced to the *petite guerre* of defending the same fortresses year after year, and taking a few ships, and starving out a castle, and making more fuss about them than Alexander in his cups, or Buonaparte in a bulletin. Our friends have done something in the way of the *Spartans*—(though not one tenth of what is told)—but have not yet inherited *their* style.

Believe me yours ever, etc., very truly,

N. B.

To Barry.

10bre 11, 1823.

DEAR BARRY,—As I have written to you lately, I shall not now trouble you at length.

The Greek external affairs go on well, the internal so so. I expect Mavrocordato daily: I hear that I am joined in commission with him by the Gov^t, and we are to proceed either against Previsa or Patras. But this is merely rumour, for I have no information of the report.

I have advanced four thousand pounds, drawn directly on London, to the Greek Gov^t, to set their Squadron in motion. The Deputies are gone to England to get the loan.

I have been detained here till now (and am so *still*), partly by expecting the approach of their fleet, and partly to negotiate their monies, which has been done (or is doing rather) by Messrs. Barff and Hancock, and in a handsome manner.

To Bowring.

10bre 13, 1823.

Since I wrote to you on the 10th instant, the long-desired squadron has arrived in the waters of Messolonghi and

intercepted two Turkish corvettes—ditto transports—destroying or taking all four—except some of the crews escaped on shore in Ithaca—and an unarmed vessel, with passengers, chased into a port on the opposite side of Cephalonia. The Greeks had fourteen sail, the Turks *four*—but the odds don't matter—the victory will make a very good *puff*, and be of some advantage besides. I expect momentarily advices from Prince Mavrocordato, who is on board, and has (I understand) despatches from the Legislative for me ; in consequence of which, after paying the squadron, (for which I have prepared, and am preparing,) I shall probably join him at sea or on shore.

I add the above communication to my letter by Col. Napier, who will inform the Committee of every thing in detail much better than I can do.

The mathematical, medical, and musical preparations of the Committee have arrived, and in good condition, abating some damage from wet, and some ditto from a portion of the letter-press being spilt in landing—(I ought not to have omitted the press—but forgot it a moment—excuse the same)—they are excellent of their kind, but till we have an engineer and a trumpeter (we have surgeons already), mere “ pearls to swine,” as the Greeks are quite ignorant of mathematics, and have a bad ear for *our* music. The maps, etc., I will put into use for them, and take care that *all* (with proper caution) are turned to the intended uses of the Committee—but I refer you to Colonel Napier, who will tell you, that much of your really valuable supplies should be removed till proper persons arrive to adapt them to actual service.

Believe me, my dear Sir, to be, etc.

P.S. *Private*.—I have written to our friend Douglas Kinnaird on my own matters, desiring him to send me out all the further credits I can command,—and I have a year's income, and the sale of a manor besides, he tells me, before me,—for till the Greeks get *their* Loan, it is probable that I shall have to stand partly paymaster—as far as I

am “good upon *Change*,” that is to say. I pray you to repeat as much to *him*, and say that I must in the interim draw on Messrs. Ransom most formidably. To say the truth, I do not grudge it now the fellows have begun to fight *again*—and still more welcome shall they be if they will go on. But they have had, or are to have, some four thousand pounds (besides some private extraordinaries for widows, orphans, refugees, and rascals of all descriptions,) of mine at one “swoop”; and it is to be expected the next will be at least as much more. And how can I refuse it if they *will* fight?—and especially if I should happen ever to be in their company? I therefore request and require that you should apprise my trusty and trust-worthy trustee and banker, and crown and sheet-anchor, Douglas Kinnaird the Honourable, that he prepare all monies of mine, including the purchase money of Rochdale manor and mine income for the year ensuing, A.D. 1824, to answer, or anticipate, any orders or drafts of mine for the good cause, in good and lawful money of Great Britain, etc., etc. May you live a thousand years! which is nine hundred and ninety-nine longer than the Spanish Cortes’ Constitution.

To Barry.

10bre 23, 1823.

* * * * *

You had better write to Countess Guic. to state that her brother and I are going (or gone) to Missolonghi, and that every thing is *quite pacific*, as well as the *business* we are upon. This perhaps is not the exact or entire truth, but it is as much as needs to be stated to one who will naturally be anxious about her brother, etc., etc., etc.

There will be something to be done yet; but if the Greeks get the loan, and will but keep the peace with one another, I think that they will win. At any rate, I shall “cast in my lot with the puir Hill Folk;” “for it shall never be said that I engaged to aid a Gentleman in a little affair of Honour, and neither helped him off with it nor on with

“it.” Till now, I could have been of little or no use ; but the coming up of Mavrocordato, who has not only talents but integrity, makes a difference.

To Kinnaird.

Cephalonia, December 23, 1823.

MY DEAR [DOUGLAS],—I shall be as saving of my purse and person as you recommend : but you know that it is as well to be in readiness with one or both in the event of either being required.

I presume that some agreement has been concluded with Mr. Murray about *Werner*. Although the copyright should only be worth two or three hundred pounds, I will tell you what can be done with them. For three hundred pounds I can maintain in Greece, at more than the *fullest pay* of the Provisional Government, rations included, one hundred armed men for *three months*. You may judge of this when I tell you, that the four thousand pounds advanced by me to the Greeks is likely to set a fleet and an army in motion for some months.

A Greek vessel has arrived from the squadron to convey me to Missolonghi, where Mavrocordato now is, and has assumed the command, so that I expect to embark immediately. Still address, however, to Cephalonia, through Messrs. Webb and Barry of Genoa, as usual ; and get together all the means and credit of mine you can, to face the war establishment, for it is “in for a penny, in for a pound,” and I must do all that I can for the ancients.

I have been labouring to reconcile these parties, and there is *now* some hope of succeeding. Their public affairs go on well. The Turks have retreated from Acarnania without a battle, after a few fruitless attempts on Anatoliko. Corinth is taken, and the Greeks have gained a battle in the Archipelago. The squadron here, too, has taken a Turkish corvette with some money and a cargo. In short, if they can obtain a Loan, I am of opinion that matters will assume and preserve a steady and favourable aspect for their independence.

In the mean time I stand paymaster, and what not; and lucky it is that, from the nature of the warfare and of the country, the resources even of an individual can be of a partial and temporary service.

Colonel Stanhope is at Messolonghi. Probably we shall attempt Patras next. The Suliotes, who are friends of mine, seem anxious to have me with them, and so is Mavrocordato. If I can but succeed in reconciling the two parties (and I have left no stone unturned), it will be something; and if not, we must go over to the Morea with the Western Greeks—who are the bravest, and at present the strongest, having beaten back the Turks—and try the effect of a little *physical* advice, should they persist in rejecting *moral* persuasion.

Once more recommending to you the reinforcement of my strong box and credit from all lawful sources and resources of mine to their practicable extent—for, after all, it is better playing at nations than gaming at Almack's or Newmarket—and requesting you to write to me as often as you can,

I remain ever yours,

N. B.

To Bowring.

10bre 26, 1823.

Little need be added to the enclosed, which arrived this day, except that I embark to-morrow for Messolonghi. The intended operations are detailed in the annexed documents. I have only to request that the Committee will use every exertion to forward our views by all its influence and credit.

I have also to request you *personally* from myself to urge my friend and trustee, Douglas Kinnaird (from whom I have not heard these four months nearly), to forward to me all the resources of my *own* we can muster for the ensuing year; since it is no time to *ménager purse*, or, perhaps, *person*. I have advanced, and am advancing, all that I have in hand, but I shall require all that can be got together;—and (if Douglas has completed the sale of Roch-

dale, *that* and my year's income for next year ought to form a good round sum,)—as you may perceive that there will be little cash of their own amongst the Greeks (unless they get the Loan), it is the more necessary that those of their friends who have any should risk it.

The supplies of the Committee are, some, useful, and all excellent in their kind ; but occasionally hardly *practical* enough, in the present state of Greece ; for instance, the mathematical instruments are thrown away—none of the Greeks know a problem from a poker—we must conquer first, and plan afterwards. The use of the trumpets, too, may be doubted, unless Constantinople were Jericho, for the Hellenists have no ears for bugles, and you must send us somebody to listen to them.

We will do our best—and I pray you to stir your English hearts at home to more *general* exertion ; for my part, I will stick by the cause while a plank remains which can be *honourably* clung to. If I quit it, it will be by the Greeks' conduct, and not the Holy Allies or holier Mussulmans—but let us hope better things.

Ever yours,

N. B.

P.S.—I am happy to say that Colonel Leicester Stanhope and myself are acting in perfect harmony together—he is likely to be of great service both to the cause and to the Committee, and is publicly as well as personally a very valuable acquisition to our party on every account. He came up (as they all do who have not been in the country before) with some high-flown notions of the sixth form at Harrow or Eton, etc. ; but Col. Napier and I set him to rights on those points, which is absolutely necessary to prevent disgust, or perhaps return ; but now we can set our shoulders *soberly* to the *wheel*, without quarrelling with the mud which may clog it occasionally.

I can assure you that Colonel Napier and myself are as decided for the cause as any German student of them all ; but like men who have seen the country and human

life, there and elsewhere, we must be permitted to view it in its truth, with its defects as well as beauties,—more especially as success will remove the former *gradually*.

N. B.

P.S.—As much of this letter as you please is for the Committee, the rest may be “entre nous.”

*To Thomas Moore.*¹

Cephalonia, December 27, 1823.

I received a letter from you some time ago. I have been too much employed latterly to write as I could wish, and even now must write in haste.

I embark for Missolonghi to join Mavrocordato in four-and-twenty hours. The state of parties (but it were a long story) has kept me here till *now*; but now that Mavrocordato (their Washington, or their Kosciusko) is employed again, I can act with a *safe conscience*. I carry money to pay the squadron, etc., and I have influence with the Suliotes, *supposed* sufficient to keep them in harmony with some of the dissentients;—for there are plenty of differences, but trifling.

It is imagined that we shall attempt either Patras or the castles on the Straits; and it seems, by most accounts, that the Greeks, at any rate the Suliotes, who are in affinity with me of “bread and salt,”—expect that I should march with them, and—be it even so! If any thing in the way of fever, fatigue, famine, or otherwise, should cut short the middle age of a brother warbler,—like Garcilasso de la Vega, Kleist, Korner, Joukoffsky (a Russian nightingale—see Bowring’s *Anthology*), or Thersander, or,—or somebody else—but never mind—I pray you to remember me in your “smiles and wine.”

I have hopes that the cause will triumph; but whether it does or no, still “honour must be minded as strictly as milk diet.” I trust to observe both.

Ever, etc.

¹ Friend, biographer, and among the most famous authors of his time both in prose and verse.

*To Colonel the Hon. Leicester Stanhope.*¹

Scrofer (or some such name), on board a

Cephaloniote Mistico, December 31, 1823.

MY DEAR STANHOPE,—We are just arrived here, that is, part of my people and I, with some things, etc., and which it may be as well not to specify in a letter (which has a risk of being intercepted, perhaps);—but Gamba, and my horses, negro, steward, and the press, and all the Committee things, also some eight thousand dollars of mine, (but never mind, we have more left, do you understand?) are taken by the Turkish frigates, and my party and myself in another boat, have had a narrow escape last night (being close under their stern and hailed, but we would not answer, and bore away), as well as this morning. Here we are, with the sun and clearing weather, within a pretty little port enough; but whether our Turkish friends may not send in their boats and take us out (for we have no arms except two carbines and some pistols, and I suspect, not more than four fighting people on board), is another question, especially if we remain long here, since we are blocked out of Messo-longhi by the direct entrance.

You had better send my friend George Drake (Draco), and a body of Suliotes, to escort us by land or by the canals, with all convenient speed. Gamba and our Bombard are taken into Patras, I suppose; and we must take a turn at the Turks to get them out: but where the devil is the fleet gone?—the Greek, I mean; leaving us to get in without the least intimation to take heed that the Moslems were out again.

Make my respects to Mavrocordato, and say that I am here at his disposal. I am uneasy at being here: not so much on my own account as on that of a Greek boy with me, for you know what his fate would be; and I would sooner cut him in pieces, and myself too, than have him taken out by those barbarians. We are all very well.

N. B.

¹ The famous Phil-Hellene, who also had gone to Greece. See Appendix D,

*To Henry Muir.*¹

Dragomestri, January 2, 1824.

MY DEAR MUIR,—I wish you many returns of the season, and happiness therewithal. Gamba and the Bombard (there is a strong reason to believe) are carried into Patras by a Turkish frigate, which we saw chase them at dawn on the 31st : we had been close under the stern in the night, believing her a Greek till within pistol shot, and only escaped by a miracle of all the Saints (our captain says), and truly I am of his opinion, for we should never have got away of ourselves. They were signalling their consort with lights, and had illuminated the ship between decks, and were shouting like a mob ;—but then why did they not fire ? Perhaps they took us for a Greek brûlot, and were afraid of kindling us—they had no colours flying even at dawn nor after.

At daybreak my boat was on the coast, but the wind unfavourable for *the port* ;—a large vessel with the wind in her favour standing between us and the Gulf, and another in chase of the Bombard about twelve miles off, or so. Soon after they stood (*i.e.* the Bombard and frigate) apparently towards Patras, and, a Zantiote boat making signals to us from the shore to get away, away we went before the wind, and ran into a creek called Serofes, I believe, where I landed Luke and another (as Luke's life was in most danger), with some money for themselves, and a letter for Stanhope, and sent them up the country to Missolonghi, where they would be in safety, as the place where we were could be assailed by armed boats in a moment, and Gamba had all our arms except two earbines, a fowling-piece, and some pistols.

In less than an hour the vessel in chase neared us, and we dashed out again, and showing our stern (our boat sails very well), got in before night to Dragomestri, where

¹ Dr. Henry Muir, the Health Officer of Argostoli in Cephalonia. It was at his house that Byron held the conversations on religion with Dr. Kennedy, reported in his book (*Conversations*): see below, pp. 276-7. Muir became a great friend of Byron's, and sent him food and dainties—especially cauliflowers—to Missolonghi,

we now are. But where is the Greek fleet ? I don't know—do you ? I told our master of the boat that I was inclined to think the two large vessels (there were none else in sight) Greeks. But he answered, “ They are too large—why don't they show their colours ? ” and his account was confirmed, be it true or false, by several boats which we met or passed, as we could not at any rate have got in with that wind without beating about for a long time ; and as there was much property, and some lives to risk (the boy's especially) without any means of defence, it was necessary to let our boatmen have their own way.

I despatched yesterday another messenger to Messolonghi for an escort, but we have yet no answer. We are here (those of my boat) for the fifth day without taking our clothes off, and sleeping on deck in all weathers, but are all very well, and in good spirits. It is to be supposed that the Government will send, for their own sakes, an escort, as I have 16,000 dollars on board, the greater part for their service. I had (besides personal property to the amount of about 5000 more) 8000 dollars in specie of my own, without reckoning the Committee's stores : so that the Turks will have a good thing of it, if the prize be good.

I regret the detention of Gamba, etc., but the rest we can make up again ; so tell Hancock to set my bills into cash as soon as possible, and Corgialeagno to prepare the remainder of my credit with Messrs. Webb to be turned into monies. I shall remain here, unless something extraordinary occurs, till Mavrocordato sends, and then go on, and act according to circumstances. My respects to the two colonels, and remembrances to all friends. Tell “ *Ultima Analise* ”¹ that his friend Raidi did not make his appearance with the brig, though I think that he might as well have spoken with us *in* or *off* Zante, to give us a gentle hint of what we had to expect.

Yours ever affectionately,
N. B.

¹ The nickname given by Byron to a Cephaloniot nobleman named Count Delladecimi who was in the habit of using this phrase in conversation.

P.S.—Excuse my scrawl on account of the pen and the frosty morning at daybreak. I write in haste, a boat starting for Kalamo. I do not know whether the detention of the *Bombard* (if she be detained, for I cannot swear to it, and I can only judge from appearances, and what all these fellows say), be an affair of the Government, and neutrality, and, etc.—but *she was stopped at least* twelve miles distant from any port, and had all her papers regular from *Zante* for *Kalamo* and *we also*. I did not land at *Zante*, being anxious to lose as little time as possible; but Sir F. S.¹ came off to invite me, etc., and every body was as kind as could be, even in *Cephalonia*.

*To Charles Hancock.*²

Dragomestri, January 2, 1824.

DEAR SIR “ANCOCK,”—Remember me to Muir and every body else. I have still the 16,000 dollars with me, the rest were on board the *Bombard*. Here we are—the *Bombard* taken, or at least missing, with all the Committee stores, my friend *Gamba*, the horses, negro, bulldog, steward, and domestics, with all our implements of peace and war, also 8000 dollars; but whether they will be lawful prize or no, is for the decision of the Governor of the Seven Islands. I have written to Dr. Muir, by way of *Kalamo*, with all particulars. We are in good condition; and what with wind and weather, and being hunted or so, a little sleeping on deck, etc., are in tolerable seasoning for the country and circumstances. But I foresee that we shall have occasion for all the cash I can muster at *Zante* and elsewhere. Mr. Barff gave us 8000 and odd dollars; so there is still a balance in my favour. We are not quite certain that the vessels were Turkish which chased; but there is a strong presumption that they were, and no news to the contrary.

¹ Sir Frederick Stoven, Resident at *Zante*.

² A banker of *Zante* and *Cephalonia*, belonging to the firm of Barff and Hancock. They were both always most “zealous and generous” towards Byron. Byron addressed him thus in mimicry of Dr. Bruno’s address—“Signor Ancock.” Hancock and Barff acted as Byron’s bankers in the Near East throughout this expedition, and Byron stayed in Hancock’s house in December 1823.

At Zante, every body, from the Resident downwards, were as kind as could be, especially your worthy and courteous partner.

Tell our friends to keep up their spirits, and we may yet do very well. I disembarked the boy and another Greek, who were in most terrible alarm—the boy, at least, from the Morea—on shore near Anatoliko, which put them in safety, I believe; and, as for me and mine we must stick by our goods.

Yours ever,
N. B.

To Hancock.

Messolonghi, January 13, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for yours of the fifth; ditto to Muir for his. You will have heard that Gamba and my vessel got out of the hands of the Turks safe and intact; nobody knows well how or why, for there is a mystery in the story somewhat melodramatic. Captain Valsamachi has, I take it, spun a long yarn by this time in Argostoli. I attribute their release entirely to Saint Dionysius, of Zante, and the Madonna of the Rock, near Cephalonia.

The adventures of my separate bark were also not finished at Dragomestri: we were convoyed out by some Greek gun-boats, and found the *Leonidas*, brig-of-war, at sea to look after us. But blowing weather coming on, we were driven on the rocks *twice* in the passage of the Scrofes, and the dollars had another narrow escape. Two thirds of the crew got ashore over the bowsprit: the rocks were rugged enough, but water very deep close in-shore, so that she was, after much swearing and some exertion, got off again, and away we went with a third of our crew, leaving the rest on a desolate island, where they might have been now, had not one of the gun-boats taken them off, for we were in no condition to take them off again.

Tell Muir that Dr. Bruno did not show much fight on the occasion; for besides stripping to his flannel waistcoat, and running about like a rat in an emergency, when I was talking to a Greek boy (the brother of the Greek girls in

Argostoli), and telling him the fact that there was no danger for the passengers, whatever there might be for the vessel, and assuring him I could save both him and myself without difficulty (though he can't swim), as the water, though deep, was not very rough—the wind *not* blowing *right* on shore (it was a blunder of the Greeks who missed stays),—the Doctor exclaimed, “Save *him*, indeed ! by G—d ! save *me* rather—I'll be first if I can ”—a piece of egotism which he pronounced with such emphatic simplicity as to set all who had leisure to hear him laughing, and in a minute after the vessel drove off again after striking twice. She sprang a small leak, but nothing further happened, except that the captain was very nervous afterwards.

To be brief, we had bad weather almost always, though not contrary ; slept on deck in the wet generally for seven or eight nights, but never was in better health (I speak personally)—so much so that I actually bathed for a quarter of an hour on the evening of the 4th instant in the sea (to kill the fleas, and others, etc.), and was all the better for it.

We were received at Missolonghi with all kinds of kindness and honours ; and the sight of the fleet saluting, etc., and the crowds and different costumes was really picturesque. We think of undertaking an expedition soon, and I expect to be ordered with the Suliotes to join the army.

All well at present. We found Gamba already arrived, and every thing in good condition. Remembrance to all friends.

Yours ever,
N. B.

To Hancock.

Messolonghi, January 17, 1824.

* * * * *

Things are going on better, if not well ; there is some order, and considerable preparation. I expect to accompany the troops on an expedition shortly which makes me particularly anxious for the remaining remittance, as “ money is the sinew of war,” and of peace, too, as far

as I can see, for I am sure there would be no peace here without it. However, a little *does* go a good way, which is a comfort. The Government of the Morea and of Candia have written to me for a further advance from my own peculium of 20 or 30,000 dollars, to which I demur for the present (having undertaken to pay the Suliotes as a free gift and other things already, besides the loan which I have already advanced), till I receive letters from England, which I have reason to expect.

When the expected credits arrive, I hope that you will bear a hand, otherwise I must have recourse to Malta, which will be losing time and taking trouble ; but I do not wish you to do more than is perfectly agreeable to Mr. Barff and to yourself. I am very well, and have no reason to be dissatisfied with my personal treatment.

To Hancock.

Messolonghi, January 19, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—Since I wrote on the 17th, I have received a letter from Mr. Stevens, enclosing an account from Corfu, which is so exaggerated in price and quantity, that I am at a loss whether most to admire Gamba's folly, or the merchant's knavery. All that *I* requested Gamba to order was red cloth enough to make a *jacket*, and some oil-skin for trunks, etc.—the latter has not been sent—the whole could not have amounted to fifty dollars. The account is six hundred and forty-five!!! I will guarantee Mr. Stevens against any loss, of course, but I am not disposed to take the articles (which I never ordered), nor to pay the amount. I will take one hundred dollars' worth ; the rest may be sent back, and I will make the merchant an allowance of so much per cent. ; or, if that is not to be done, you must sell the whole by auction at what price the things may fetch ; for I would rather incur the dead loss of *part*, than be encumbered with a quantity of things, to me at present superfluous or useless. Why, I could have main-

tained three hundred men for a month for the sum in Western Greece.

When the dogs, and the dollars, and the negro, and the horses, fell into the hands of the Turks, I acquiesced with patience, as you may have perceived, because it was the work of the elements of war, or of Providence : but this is a piece of mere human knavery or folly, or both, and I neither can nor will submit to it. I have occasion for every dollar I can muster to keep the Greeks together, and I do not grudge any expense for the cause ; but to throw away as much as would equip, or at least maintain, a corps of excellent ragamuffins with arms in their hands, to furnish Gamba and the Doctor with blank books (see list), broad cloth, Hessian boots, and horsewhips (the *latter* I own that they have richly earned), is rather beyond my endurance, though a pacific person, as all the world knows, or at least my acquaintances. I pray you to try to help me out of this damnable commercial speculation of Gamba's, for it is one of those pieces of imprudence or folly which I don't forgive him in a hurry. I will of course see Stevens free of expense out of the transaction ;—by the way, the Greek of a Corfiote has thought proper to draw a bill, and get it discounted at 24 dollars : if I had been there, it should have been *protested* also.

Mr. Blackett is here ill, and will soon set out for Cephalonia. He came to me for some pills, and I gave him some reserved for particular friends, and which I never knew any body recover from under several months ; but he is no better, and, what is odd, no worse ; and as the doctors have had no better success with him than I, he goes to Argostoli, sick of the Greeks and of a constipation.

I must reiterate my request for *specie*, and that speedily, otherwise public affairs will be at a standstill here. I have undertaken to pay the Suliotes for a year, to advance in March 3000 dollars, besides, to the Government for a balance due to the troops, and some other smaller matters for the Germans, and the press, etc., etc., etc. ; so that with these, and the expenses of my own suite, which, though

not extravagant, is expensive, with Gamba's damned nonsense, I shall have occasion for all the monies I can muster ; and I have credits wherewithal to face the undertakings, if realised, and expect to have more soon.

Believe me, ever and truly yours,

N. B.

To Hancock.

Messolonghi, February 5, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—Dr. Muir's letter and yours of the 23d reached me some days ago. Tell Muir that I am glad of his promotion for his sake, and of his remaining near us for our sakes ; though I cannot but regret Dr. Kennedy's departure, which accounts for the previous earthquakes and the present English weather in this climate. With all respect to my medical pastor, I have to announce to him, that amongst other fire-brands, our fire-master Parry (just landed) has disembarked an elect blacksmith, entrusted with three hundred and twenty-two Greek Testaments. I have given him all facilities in my power for his works spiritual and temporal ; and if he can settle matters as easily with the Greek Archbishop and hierarchy, I trust that neither the heretic nor the supposed sceptic will be accused of intolerance.

By the way, I met with the said Archbishop at Anatolico (where I went by invitation of the Primates a few days ago, and was received with a heavier cannonade than the Turks, probably), for the second time (I had known him here before) ; and he and P. Mavrocordato, and the Chiefs and Primates and I, all dined together, and I thought the metropolitan the merriest of the party, and a very good Christian for all that. But Gamba (we got wet through on our way back) has been ill with fever and colic ; and Luke (not the Evangelist, but a disciple of mine) has been out of sorts too, and so have others of the people, and I have been very well,—except that I caught cold yesterday, with swearing too much in the rain at the Greeks, who would

not bear a hand in landing the Committee stores, and nearly spoiled our combustibles ; but I turned out in person, and made such a row as set them in motion, blaspheming at them all from the Government downwards, till they actually did *some* part of what they ought to have done several days before, and this is esteemed, as it deserves to be, a wonder.

Tell Muir that, notwithstanding his remonstrances, which I receive thankfully, it is perhaps best that I should advance with the troops ; for if we do not do something soon, we shall only have a third year of defensive operations and another siege, and all that. We hear that the Turks are coming down in force, and sooner than usual : and as these fellows do mind me a little, it is the opinion that I should go,—firstly, because they will sooner listen to a foreigner than one of their own people, out of native jealousies ; secondly, because the Turks will sooner treat or capitulate (if such occasion should happen) with a Frank than a Greek ; and, thirdly, because nobody else seems disposed to take the responsibility—Mavrocordato being very busy here, the foreign military men too young or not of authority enough to be obeyed by the natives, and the Chiefs (as aforesaid) inclined to obey any one except, or rather than, one of their own body. As for me, I am willing to do what I am bidden, and to follow my instructions. I neither seek nor shun that nor any thing else that they may wish me to attempt : as for personal safety, besides that it ought not to be a consideration, I take it that a man is on the whole as safe in one place as another ; and, after all, he had better end with a bullet than bark in his body. If we are not taken off with the sword, we are like to march off with an ague in this mud basket ; and to conclude with a very bad pun, to the ear rather than to the eye, better *martially* than *marsh-ally* ; —the situation of Messolonghi is not unknown to you. The dykes of Holland when broken down are the Deserts of Arabia for dryness in comparison.

And now for the sinews of war. I thank you and Mr.

Barff for your ready answer, which, next to ready money, is a pleasant thing. Besides the assets and balance, and the relics of the Corgialegno correspondence with Leghorn and Genoa, (I sold the dog's flour, tell him, but not at *his* price,) I shall request and require, from the beginning of March ensuing, about five thousand dollars every two months, *i.e.* about twenty-five thousand within the current year, at regular intervals, independent of the sums now negotiating. I can show you documents to prove that these are considerably *within* my supplies for the year in more ways than one ; but I do not like to tell the Greeks *exactly what* I *could* or would advance on an emergency, because, otherwise, they will double and triple their demands (a disposition that they have already sufficiently shown) : and though I am willing to do all I can *when* necessary, yet I do not see *why* they should not help a little ; for they are not quite so bare as they pretend to be by some accounts.

February 7, 1824.

I have been interrupted by the arrival of Parry, and afterwards by the return of Hesketh, who has not brought an answer to my epistles, which rather surprises me. You will write soon, I suppose. Parry seems a fine rough subject, but will hardly be ready for the field these three weeks : he and I will (I think) be able to draw together,—at least, *I* will not interfere with or contradict him in his own department. He complains grievously of the mercantile and *enthusymusy*, as Braham pronounces enthusiasm, part of the Committee, but greatly praises Gordon and Hume. Gordon *would* have given three or four thousand pounds and come out *himself*, but Kennedy or somebody else disgusted him, and thus they have spoiled part of their subscription and cramped their operations. Parry says Blaquiere is a humbug, to which I say nothing. He sorely laments the printing and civilising expenses, and wishes that there was not a Sunday-school in the world, or *any* school *here* at present, save and except always an academy for artilleryship.

*To Andreas Londos.*¹

[Undated.]

DEAR FRIEND,—The sight of your handwriting gave me the greatest pleasure. Greece has ever been for me, as it must be for all men of any feeling or education, the promised land of valour, of the arts, and of liberty ; nor did the time I passed in my youth in travelling among her ruins at all chill my affection for the birthplace of heroes. In addition to this, I am bound to yourself by ties of friendship and gratitude for the hospitality which I experienced from you during my stay in that country, of which you are now become one of the first defenders and ornaments. To see myself serving, by your side and under your eyes, in the cause of Greece, will be to me one of the happiest events of my life. In the mean time, with the hope of our again meeting,

I am, as ever, etc.

*To Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne.*²

Missolonghi, February 9, 1824.

Enclosed is a private communication from Prince Mavrocordato to Sir Thomas Maitland, which you will oblige me much by delivering. Sir Thomas can take as much or as little of it as he pleases ; but I hope and believe that it is rather calculated to conciliate than to irritate on the subject of the late event near Ithaca and Sta Mauro ; which there

¹ A Greek leader in the War of Independence—one of the chiefs of the party of the Primates in the National Assembly of 1823. He was always a constitutional leader, as against the military party, and took part in the civil war of 1823–4. He was a landowner in the Morea, living at Vostizza in the Gulf of Corinth. Byron stayed at his house in 1809 ; and he gave Byron a fine horse on his departure. The friendship of such men, lasting over many years, largely explains Byron's deep interest in Greece.

² A son of the Duke of Leeds, and a near relation of Byron's. He was at this time (1823) acting in a British official capacity in the Ionian Islands, as Treasurer and Secretary to the Senate at Corfu. He came from Corfu to Cephalonia in 1823 to meet Byron, and Byron afterwards used him as intermediary with Sir Thomas Maitland, the Governor, who was unsympathetic with Greece. Maitland, however, died on February 11.

is every disposition on the part of the Government here to disavow ; and they are also disposed to give every satisfaction in their power. You must all be persuaded how difficult it is, under existing circumstances, for the Greeks to keep up discipline, however they may be all disposed to do so. I am doing all I can to convince them of the necessity of the strictest observance of the regulations of the islands, and, I trust, with some effect. I was received here with every possible public and private mark of respect. If you write to any of our friends, you can say that I am in good health and spirits ; and that I shall *stick* by the cause as long as a man of honour can, without sparing purse, and (I hope, if need be) *person*.

February 15, 1824.

Upon February 15th—(I write on the 17th of the same month) I had a strong shock of a convulsive description, but whether Epileptic, Paralytic, or Apoplectic, is not yet decided by the two medical men, who attend me ; or whether it be of some other nature (if such there be). It was very painful, and, had it lasted a minute longer, must have extinguished my mortality—if I can judge by sensations. I was speechless with the features much distorted, but *not* foaming at the mouth, they say, and my struggles so violent that several persons—two of whom, Mr. Parry the engineer, and my Servant Tita the Chasseur, are very strong men—could not hold me. It lasted about ten minutes, and came on immediately after drinking a tumbler of Cider mixed with cold water in Col. Stanhope's apartments. This is the first attack that I have had of the kind to the best of my belief. I never heard that any of my family were liable to the same, though my mother was subject to *hysterical* affections.

Yesterday (the 16th) leeches were applied to my temples. I had previously recovered a good deal, but with some feverish and variable symptoms. I bled profusely, and, as they went too near the temporal artery, there was some difficulty in stopping the blood even with the Lunar Caustic. This, however, after some hours was accomplished about

eleven o'clock at night, and this day (the 17th), though weakly, I feel tolerably convalescent.

With regard to the presumed causes of this attack, as far as I know, there might be several. The state of the place and the weather permit little exercise at present. I have been violently agitated with more than one passion recently, and a good deal occupied, politically as well as privately, and amidst conflicting parties, politics, and (as far as regards public matters) circumstances. I have also been in an anxious state with regard to things which may be only interesting to my own private feelings, and, perhaps, not uniformly so temperate as I may generally affirm that I was wont to be. How far any or all of these may have acted on the mind or body of one who had already undergone many previous changes of place and passion during a life of thirty-six years, I cannot tell, nor—— But I am interrupted by the arrival of a report from a party returned from reconnoitring a Turkish brig of War, just stranded on the Coast, and which is to be attacked the moment we can get some guns to bear upon her. I shall hear what Parry says about it. Here he comes——

*To Samuel Barff.*¹

February 20.

DEAR SIR,—I am a good deal better, tho' of course weakly ; the leeches took too much blood from my temples the day after and there was some difficulty in stopping it, but I have since been up daily, and out in boats and on horseback ; to-day I have taken a warm bath and live as temperately as can well be, without any liquid but water, etc., and without any animal food.

Besides the four Turks sent to Patras, I have obtained the release of four and twenty women and children, and sent them at my own expense to Prevesa that the English

¹ One of Byron's bankers in the Near East, and a partner with Hancock. Barff was one of the most faithful friends of the Greek cause, and served the war by his financial support.

Consul General may consign them to their relatives. I did this by their own desire.

Your cases of Dollars arrived safely as Lega has stated and were very opportune. I have received some letters from England, one from the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird (my Trustee and a partner of Messrs. Ransom and Co.) states that he expected to receive within a week, the sum of Eleven Thousand two hundred and fifty Pounds Sterling on my account ; his letter is dated the twenty third of November. I hope that you have forwarded to him my letter (it was enclosed in the packet for Cephalonia which I directed you to open), as it was of *advice* that I had drawn through your House for the three thousand pounds, the 2nd and 3rd Bills for which are now enclosed duly signed.

Matters here are a little embroiled with the Suliotes and Foreigners, etc., but I still hope better things, and will stand by the cause as long as my health and circumstances will permit me to be supposed useful.

Your oblig. and faif. serv.,

N. B.

To Barff.

Missolonghi, Febry 21, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—Since my yesterday's letter a Greek here wishes to advance seven hundred dollars on a Draft on your House, and although what you have already sent me exceeds (I believe) the Bills hitherto negociated, yet, as you have more in the course of negociation, I venture (I hope without offence) to accept his proposal as a convenience to him as well as to me, for I am obliged to support Government for the present. My health seems improving especially from riding and the warm bath, but even if anything occurred, you need not doubt that the bills will be duly paid, as my affairs are all properly arranged at home, and the Hon. D. Kinnaird is one of my Executors as well as Trustees, and much of my property is personal, at least much more than sufficient to cover larger sums by a good deal than any that I am likely to spend here.

Six Englishmen will be soon in quarantine at Zante ;

they are Artificers and have had enough of Greece in fourteen days ; if you could recommend them to a passage home, I would thank you ; they are good men enough, but do not quite understand the little discrepancies in these countries, and are not used to see shooting and slashing in a domestic quiet way, or (as it forms here) a part of housekeeping. If they should want anything during their quarantine you can advance them *not more* than a Dollar a day (amongst them) for that period, to purchase them some little extras as comforts (as they are quite out of their element). I cannot afford them more at present. The Committee pays their passage. As my Secretary and myself wrote yesterday I will not now trouble you further than to subscribe myself,

Your obliged and faithful serv.,
N. B.

*To Mr. Mayer.*¹

[Undated.]

SIR,—Coming to Greece, one of my principal objects was to alleviate as much as possible the miseries incident to a warfare so cruel as the present. When the dictates of humanity are in question, I know no difference between Turks and Greeks. It is enough that those who want assistance are men, in order to claim the pity and protection of the meanest pretender to humane feelings. I have found here twenty-four Turks, including women and children who have long pined in distress, far from the means of support and the consolations of their home. The Government has consigned them to me ; I transmit them to Prevesa, whither they desire to be sent. I hope you will not object to take care that they may be restored to a place of safety, and that the Governor of your town may accept of my present. The best recompense I can hope for would be to find that I had inspired the Ottoman commanders with the same sentiments towards those unhappy Greeks who may hereafter fall into their hands. I beg you to believe me, etc.

N. BYRON.

¹ The English Consul at Prevesa.

To Kinnaird (?).

Missolonghi, February 21, 1824.

MY DEAR [DOUGLAS],—I have received yours of the 2d of November. It is essential that the money should be paid as I have drawn for it all, and more too, to help the Greeks. Parry is here, and he and I agree very well; and all is going on hopefully for the present, considering circumstances.

We shall have work this year, for the Turks are coming down in force; and, as for me, I must stand by the cause. I shall shortly march (according to orders) against Lepanto, with two thousand men. I have been here some time, after some narrow escapes from the Turks, and also from being shipwrecked. We were twice upon the rocks; but this you will have heard, truly or falsely, through other channels, and I do not wish to bore you with a long story.

So far I have succeeded in supporting the Government of Western Greece, which would otherwise have been dissolved. If you have received the eleven thousand and odd pounds, these, with what I have in hand, and my income for the current year to say nothing of contingencies, will, or might, enable me to keep the “sinews of war” properly strung. If the deputies be honest fellows, and obtain the loan, they will repay the 4000*l.* as agreed upon; and even then I shall save little, or indeed less than little, since I am maintaining nearly the whole machine—in this place, at least—at my own cost. But let the Greeks only succeed, and I don’t care for myself.

I have been very seriously unwell, but am getting better, and can ride about again; so pray quiet our friends on that score.

It is not true that I ever *did, will, would, could, or should* write a satire against Gifford, or a hair of his head. I always considered him as my literary father and myself as his “prodigal son”; and if I have allowed his “fatted calf” to grow to an ox before he kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef to veal.

Yours ever,
N. B.

*To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.*¹

Messolonghi, [Monday] Feby. 23, 1824.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—I received a few days ago yours and Lady B.'s report of Ada's health,² with other letters from England for which I ought to be and am (I hope) sufficiently thankful, as they were of great comfort and I wanted some, having been recently unwell, but am now much better. So that you need not be alarmed.

You will have heard of our journeys and escapes, and so forth, perhaps with some exaggeration; but it is all very well now, and I have been for some time in Greece, which is in as good a state as could be expected considering circumstances. But I will not plague you with politics, wars, or *earthquakes*, though we had another very smart one three nights ago, which produced a scene ridiculous enough, as no damage was done except to those who stuck fast in the scuffle to get first out of the doors or windows, amongst whom some recent importations, fresh from England, who had been used to quieter elements, were rather squeezed in the press for precedence.

I have been obtaining the release of about nine and twenty Turkish prisoners—men, women, and children—and have sent them at my own expense home to their friends, but one, a pretty little girl of nine years of age named Hato or Hatagèe, has expressed a strong wish to remain with me, or under my care, and I have nearly determined to adopt her. If I thought that Lady B. would let her come to England as a Companion to Ada—(they are about the same age), and we could easily provide for her ;

¹ This unfinished letter was found on Byron's writing-table after his death. It is endorsed, in Mrs. Leigh's handwriting, with the words "His last letter."

² On Byron's writing-table after his death (Trelawny, *Records*, p. 240) lay a letter from Mrs. Leigh, containing "a long transcript of one from Lady Byron; with a minute mental and physical account of their child, Ada."

if not, I can send her to Italy for education. She is very lively and quick, and with great black oriental eyes, and Asiatic features. All her brothers were killed in the Revolution; her mother wishes to return to her husband who is at Prevesa, but says that she would rather entrust the child to me in the present state of the Country. Her extreme youth and sex have hitherto saved her life, but there is no saying what might occur in the course of the *war* (and of *such* a war), and I shall probably commit her to the charge of some English lady in the islands for the present. The Child herself has the same wish, and seems to have a decided character for her age. You can mention this matter if you think it worth while. I merely wish her to be respectably educated and treated, and, if my years and all things be considered, I presume it would be difficult to conceive me to have any other views.

With regard to Ada's health, I am glad to hear that it is so much better. But I think it right that Lady B. should be informed, and guard against it accordingly, that her description of much of her indisposition and tendencies very nearly resemble my *own* at a similar age, except that I was much more impetuous. Her preference of *prose* (strange as it may seem) *was* and indeed *is* mine (for I hate *reading* verse, and always did), and I never invented anything but "*boats—ships*" and generally relating to the Ocean. I shewed the report to Col. Stanhope, who was struck with the resemblance of *parts* of it to the *paternal* line even *now*. But it is also fit, though unpleasant, that I should mention that my recent attack, and a very severe one, had a strong appearance of *epilepsy*. *Why*—I know not, for it is late in life—its first appearance at thirty-six—and, as far as I *know*, it is not *hereditary*, and it is that it may not *become* so, that you should tell Lady B. to take some precautions in the case of Ada. My attack has not yet returned, and I am fighting it off with abstinence and exercise, and thus far with success; if merely casual, it is all very well——

(Here the letter breaks off.)

To John Murray.

Messolonghi, February 25, 1824.

* * * * *

On Tuesday, a Turkish brig of war ran on shore. On Wednesday, great preparations being made to attack her, though protected by her consorts, the Turks burned her and retired to Patras. On Thursday a quarrel ensued between the Suliotes and the Frank guard at the arsenal: a Swedish officer was killed, and a Suliote severely wounded, and a general fight expected, and with some difficulty prevented. On Friday, the officer was buried; and Captain Parry's English artificers mutinied under pretence that their lives were in danger, and are for quitting the country:—they may.

On Saturday we had the smartest shock of an earthquake which I remember, (and I have felt thirty, slight or smart, at different periods; they are common in the Mediterranean,) and the whole army discharged their arms, upon the same principle that savages beat drums, or howl, during an eclipse of the moon:—it was a rare scene altogether—if you had but seen the English Johnnies, who had never been out of a cockney workshop before!—or will again, if they can help it—and on Sunday we heard that the Vizier is come down to Larissa, with one hundred and odd thousand men.

In coming here, I had two escapes; one from the Turks, (*one* of my vessels was taken, but afterwards released,) and the other from shipwreck. We drove twice on the rocks near the Scrofes (Islands near the coast).

I have obtained from the Greeks the release of eight-and-twenty Turkish prisoners, men, women, and children, and sent them to Patras and Prevesa at my own charges. One little girl of nine years old, who prefers remaining with me, I shall (if I live) send, with her mother, probably, to Italy, or to England, and adopt her. Her name is Hato, or Hatagée. She is a very pretty lively child. All her brothers were killed by the Greeks, and she herself and her mother

merely spared by special favour and owing to her extreme youth, she being then but five or six years old.

My health is now better, and I ride about again. My office here is no sinecure, so many parties and difficulties of every kind ; but I will do what I can. Prince Mavrocordato is an excellent person, and does all in his power ; but his situation is perplexing in the extreme. Still we have great hopes of the success of the contest. You will hear, however, more of public news from plenty of quarters : for I have little time to write.

Believe me, yours, etc., etc.

N. BN.

To Barff.

Missolonghi, 9th March, 1824.

SIR,—Having accepted Bills of Prince Mavrocordato to the amount of Five hundred and fifty Pounds Stg., you will therefore honor a Draft of Prince Mavrocordato for that amount, (deducting every mercantile expence,) and placing the Bill to my account, and oblige Sir,

Yours truly,

NOEL BYRON.

I wrote lately, have you received the letters ? Same were in answer to yours of a late date.

P.S.—As Prince Mavrocordato has applied to me for a loan of £550 stg., I have thought it better (to save you the risk and bother of negotiating Greek Bills) to take his draft in my favour, and you will merely have to advance the amount from the balance of my recent Bills, deducting expences and freight of course, as in my own case.

Yours ever,

N. B.

*To James Kennedy.*¹

Missolonghi, March 10, 1824.

* * * * *

P.S.—The mechanics (six in number) were all pretty much of the same mind. Brownbill was but *one*. Perhaps

¹ This was the remarkable man who made the great historic effort to convert Byron to the Christian religious life. He was a doctor in the

they are less to blame than is imagined, since Colonel Stanhope is said to have told them, "*that he could not positively say their lives were safe.*" I should like to know *where* our life is safe, either here or any where else ? With regard to a place of safety, at least such hermetically sealed safety as these persons appeared to desiderate, it is not to be found in Greece, at any rate ; but Missolonghi was supposed to be the place where they would be useful, and their risk was no greater than that of others.

To ———

Missolonghi, March 12, 1824.

MY DEAR ———,—I write without much certainty that this letter will reach you, for the plague has broken out this morning in the town, and, of course, precautions will be taken in the islands and elsewhere. It has been supposed to be communicated from the Morea : be that as it may, a man from thence has just died of it, as my physician says, whom I have just seen, as well as the Prince Mavrocordato. What the event may be cannot of course be foreseen.

* * * * *

I shall be most anxious to hear from you, as the communication may probably be interrupted for some time to come. What ever may happen to me, believe me that I am, was, and will be (as long as I am at all),

Ever yours,

Most faithfully and affectionately,

NOEL BYRON.

To Stanhope.

Missolonghi, March 19, 1824.

MY DEAR STANHOPE,—Prince Mavrocordato and myself will go to Salona to meet Ulysses, and you may be very Army Medical Service. He undertook to defend "Christianity" at meetings to be held in Muir's house. Byron asked to be present, and attended the first conference. He took the lead in the discussion that followed. Kennedy published in 1830 his noteworthy book—*Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron and Others* (John Murray).

sure that P. M. will accept any proposition for the advantage of Greece. Parry is to answer for himself on his own articles : if I were to interfere with him, it would only stop the whole progress of his exertion ; and he is really doing all that can be done without more aid from the Government.

What can be spared will be sent ; but I refer you to Captain Humphries's report, and to Count Gamba's letter for details upon all subjects.

In the hope of seeing you soon, and deferring much that will be said till then,

Believe me ever, etc.

To Barff.

Missolonghi, March 19, 1824.

* * * * *

If Lord Guilford is at Zante, or, if he is not, if Sig. Tricoupi is there, presenting my respects to one or both, you would oblige me by telling them, that from the very first I foretold to Col. Stanhope and to P. Mavrocordato that a Greek newspaper (as indeed any other), in *the present state* of Greece, might and probably *would* lead to much mischief and misconstruction, unless under *some* restrictions ; nor have I ever had anything to do with either, as a writer or otherwise, except as a pecuniary contributor to their support in the outset, which I could not refuse to the earnest request of the Projectors. Col. Stanhope and myself had considerable differences of opinion on this subject, and (what will appear laughable enough) to such a degree, that he charged me with *despotic* principles, and I *him* with *ultra radicalism*. Dr. Meyer, the Editor, with his unrestrained freedom of the press, and who has the freedom to exercise an unlimited discretion,—not allowing any articles but his own and those like them to appear,—and in declaiming against restrictions, cuts, carves, and restricts (as they tell me) at his own will and pleasure. He is the Author of an article against Monarchy, of which he may have the advantage and fame—

but they (the Editors) will get themselves into a scrape, if they do not take care.

Of all petty tyrants, he is one of the pettiest, as are most demagogues, that ever I knew.

He is a Swiss by birth, and a Greek by assumption, having married a wife and changed his religion. I shall be very glad and am extremely anxious for some favorable result to the recent pacific overtures of the contending parties in the Peloponnesus.

Ev. yours very truly,
N. B.

To Kinnaird.

Messalonghi, March 30, 1824.

The Greek Cause up to this present writing hath cost me of mine own monies about thirty thousand Spanish dollars *advanced*, without counting my own contingent expences of every kind. It is true, however, that every thing would have been at a stand still in Messalonghi if I had not done so. Part of this money, more particularly the 4000£ advanced, and guaranteed by the G^k Deputies is, or ought to be, repaid. To this you will look, but I shall still spend it in the Cause, for I have some hundred men under my command, regularly paid and pretty men enough.

I have written to you repeatedly, imploring you to sell out of the Funds while they are high, and to take four per cent.—or any per cent.—on landed security for the monies.

I have also been, and am, anxious to hear how you have succeeded with Rochdale, the Kirkby Arrears, the new publications, the settling the lawsuits, etc., etc., etc., and always concluding by a request for all possible credits to the extent of my resources, for I must do the thing handsomely.

I have been very unwell, but am supposed to be better, and almost every body else has been ill too—Parry and all, tho' he is a sort of hardworking Hercules. We have had strange weather and strange incidents—natural, moral,

physical, martial and political, all which you will hear of perhaps, truly or falsely, from other quarters—I can't gossip just now. I am called to a Congress at Salona with P. Mavrocordato to meet Ulysses and the Eastern Chiefs on State affairs, and on the opening Campaign. What the result is likely to be I cannot say. The General Gov^t have assured me the direction of this province, or to join them in the Morea. I am willing to do anything that may be useful.

We were to have besieged Lepanto, but the Suliotes did not like the service "against Stone walls," and have had a row besides with some foreigners, in which blood was spilt on both sides, so that that scheme was postponed. Cap^t Parry is doing all that circumstances will permit in his department, and indeed in many others, for he does *all* that is done here, without any aid except the Committee's and mine, for the G^k local Gov^t have not a *sou*, *they* say, and are in debt besides. I have two hundred and twenty five regulars and irregulars in my pay—and had five hundred of the latter, but when they quarrelled amongst themselves and tried to heighten their pretensions besides, I boomed them off; and by dint of so doing, and turning restive when fair means would not do, the rest are reduced to very good order, and the *regulars* have all along behaved very well, upon the whole—as well as any other troops anywhere. Six Guns belong to this auxiliary Corps of Artillery, which, by the way, is the only *regularly paid* corps in Greece. The Gov^t only give them rations—and those reluctantly: they have mutinied twice on account of bad bread, and really with cause, for it was quite un-masticable; but we have gotten a new Commissary, and a Baker, instead of the Bricklayer who furnished the former loaves, apparently,—and with not very good bricks neither. Yesterday there was a Court Martial on a man for stealing; the German Officers wanted to flog, but I positively prohibited anything of the kind: the culprit was dismissed the service—publicly, and conducted through the town to the Police Office to have him punished according to the

Civil law. Same day, one amicable officer challenged two others ; I had the parties put under arrest until the affair was accommodated : if there is any more challenging, I will call them all out and wafer one half of them.

Matters, however, go on very tolerably, and we expect them to mend still further now that the Greeks have got their loan, and may be organized. Believe me,

Ever yours and truly,

N^L B^N

*To the Earl of Clare.*¹

Missolonghi, March 31, 1824.

* * * * *

P.S.—The Turkish fleet are just bearing down to blockade this port ; so how our deputy is to get by is a doubt, but the island boats frequently evade them.

The sight is pretty, but much finer for a limner than a lodger. It is the Squadron from the Gulf of Corinth (Hooke-Gulf of Lepanto) ; they (the Greeks, I mean) are all busy enough, as you may suppose, as the campaign is expected to commence next month. But as aforesaid I refer you for news to the bearer.

To ——— ———

April 1, 1824.

SIR,—I have the honour to reply to your letter of this day. In consequence of an urgent, and, to all appearance, a well-founded complaint, made to me yesterday evening, I gave orders to Mr. Hesketh to proceed to your quarters with the soldiers of his guard, and to remove you from your house to the Seraglio ; because the owner of your house declared himself and his family to be in immediate danger from your conduct ; and added, that that was not the first time that you had placed them in similar circumstances.

¹ One of Byron's earliest friends ; they were at Harrow together. His natal name was John Fitzgibbon, and he was son of the famous first Earl. He succeeded in January 1802. Byron met him in Italy in 1821, and the friendship of early schooldays was at once renewed. Byron always declared him to be the *best* man he had ever known.

Neither Mr. Hesketh nor myself could imagine that you were in bed, as we had been assured of the contrary; and certainly such a situation was not contemplated. But Mr. Hesketh had positive orders to conduct you from your quarters to those of the artillery brigade; at the same time being desired to use no violence; nor does it appear that any was had recourse to. This measure was adopted because your landlord assured me, when I proposed to put off the inquiry until the next day, that he could not return to his house without a guard for his protection, and that he had left his wife and daughter, and family, in the greatest alarm; on that account putting them under our immediate protection; the case admitted of no delay. As I am not aware that Mr. Hesketh exceeded his orders, I cannot take any measures to punish him; but I have no objection to examine minutely into his conduct. You ought to recollect that entering into the auxiliary Greek corps, now under my orders, at your own sole request and positive desire, you incurred the obligation of obeying the laws of the country, as well as those of the service.

I have the honour to be, etc.,

N. B.

To Barff.

[April 3.]

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter by Sig. Tricoupi. By the Sciot you will or ought to receive a long letter, and one also from Cap. Parry. I trust that you have also received my letter explaining *why* I have declined accepting Mr. Dunn's Bill, as I wish the statement to be repeated to him. We have the Turkish Squadron blockading the Port. A third Greek Deputy, Sig. Zaimi, is in the Town on his way to England, and a quarrel (not yet settled), between the citizens and some of Kariascachi's people, which has already produced some rows.

I keep my people quite neutral; but have ordered them to be on their guard. Some days ago we had an Italian private soldier drummed out for *thieving*. The German officers wanted to *flog* him; but I flatly refused to permit

the use of the stick or whip, and delivered him over to the Police. Since then a Prussian *Officer* rioted in his lodgings ; and I put him under arrest, according to the code. This, it appears, did not please the German Confederation : but I stuck by my intent, and have given them plainly to understand, that those who do not choose to be amenable to the laws of the country and service, may retire ; but that in all that I have to do, I will see them obeyed by Foreigners or Natives.

I wish something was heard of the arrival of part of the Loan, for there is a plentiful dearth of every thing at present.

Yours ever,
N. B.

P.S.—The Weather has been, and is such that neither Mavrocordato nor anyone else could go to Salona. The roads are quite impassable and the rivers too.

To Barry.

April 9, 1824.

DEAR BARRY,—The Account up to 11th July was 40,541, etc., Genoese livres in my favour : since then I have had a letter of Credit of Messrs. Webb for 60,000 Genoese livres, for which I have drawn ; but how the account stands *exactly*, you do not state. The balance will of course be replaced by my London Correspondent, referring more particularly to the Hon^{ble} Douglas Kinnaird, who is also my Agent and trustee, as well as banker, and a friend besides since we were at College together—which is favourable to business, as it gives confidence, or ought to do so.

I had hoped that you had obtained the price of the Schooner from L^d Blessington : you must really tell him that I must make the affair public, and take other steps which will be agreeable to neither, unless he speedily pays the money, so long due, and contracted by his own headstrong wish to purchase. You *know* how fairly I treated him in the whole affair.

Every thing except the best (*i.e.* the Green travelling

Chariot) may be disposed of, and that speedily, as it will assist to balance our accompt. As the Greeks have gotten their loan, they may as well repay mine, which they no longer require : and I request you to forward a copy of the agreement to Mr. Kinnaird, and direct him from me to claim the money from the Deputies. They were welcome to it in their difficulties, and also for good and all, supposing that they had not got out of them ; but, as it is, they can afford repayment, and I assure you that, besides *this*, they have had many “ a strong and long pull ” at my purse, which has been (and still is) disbursing pretty freely in their cause : besides, I shall have to *re-expend* the same monies, having some hundred men under orders, at my own expense, for the Gk. Government and National service.

Of all their proceedings here, health, politics, plans, acts, and deeds, etc.—good or otherwise, Gamba or others will tell you—truly or not truly, according to their habits.

Yours ever,

N. B.^{* 1}

Hobhouse's last letter to Lord Byron.

London, March 15, 1824.

MY DEAR BYRON,—

* * * * *

All friends make many enquiries after you, and hope you will take care of yourself in Greece, and return here after the good fight has been foughten. I have not heard of your daughter lately, but hope hearing nothing is a good sign. Your monied matters, Kinnaird will tell you, are going on swimmingly : you will have—indeed you have—

¹ This is, apparently, one of Byron's last two letters. On Friday April 9, the day on which the letter was written, Byron rode out with Gamba. He came home wet, and, in the evening, complained of rheumatic pains and feverishness. On Saturday, April 10, he was, however, able to ride as usual. The following day, Sunday, April 11, Parry thought him so ill, that he persuaded him (*Last Days*, pp. 116, 117) “ to go immediately to Zante, and try change of air and change of scene.” Byron consented to go : all was prepared for his departure ; but the gale which sprang up on Monday, April 12, prevented him from leaving Missolonghi. On the 15th he was for the first time unable to get up and never rose again from his bed. (Prothero.)

a very handsome fortune : and if you have health, I do not see what earthly advantage you can wish for that you have not got. Your present endeavour is certainly the most glorious ever undertaken by man. Campbell said to me yesterday that he envied what you are now doing (and you may believe him, for he is a very envious man) even more than all your laurels, blooming as they are. Go on and prosper : let me have a letter from you when you can find time to write, and believe me,

Ever truly yours,

JOHN C. HOBHOUSE.

[This was the last passage in a batch of letters from Byron's friend Cam Hobhouse which arrived at Missolonghi when Byron was already unconscious. It would have given Byron the very consolation he wanted if he had survived to read it ; for on his deathbed he was oppressed with a sense of great loneliness and desertion.—H. S.]

POEMS

[On his second visit to Greece, Byron was too deeply absorbed with the cares of his position to write many poems. Therefore I give these few poems separately. They are peculiarly precious, as the last he ever wrote, and inspired by an emotion that took him outside his ordinary "Byronic" self. This "fool of passion" was now to die for a cause. Approaching that death, his note grew sterner and graver.]

JOURNAL IN CEPHALONIA.

THE dead have been awakened—shall I sleep ?

The World's at war with tyrants—shall I crouch ?
The harvest's ripe—and shall I pause to reap ?

I slumber not ; the thorn is in my Couch ;
Each day a trumpet soundeth in mine ear,
Its echo in my heart——

June 19, 1823.

First published, *Letters*, 1901, vi, 238.

SONG TO THE SULIOTES.

1.

UP to battle ! Sons of Suli
Up, and do your duty duly !
There the wall—and there the Moat is :
Bouwah ! Bouwah ! Suliotes !
There is booty—there is Beauty,
Up my boys and do your duty.

2.

By the sally and the rally
Which defied the arms of Ali ;
By your own dear native Highlands,
By your children in the islands,
Up and charge, my Stratiotes,
Bouwah !—Bouwah !—Suliotés !

3.

As our ploughshare is the Sabre :
Here's the harvest of our labour ;
For behind those battered breaches
Are our foes with all their riches :
There is Glory—there is plunder—
Then away despite of thunder !

LAST WORDS ON GREECE.

WHAT are to me those honours or renown
Past or to come, a new-born people's cry ?
Albeit for such I could despise a crown
Of aught save laurel, or for such could die.
I am a fool of passion, and a frown
Of thine to me is as an adder's eye
To the poor bird whose pinion fluttering down
Wafts unto death the breast it bore so high ;
Such is this maddening fascination grown,
So strong thy magic or so weak am I.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH
YEAR.¹

1.

'T is time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move :
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love !

¹ " This morning Lord Byron came from his bedroom into the apartment where Colonel Stanhope and some friends were assembled, and said

2.

My days are in the yellow leaf ;
The flowers and fruits of Love are gone ;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone !

3.

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle ;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

4.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

5.

But 't is not *thus*—and 't is not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*
Where Glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

with a smile—' You were complaining, the other day, that I never write any poetry now :—this is my birthday, and I have just finished something, which, I think, is better than what I usually write.' He then produced these noble and affecting verses, which were afterwards found written in his journals, with only the following introduction : ' Jan. 22 ; on this day I complete my 36th year.' ”—*A Narrative of Lord Byron's Last Journey to Greece*, 1825, p. 125, by Count Gamba.

6.

The Sword, the Banner, and the Field,
Glory and Greece, around me see !
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

7.

Awake ! (not Greece—she *is* awake !)
Awake, my spirit ! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home !

8.

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood !—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of Beauty be.

9.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live ?*
The land of honourable death
Is here :—up to the Field, and give
Away thy breath !

10.

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best ;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy Rest.

Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.

First published, *Morning Chronicle*, October 29, 1824.

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APPENDIX A

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

BYRON brought back the manuscript of his first two cantos of "Childe Harold" from his Grand Tour in 1809-11, and disclosed them to Dallas and Murray under circumstances described in the opening of this book (p. 9). Tom Moore's account of Dallas's difficulties in securing the publication of "Childe Harold" is to-day worth giving in full :

"Immediately, on Lord Byron's arrival in London, Mr. Dallas called upon him. 'On the 15th of July,' says this gentleman, 'I had the pleasure of shaking hands with him at Reddish's Hotel in St. James's Street. I thought his looks belied the report he had given me of his bodily health, and his countenance did not betoken melancholy, or displeasure at his return. He was very animated in the account of his travels, but assured me he had never had the least idea of writing them. He said he believed satire to be his forte, and to that he had adhered, having written, during his stay at different places abroad, a Paraphrase of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, which would be a good finish to *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. He seemed to promise himself additional fame from it, and I undertook to superintend its publication, as I had done that of the Satire. I had chosen the time ill for my visit, and we had hardly any time to converse uninterruptedly, he therefore engaged me to breakfast with him next morning.'

"In the interval Mr. Dallas looked over the Para-

phrase, which he had been permitted by Lord Byron to take home with him for the purpose, and his disappointment was, as he himself describes it, 'grievous,' on finding that a pilgrimage of two years to the inspiring lands of the east had been attended with no richer poetical result. On their meeting again next morning, though unwilling to speak disparagingly of the work, he could not refrain, as he informs us, from expressing some surprise that his noble friend should have produced nothing else during his absence.

" 'Upon this,' he continues, 'Lord Byron told me that he had occasionally written short poems, besides a great many stanzas in Spenser's measure, relative to the countries he had visited. "They are not worth troubling you with, but you shall have them all with you if you like." So came I by Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. He took it from a small trunk, with a number of verses. He said that they had been read but by one person, who had found very little to commend and much to condemn: that he himself was of that opinion, and he was sure I should be so too. Such as it was, however, it was at my service; but he was urgent that "The Hints from Horace" should be immediately put in train, which I promised to have done.'

"The value of the treasure thus presented to him, Mr. Dallas was not slow in discovering. That very evening he despatched a letter to his noble friend, saying—'You have written one of the most delightful poems I ever read. If I wrote this in flattery, I should deserve your contempt rather than your friendship. I have been so fascinated with Childe Harold that I have not been able to lay it down. I would almost pledge my life on its advancing the reputation of your poetical powers, and on its gaining you great honour and regard, if you will do me the credit and favour of attending to my suggestions respecting,' etc., etc.

"Notwithstanding this just praise, and the secret

echo it must have found in a heart so awake to the slightest whisper of fame, it was some time before Lord Byron's obstinate repugnance to the idea of publishing *Childe Harold* could be removed."¹

Moore reflects on the chance that saved Byron from publishing "Hints from Horace"—a poor, second-rate Satire—in place of "The Childe." It would probably have damned him irretrievably.

Mr. John Murray has in his possession to-day many original manuscripts of "Childe Harold" as first written. The stanzas were scribbled on odd pieces of paper, scraps of old bluebooks and notebooks; generally written on both sides; corrected, and even mangled, very freely; cross-written, starred with blots: altogether very difficult to read.

Of course these were only his first drafts; and they were always "fair copied" before sent to the printer. Byron was very reluctant to publish "Childe Harold," and very slow to accept advice about corrections. He made arbitrary additions at the last moment, throwing in new emotions on new and intimate personal events. But in substance "Childe Harold" was a poetical diary of actual travel, as can be demonstrated by comparison with Cam Hobhouse's prose narrative of the same journey (*Travels in Albania and other Provinces of Turkey*).

These first two cantos were published in 1812 (March 10), and ran through eleven editions before 1819. Byron's first title was "Childe Burun": but he wisely substituted the more familiar Anglo-Saxon Christian name.

The first canto dealt with Byron's journey across Portugal and Spain, and is therefore not included here. The second canto deals with the visit to Greece, including the Mediterranean sea-passage from Spain to Albania; his ride from the Adriatic coast across the mountains to Jannina, the capital of Albania, where Ali Pasha was then ruling in semi-independence of the Sultan; from Jannina to Athens

¹ Thomas Moore's *Life and Journals of Lord Byron*, vol. i, pp. 259-61.

across Acarnania ; his first stay in Athens (in 1810) and his visit to Constantinople.

As the story of this journey forms one whole, I have thought fit to give the whole canto in so far as it deals with the Near East, but excluding the sea-passage and the various personal passages dealing with Byron's own affairs, whether of love or loss.

The reader must understand that the whole of this region of Europe was in 1810 under the rule of the Turk ; that no effective rebellion had yet taken place or even seemed likely, that Greece had been ruled by Turkey for nearly four centuries since the capture of Constantinople in 1453 ; and that, in the opinion of the ordinary European, Greece was then destined to be permanently under the rule of the Turk. The Greeks were beaten, crushed and even morally debased by the long Turkish rule. They were a scattered, frightened crowd. Neither Byron nor Hobhouse saw any indication of the coming insurrection. We cannot claim that they were prophetic.

But between that date (1810) and the first outburst of the War of Independence (1820) reverberating events were to take place—the downfall of Napoleon, the rise of modern European nationalism : and the poems of Byron.

APPENDIX B

THE MAID OF ATHENS

ONE of the best paragraphs in Moore's very unequal *Life of Byron* is his account of Byron's journey from Albania to Athens in 1809 (pp. 211-16, vol. i).

On the way from Albania, Byron traversed Acarnania, passed the Ætolian side of the Achelous, and on November 21 reached Missolonghi, where, sixteen years later, he was to lay down his life for Greece. There he dismissed his large Albanian escort, except one, named Dervise, who remained with him during the rest of his stay in the East.

He stayed in Patras for a fortnight ; and then journeyed to Vostizza, whence he gained that view of Parnassus which he celebrated in immortal verse :

“ Soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
In the cold pomp of native majesty.”

From Parnassus he rode through Bœotia and Attica, visiting Livadia, Thebes, and Delphi, and crossing Mount Cithæron, arriving at Athens on the evening of Christmas Day, 1809.

The spell of Athens over Byron was immediate and permanent. He stayed there, on his first visit, for over two months, working hard at sight-seeing. He made excursions to every part of Attica on horseback—certainly an easier method of travel than motoring on modern Greek roads ! On one famous day he rode as far as Cape Colonna (the promontory of Sunium), where he was nearly captured by pirates.

There were no hotels in Athens in those days, and Byron

lodged with the Macris, the family of the late British Vice-Consul, who eked out their living by taking guests. It was here that he fell in love with—or, at any rate, wrote verses to—the daughter of the house, Theresa, the “Maid of Athens.”

Theodora Macri, the widow of the Vice-Consul, lived in a very small house, still surviving in Athens. I saw it in 1923. It is now in a very humble quarter of the town, and fully consorts with Hobhouse’s description :

“Our lodging consisted of a sitting-room and two bedrooms, opening into a court-yard, where there were five or six lemon trees, from which during our residence in the place was plucked the fruit that seasoned the pilaf and other national dishes served up at our frugal meals.”

Byron was always ascetic in food and drink, and loved the food of the country.

It was probably from their little sitting-room that Byron caught sight of the “Maid” working in her room. The difference of language probably made conversation difficult, but Byron learnt some Greek during his stay—as the poem shows.

A traveller, Mr. H. W. Williams, visiting Athens not many years after, gave to the world the following entrancing description of Theresa and her sisters, quoted by Tom Moore :

“The mention of the three Athenian Graces will, I can foresee, rouse your curiosity and fire your imagination ; and I may despair of your farther attention till I attempt to give you some description of them. Their apartment is immediately opposite to ours, and if you could see them, as we do now, through the gently waving aromatic plants before our window, you would leave your heart in Athens.

“Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana, are of middle stature. On the crown of the head of

each is a red Albanian skull-cap, with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap is a handkerchief of various colours bound round their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders—the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk. The two eldest generally have their hair bound, and fastened under the handkerchief. Their upper robe is a pelisse edged with fur, hanging loose down to the ancles ; below is a handkerchief of muslin covering the bosom, and terminating at the waist, which is short ; under that, a gown of striped silk or muslin, with a gore round the swell of the loins, falling in front in graceful negligence—white stockings and yellow slippers complete their attire. The two eldest have black or dark hair and eyes ; their visage oval and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded and noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters', whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said, to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners pleasing and ladylike, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general. With such attractions it would, indeed, be remarkable if they did not meet with great attentions from the travellers who are occasionally resident in Athens. They sit in the eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs gathered under them on the divan, and without shoes. Their employments are the needle, tambouring, and reading.

“I have said that I saw these Grecian beauties through the waving aromatic plants before their window. This, perhaps, has raised your imagination

somewhat too high, in regard to their condition. You may have supposed their dwelling to have every attribute of eastern luxury. The golden cups, too, may have thrown a little witchery over your excited fancy. Confess, do you not imagine that the doors

‘Self-open’d into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia’s land ;
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band
And endless pillows rise to prop the head,
So that each spacious room was one full swelling bed.’

“ You will shortly perceive the propriety of my delaying, till now, to inform you that the aromatic plants which I have mentioned are neither more nor less than a few geraniums and Grecian balms, and that the room in which the ladies sit is quite unfurnished, the walls neither painted nor decorated by ‘cunning hand.’ Then what would have become of the Graces had I told you sooner that a single room is all they have, save a little closet and a kitchen ?”¹

¹ “Travels in Italy, Greece, etc.,” by H. W. Williams, 1820.

APPENDIX C

TRELAWNY AND BYRON

ONE of the most racy and readable of the many books of recollections inspired by Byron's doings is E. J. Trelawny's *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*, published—be it noted—in 1858, thirty-four years after Byron's death in 1824.

Trelawny claimed in his preface to the book that it was derived “partly from notes taken and letters written at the time the events occurred, and partly from memory.”

“I wrote what is now printed not systematically, but just as the incidents occurred to me”—not a bad form of literary production ; but the result in this case was a certain disorder in form which has led to loss of trust and confidence.

In judging the value of Trelawny's work we must remember :

1. The lapse of time (34 years).
2. The fact that Byron and Trelawny, though old friends, often quarrelled. Both were very self-willed. They differed especially over Greek policy, and took different courses.
3. The fact that Trelawny, who lived to a great age, was boastful and egoistic, and wished to exaggerate his own part in these great transactions. He became the Byronic hero of the Victorian age ; and rather overrated himself as a trustee of Byron's memory.

At the same time, he was a first-hand authority : his writing is vivid and arresting ; and there is no reason to doubt

his general accounts of Byron's habits and conduct during his exile in Italy and Greece.

Take for instance his description of Byron's life in Italy, before going to Greece :

“ He was seldom out of his bed before noon, when he drank a cup of very strong green tea, without sugar or milk. At two he ate a biscuit and drank soda-water. At three he mounted his horse and sauntered along the road—and generally the same road—if alone, racking his brains for fitting matter and rhymes for the coming poem. He dined at seven, as frugally as anchorites are said in story-books to have done. At nine he visited the family of Count Gamba ; on his return home he sat reading or composing until two or three o'clock in the morning, and then to bed, often feverish, restless, and exhausted—to dream, as he said, more than to sleep.”

Trelawny observes that the stories about Byron's drinking habits during his exile were myths, and goes on :

“ When alone, he drank a glass or two of small claret or hock, and when utterly exhausted at night a single glass of grog : which when I mixed it for him I lowered to what sailors call ‘ water bewitched,’ and he never made any remark. I once, to try him, omitted the alcohol : he then said, ‘ Tre, have you not forgotten the creature comfort ? ’ I then put in two spoonfuls, and he was satisfied. This does not look like an habitual toper.”

Byron, says Trelawny, had a horror of fatness or of being called fat. He gives examples :

“ His terror of getting fat was so great that he reduced his diet to the point of absolute starvation. He was of that soft, lymphatic temperament which it is almost impossible to keep within a moderate compass, particularly as, in his case, his lameness prevented his taking exercise. When he added to

his weight even standing was painful, so he resolved to keep down to eleven stone, or shoot himself. He said everything he swallowed was instantly converted into tallow and deposited on his ribs.

“ He was the only human being I ever met with who had sufficient self-restraint and resolution to resist this proneness to fatten : he did so, and at Genoa, where he was last weighed, he was ten stone and nine pounds, and looked much less.”

He was then thirty-five years of age.

In another place Trelawny describes the manner of life to which Byron was led by his horror of fatness :

“ He would exist on biseuits and soda-water for days together, then, to allay the eternal hunger gnawing at his vitals, he would make up a horrid mess of cold potatoes, rice, fish, or greens, deluged in vinegar, and gobble it up like a famished dog. On either of these unsavoury dishes, with a biseuit and a glass or two of Rhine wine, he cared not how sour, he called feasting sumptuously. Upon my observing he might as well have fresh fish and vegetables, instead of stale, he laughed and answered,

“ ‘ I have an advantage over you, I have no palate : one thing is as good as another to me.’ ”

Trelawny gives examples of Byron's passion for adventure, and attributes his going to Greece to his restlessness :

“ Byron's spirit was always on the fret and fume to be doing something new and strange ; he exhausted himself in speeulating, plotting, and planning : but when it came to the point of exeecution, the inertness of his body and his halting gait held him fast, so that few men even amongst the poets did more in imagination and less in reality than he did.”

Trelawny then describes how Byron dreamed of buying a province in Chili or Peru, and even hoarded money with

that object ; thought of buying Ithaca, the island of Ulysses, and of going to Syria like Lady Hester Stanhope :

“ Then his thoughts veered round to his early love, the Isles of Greece, and the revolution in that country—for before that time he never dreamt of donning the warrior’s plume, though the peace-loving Shelley had suggested and I urged it.”

Trelawny gives the following account of Byron’s life on the *Hercules* when they were sailing from Genoa to Cephalonia, July—August 1822 :

“ I never was on ship-board with a better companion than Byron, he was generally so cheerful, gave no trouble, assumed no authority, uttered no complaints, and did not interfere with the working of the ship : when appealed to, he always answered, ‘ Do as you like.’ Every day at noon he and I jumped overboard in defiance of sharks or weather : it was the only exercise he had, for he could not walk the deck. His favourite toys—pistols, were not forgotten : empty bottles and live poultry served as targets ; a fowl, duck, or goose was put into a basket, the head and neck only visible, hoisted to the main yard-arm : and we rarely had two shots at the same bird. No boy cornet enjoyed a practical joke more than Byron. On great occasions when our Captain wished to be grand, he wore a bright scarlet waistcoat ; and as he was very corpulent, Byron wished to see if this vest would not button round us both. The captain was taking his siesta one day, when he persuaded the boy to bring up the waistcoat. In the mean time, as it was nearly calm and very hot, I opened the coops of geese and ducks, who instinctively took to the water. Neptune the Newfoundland dog jumped after them, and Moretto the bull-dog followed him.

“ ‘ Now,’ said Byron, standing on the gangway, with one arm in the red waistcoat, ‘ put your arm

in, Tre, we will jump overboard and take the shine out of it.'

"So we did.

"The captain, hearing the row on deck, came up, and when he saw the gorgeous garment he was so proud of, defiled by sea water, he roared out, 'My Lord, you should know better than to make a mutiny on board ship' (the crew were laughing at the fun). 'I won't heave to, or lower a boat; I hope you will both be drowned.'

" 'Then you will lose your *frite* ' (for so the Captain always pronounced the word freight), shouted Byron."

Trelawny severely blamed Moore for the destruction of the Byron Memoirs—thrown on the fire at a conference in Albemarle Street.¹

"There is nothing to extenuate the great wrong done to Byron by Tom Moore."

* * * * *

Byron's Memoir was "written in a straightforward, manly manner, and in a vigorous, fearless style, and was apparently truthful as regarded himself."

The Greeks at Cephalonia talked of making Byron King of Greece :

"The poet treated this suggestion lightly, saying, 'If they make me the offer, I may not refuse it. I shall take care of my own 'sma peculiar'; 'for if it don't suit my humour, I shall, like Sancho, abdicate.' "

Trelawny's description of the Greek Revolutionary Governments as he found them :

"We arrived at Corinth a short time after the Acrocorinthus had, for the second time, fallen into the hands of the insurgents : and there saw Colocotroni and other predatory Chiefs. Thence we crossed to the isle of Salamis, and found the legislative and executive

¹ See note on destruction of Byron's Memoirs on page 308, post.

bodies of the provisional government accusing each other of embezzling the public money. Here, too, we saw the most potent leaders of the chief Greek military factions—Primates, Hydriotes, Mainotes, Mareotes, Ipsareotes, Caudeotes, and many others, each and all intent on their own immediate interests. There, too, I saw the first specimens of the super-subtle Phanariotes, preeminent in all evil, reared at Constantinople, and trained in the arts of deception by the most adroit professors in the world. These pliant and dexterous intriguers glided stealthily from tent to tent and from chief to chief, impregnating their brains with wily suggestions, thus envenoming their feuds and causing universal anarchy. Confounded at this exhibition of rank selfishness, we backed out of these civil broils, and sailed for Hydra : one of our commissions being to send deputies from that island to England to negotiate a loan. We speedily accomplished this, and Hamilton Browne went to London with the deputies. I re-landed in Greece and went to Athens.”

Later, at Athens, in 1824, Trelawny was commissioned by Stanhope and Odysseus to go to Missolonghi to invite Byron to attend a Conference at Salona. He was travelling across the mountains when he heard of Byron’s death. He conveyed this letter from Stanhope, dated April 17, 1824 :

“ Once more I implore you to quit Missolonghi and not to sacrifice your health and, perhaps, your life in that bog.”

Byron was dead before the letter could be delivered.

Here is Trelawny’s account of his arrival at Missolonghi after Byron’s death :

“ It was the 24th or 25th of April when I arrived : Byron had died on the 19th. I waded through the streets, between wind and water, to the house he had lived in : it was detached, and on the margin of the

shallow sea-waters. For three months this house had been besieged, day and night, like a bank that has a run upon it. Now that death had closed the door, it was as silent as a cemetery. No one was within the house but Fletcher, of which I was glad. As if he knew my wishes, he led me up a narrow stair into a small room, with nothing in it but a coffin standing on trestles. No word was spoken by either of us : he withdrew the black pall and the white shroud, and there lay the embalmed body of the Pilgrim—more beautiful in death than life. The contraction of the muscles and skin effaced every line that time or passion had ever traced on it ; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and perfect finish : yet he had been dissatisfied with that body, and longed to cast its slough. How often I had heard him curse it ! He was jealous of the genius of Shakespeare—that might well be—but where had he seen the face or form worthy to excite his envy ? I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water. On his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet and was answered—the great mystery was solved. Both his feet were clubbed, and his legs withered to the knee—the form and features of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr. This was a curse, chaining a proud and soaring spirit like his to the dull earth.¹

* * * * *

“ The peculiarity of his gait was now accounted for : he entered a room with a sort of run, as if he could not stop, then planted his best leg well forward, throwing back his body to keep his balance. In early life whilst his frame was light and elastic, with the aid of a stick he might have tottered along for a mile or two ; but

¹ Trelawny's act was indefensible. His description is also demonstrably untrue. Byron suffered in one foot only—the right, and it was not deformed.

after he had waxed heavier, he seldom attempted to walk more than a few hundred yards, without squatting down, or leaning against the first wall, bank, rock, or tree at hand, never sitting on the ground, as it would have been difficult for him to get up again. In the company of strangers, occasionally, he would make desperate efforts to conceal his infirmity, but the hectic flush on his face, his swelling veins, and quivering nerves betrayed him, and he suffered for many days after such exertions."

NOTE

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BYRON MEMOIRS

Trelawny is scarcely just in his attack on Tom Moore over this act, which was solemnly carried out in 1824 by representatives of all parties in Murray's drawing-room at 50 Albemarle Street. The destruction was decided upon after Byron's death, and was finally agreed to by all those present at the conference—Cam Hobhouse for Byron: Colonel Doyle for Lady Byron: Mr. Wilmot Horton for Mrs. Leigh: Tom Moore, and John Murray. It was approved by Lord John Russell, Lord Lansdowne, and Canning. The Memoirs were declared by all who saw them to have contained much that would have caused acute injury to living people and much that was reckless and cruel. It is, however, a very fine question whether the act of destruction was justified: for it has given ground to even more cruel suspicions and accusations against Lord Byron himself.

The story of the Memoirs is very characteristic of Byron's ways. When Tom Moore was in Italy with Byron, the poet gave him the MS. of his Memoirs as something for the benefit of his boy: but the MS. was to be kept secret and not to be published till after Byron's death.

Moore came home: and being, as usual, "hard up," persuaded John Murray to advance him £2,000 on the MS. If it was not redeemed before Byron's death, the book was to become John Murray's sole property and the debt was to be cancelled.

On Byron's death the MS. was still unredeemed, in John Murray's possession. Moore then applied to buy it back, but of course John Murray pointed out that it was his by legal right; and was, now that the embargo on publication was removed, worth much more than £2,000.

Then some of Byron's friends, getting wind of Moore's intentions, powerfully urged that the MS. should not be published at all. It was at that point that the conference assembled: and after prolonged discussion, and much opposition from Moore, the Memoirs were on May 17, 1824, thrown into the fire in the grate still existing in Albemarle Street.

Murray, although he was the chief loser, advocated destruction because, as Hobhouse records in his Memoirs, "Such regard have I for Lord Byron's fame and honour that I am willing and am determined to destroy these MSS. which have been read by Mr. Gifford who says they would be damaging to Lord Byron's name."

The final decision rested with Colonel Doyle, Mrs. Leigh's representative at the meeting, who himself put the MSS. into the fire.

APPENDIX D

BYRON AND EDWARD BLAQUIERE

THE STORY OF BYRON'S DEATH

LIEUTENANT BLAQUIERE was the emissary from the Greek Committee who visited Byron at Genoa and persuaded him to enter upon the Greek enterprise. He afterwards made a *rendezvous* with Byron in the Ionian Islands, where Byron expected to find him and was very angry when he discovered that Blaquiere had gone back to Italy. But Byron changed his destination from Zante to Cephalonia while he was in the ship, on the advice of Hamilton Browne ; and it is possible that he never informed Blaquiere of the change. Byron's random accusations against Blaquiere do not carry conviction.

Blaquiere afterwards (in 1825) produced a book entitled *Narrative of a Second Visit to Greece, including Facts connected with the Last Days of Lord Byron*.

After his first return to England, which Byron put down to motives of self-advancement, Blaquiere went out again with the news of the grant of the English loan to Greece ; and it was his intention to proceed to the Morea with the first instalment. At Zante he heard the news of the death of Byron :

“ Indeed, the fact of my having been among the first to urge the lamented author of ‘ Childe Harold ’ to hasten his projected visit to Greece, and considering myself as his harbinger, made me most anxious to second his generous intentions, and I had therefore determined to pass over to Messolonghi on the very

day of my arrival at Zante. Having anchored there late at night, we had no communication with the shore until the following morning. On our being visited by the pratique master, my first question was, whether Lord Byron was well, and if he still continued at Messolonghi. 'His Lordship is dead,' was the reply. I will not attempt to describe the shock occasioned by this ominous and unexpected announcement. I rushed back to the cabin, and remained for some moments without the power of reflection. To have heard that the greatest benefactor of Greece had been thus snatched away, just as his life was of such incalculable importance to her cause, and when I anticipated the satisfaction of seeing him in a few hours, was a blow for which I felt totally unprepared. But severe as it was, I confess I did not, at the time, foresee half the irreparable mischief of which it was destined to become the source."¹

The only other point of interest in this book is that it contains the narrative of Byron's valet, Fletcher, as to the circumstances of Byron's death. Fletcher was the only first-hand witness of that event. He had served Byron for over twenty years, and had accompanied him on his first visit to Greece in 1809-11. Probably Fletcher knew Byron, with all his faults, as well as any man of his time. It is something to be said in Byron's favour that he always remained a hero to this valet, although the valet was by no means a hero to his master. The letters of the first journey are full of criticisms of Fletcher.

Fletcher's account is so important as evidence in the matter of Byron's death that it is worth while to give it here in full :

"My master continued his usual custom of riding daily, when the weather would permit, until the 9th of April ; but on that ill-fated day he got very wet,

¹ pp. 6-7.

and on his return home his Lordship changed the whole of his dress, but he had been too long in his wet clothes, and the cold of which he had complained, more or less, ever since we left Cephalonia made this attack be more severely felt. Though rather feverish during the night, he slept pretty well, but complained in the morning of a pain in his bones, and a head-ache : this did not, however, prevent him from taking a ride in the afternoon, which, I grieve to say, was his last. On his return, my master said that the saddle was not perfectly dry, from being so wet the day before, and observed, that he thought it had made him worse. His Lordship was again visited by the same slow fever, and I was sorry to perceive, on the next morning, that his illness appeared to be increasing. He was very low, and complained of not having had any sleep during the night. His appetite was also quite gone. I prepared a little arrow-root, of which he took two or three spoonsfull, saying it was very good, but could take no more. It was not until the third day, the 12th, that I began to be alarmed for my master. In all his former colds he slept well, and was never affected by this slow fever. I therefore went to Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen, the two medical attendants, and inquired minutely into every circumstance connected with my master's present illness ; both replied that there was no danger, and I might make myself perfectly easy on the subject, for all would be well in a few days ; this was on the 13th. On the following day I found my master in such a state, that I could not feel happy without entreating that he would send to Zante for Dr. Thomas. After expressing my fears lest his Lordship should get worse, he desired me to consult the doctors ; on doing so they assured me that it was unnecessary to call in any additional medical advice. Here I should remark, that his Lordship repeatedly said, in the course of the day, he was afraid the doctors did not understand his disease : to which I answered, ' Then, my Lord, have

other advice by all means.' 'They tell me,' said his Lordship, 'that it is only a common cold, which you know I have had a thousand times.' 'I am sure, my Lord,' said I, 'that you never had one of so serious a nature.' 'I think I never had,' was his Lordship's answer. I repeated my supplication that Dr. Thomas should be sent for on the 15th, and was again assured that my master would be better in two or three days. After these confident assurances, I did not renew my entreaties until it was too late.

"The whole nourishment taken by my master, for the last eight days, consisted of a small quantity of broth, at two or three different times, and two spoonsfull of arrow-root on the 18th, the day before his death.

"The first time I heard of there being any intention of bleeding his Lordship, was on the 15th, when it was proposed by Dr. Bruno, but objected to at first by my master who asked Dr. Millingen if there was any very great reason for taking blood: the latter replied that it might be of service, but added, that it could be deferred till the next day: and accordingly his Lordship was bled in the right arm on the evening of the 16th. I observed at the time, this his arm had a most inflamed appearance. Dr. Bruno now began to say, he had frequently urged my master to be bled, but that he always refused. (It has been stated, I know not how truly, that his Lordship's objection to be bled was accompanied by the remark, that 'more men had died by the lancet than the lance.')

¹ A long dispute now arose about the time that had been lost, and the necessity of sending for medical assistance to Zante: upon which I was informed that it would be of no use, as my master would be better, or no more, before the arrival of Dr. Thomas.

"His Lordship continued to get worse, but Dr. Bruno said he thought blood letting again would save his life, and I lost no time in telling my master how

¹ This is Blaquiere's comment.

necessary it was to comply with the doctor's wishes : to this he replied by saying he feared they were not aware of his disorder ; and then, stretching out his arm, said, ' Here, take my arm, and do whatever you like.' "

" His Lordship continued to get weaker, and on the 17th he was bled twice in the morning, and at two o'clock in the afternoon. The bleeding at both times was followed by fainting fits, and he would have fallen down more than once, had I not caught him in my arms. In order to prevent such an accident, I took care not to let him stir without being supported. On this day my master said to me twice, ' I cannot sleep, and you well know I have not been able to sleep for more than a week ' : he added, ' I am not afraid of dying : I am more fit to die than many think.' I do not, however, believe that his Lordship had any apprehension of his fate till the day after, the 18th, when he said ' I fear you and Tita (the courier) will be ill by sitting up constantly, night and day.' I answered, ' We shall never leave your Lordship till you are better.' On the 18th he addressed me frequently, and seemed to be rather dissatisfied with his medical treatment. I then said, ' Pray, my Lord, allow me to send for Dr. Thomas, to which he answered, ' Do so, but be quick. I am only sorry I did not let you send for him before, as I am sure they have mistaken my disease.' (There is little doubt but that the presence of Dr. Thomas would have been of infinite use in the early stage of his Lordship's illness. Beside his long experience of the diseases incident to the Mediterranean, the doctor had attended Lord Byron some years ago at Malta, while on his way to Greece, so that the intimacy then formed would have inspired the confidence so necessary between a patient and his medical adviser.) I did not lose a moment in obeying my master's orders, or informing Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen of it. They said it was very right, as they

now began to be afraid themselves. On returning to my master's room, his first words were, 'Have you sent?' 'I have, my Lord,' was my answer: upon which he said, 'You have done right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me.' Although his Lordship did not appear to think his dissolution was so near, I could perceive he was getting weaker every hour. His Lordship continued the conversation by saying, 'I now begin to think I am seriously ill: and in case I should be taken away suddenly from you, I wish to give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular in seeing executed.' I answered I would, in case such an event came to pass, but expressed a hope that he would live many years, to execute them much better himself than I could. To this my master replied, 'No, it is now nearly over,' and then added, 'I must tell you all without losing a moment.' I then said, 'Shall I go, my Lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper?' 'Oh! my God, no; you will lose too much time, and I have not it to spare, for my time is now short,' and immediately after, 'Now pay attention.' His Lordship commenced by saying 'You will be provided for.' I begged him, however, to proceed with things of more consequence. He then continued, 'Oh, my poor dear child! my dear Ada! my God, could I but have seen her! Give her my blessing, and my dear sister Augusta and her children: and you will go to Lady Byron, and say— Tell her everything—you are friends with her.' His Lordship appeared to be greatly affected at this moment. Here my master's voice failed him, so that I could only catch a word at intervals, but he continued muttering something very seriously for some time. I then told his Lordship, in a state of the greatest perplexity, that I had not understood a word of what he said: to which he replied—'Oh! my God! then all is lost! for it is now too late. Can it be possible you have not understood me?' 'No, my

Lord,' said I, 'but I pray you to try and inform me once more.' 'How can I?' rejoined my master; 'it is now too late, and all is over.' I said, 'Not our will, but God's be done.' He answered, 'Yes, not mine be done; but I will try.' His Lordship did indeed make several efforts to speak, but could only repeat two or three words at a time, such as 'My wife! my child! my sister! You know all, you must say all, you know my wishes?' The rest was quite unintelligible.

"A consultation was now held (about noon), when it was determined to administer some Peruvian bark and wine. My master had now been nine days without any sustenance whatever, except what I have already mentioned. With the exception of a few words, which can only interest those to whom they were addressed, it was impossible to understand anything his Lordship said, after taking the bark. He expressed a wish to sleep. I at one time asked him whether I should call Mr. Parry: to which he replied, 'Yes, you may call him.' The last words I heard my master utter were at six o'clock on the evening of the 18th, when he said, 'I must sleep now,' upon which he laid down, never to rise again: for he did not move hand or foot during the following twenty-four hours. His Lordship appeared, however, to be in a state of suffocation at intervals, and had a frequent rattling in the throat. On these occasions I called Tita to assist me in raising his head, and I thought he seemed to get quite stiff. The rattling and choking in the throat took place every half hour, and we continued to raise his head whenever the fit came on, till six o'clock, in the evening of the 19th, when I saw my master open his eyes, and then shut them, but without showing any symptom of pain, or moving hand or foot. 'Oh! my God!' I exclaimed, 'I fear his Lordship is gone.' The doctors then felt his pulse, and said 'You are too right—he is gone!' ”¹

¹ Part II, pp. 16-21.

There is also a narrative by the younger Count Gamba contained in his book *Lord Byron's Last Journey to Greece* : and another narrative sent to Mrs. Leigh and translated in the appendix to Lord Ernle's sixth volume. Count Gamba was not present at the end : so Fletcher's narrative is of more value. But Count Gamba records two death-bed sayings of note : (1) "There are things that make the world dear to me. For the rest, I am content to die." (2) "Poor Greece ! I have given her my time, and my money and my health—what could I do more ? Now I give her my life ! " ¹

¹ There is also Parry's account (*The Last Days of Lord Byron*). But it is too boastful. After all, Fletcher remained faithful to the end : and his story has an impressive simplicity.

APPENDIX E

COLONEL STANHOPE AND THE GREEK CROWN

THE advice of Colonel Leicester Stanhope sent to the Greek Committee from Missolonghi in 1823 is so interesting to-day that it is worth while placing it on record :

“The people here have still more of the Asiatic character than those of Western Greece. They are for a limited monarchy. I tell them that the Government that gave them a king would, in fact, be their rulers ; that limited monarchy would soon degenerate into absolute rule ; that the people would be their own sovereigns ; and that the only nations that are contented with their governments are Switzerland and America. I tell them that as I was born under a mixed government, I would endeavour to maintain that order of things ; but it would be madness in the Greeks to accept any, but especially a foreign king.”

He repeats the same advice to General Odysseus at Athens in March, 1824 :

“As for a limited monarch, that could not be. A king that could put down this armed and martial people must have unlimited power—must be a tyrant. The first thing such a monster would do, would be to establish a disciplined force, and the next would be to crush those warriors and heroes who had rescued their country from the Turks.”

Colonel Leicester Stanhope, a famous Philhellene, was afterwards the fifth Earl of Harrington. Colonel Stanhope's father, the third Earl, was Chairman of the "Revolution Society" in England in 1788, and moved in 1794 to acknowledge the French Republic. He withdrew from Parliament in 1794 till 1800. He disinherited all his children.

Thus Colonel Stanhope came of a Republican stock. He went to Greece in 1823, met Byron in Cephalonia, established a Greek newspaper, and formed an artillery corps.

He was finally recalled by the British Government owing to the complaints of the Turkish Government. He brought home Byron's body and gave information about his death to Moore. He succeeded to the earldom in 1851.

Note.—These extracts are taken from Stanhope's book *Greece in 1823-4: Letters and Old Documents on the Greek Revolution* (1824).

APPENDIX F

BYRON AND SIR WALTER SCOTT

TOM MOORE gives in his *Life* (vol. i, pp. 615–18 of the 1830 edition) a profoundly interesting impression of Lord Byron, written for his book by Sir Walter Scott. Moore very happily gives Scott's own words without any comment of his own—and it affords us a favourable impression of Byron which has not received the attention due to it.

Scott had defended Byron's first poems ("Hours of Idleness") from the cruel strictures of the *Edinburgh Review*. All he got in return was a violent and personal flagellation in Byron's famous Satire (*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*). But Scott was deeply impressed with "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"; and with the true nobility of his great nature, he was delighted to see a rising young poet succeed to—some might have said eclipse—his own waning popularity. The result was that through John Murray he obtained an introduction to Byron. That was in London, in the spring of 1815, and he thus sums up his impressions :

"Report had prepared me to meet a man of peculiar habits and a quick temper, and I had some doubts whether we were likely to suit each other in society. I was most agreeably disappointed in this respect. I found Lord Byron in the highest degree courteous, and even kind. We met, for an hour or two almost daily, in Mr. Murray's drawing-room, and found a great deal to say to each other. We also met frequently in parties and evening society, so that for about two months I had the advantage of considerable intimacy with this distinguished individual. Our

sentiments agreed a good deal, except upon the subjects of religion and politics, upon neither of which I was inclined to believe that Lord Byron entertained very fixed opinions. I remember saying to him, that I really thought, that if he lived a few years, he would alter his sentiments. He answered, rather sharply, 'I suppose you are one of those who prophesy I will turn Methodist.' I replied 'No ; I don't expect your conversion to be of such an ordinary kind. I would rather look to see you retreat upon the Catholic faith, and distinguish yourself by the austerity of your penances. The species of religion to which you must, or may, one day attach yourself must exercise a strong power on the imagination.' He smiled gravely, and seemed to allow that I might be right."

Scott, of course, was a hardened Tory ; and Byron, at that time, a vehement Radical. Here were the elements of a quarrel. But Scott saw through and beyond Byron's politics :

"On politics he used sometimes to express a high strain of what is now called Liberalism ; but it appeared to me that the pleasure it afforded him as a vehicle of displaying his wit and satire against individuals in office was at the bottom of this habit of thinking, rather than any real conviction of the political principles on which he talked. He was certainly proud of his rank and ancient family, and, in that respect, as much an aristocrat as was consistent with good sense and good breeding. Some disgusts, how adopted I know not, seemed to me to have given this peculiar and, as it appeared to me, contradictory cast of mind ; but, at heart, I would have termed Byron a patrician on principle."

They met for the last time in 1815, at Long's in Bond Street, when Scott was on his way from Paris to Scotland. They exchanged gifts. Scott gave Byron a beautiful

dagger mounted with gold. Byron sent to Scott a sepulchral vase full of bones taken from Athens. The letter of Byron to Scott contained in the vase was lost.

It was a pity that Scott's influence over Byron did not last. For it is clear that he exercised a sunny and wholesome influence over him.

“He was often melancholy—almost gloomy. When I observed him in this humour, I used either to wait till it went off of its own accord, or till some natural and easy mode occurred of leading him into conversation, when the shadows almost always left his countenance, like the mist rising from a landscape. In conversation, he was very animated.”

They met often during 1815. They would have gone on meeting. But then came the fearful events which separated Byron from his friends and from England. Scott was of opinion that, but for those events, Byron was on the eve of “a new career of fame,” and that if he had succeeded in starting on it, “he would have obliterated the memory of such parts of his life as friends would wish to forget.”

It is worth while to-day to recall this noble and generous tribute, worthy of the great Christian gentleman who gave it to one who was his rival in his own field.

APPENDIX G

THE following is the principal contemporary Greek tribute to Lord Byron. I reproduce it as it was issued by the Greek Government of the time (1824) :

FUNERAL ORATION ON LORD NOEL BYRON.

COMPOSED AND DELIVERED BY M. SPIRIDION TRICOUPI.

(Printed by Order of Government.)

Messolonghi, April 10.

Thursday in Easter Week, 1824.

Unlooked-for event ! deplorable misfortune ! But a short time has elapsed since the people of this deeply suffering country welcomed, with unfeigned joy and open arms, this celebrated individual to their bosoms ; to-day, overwhelmed with grief and despair, they bathe his funeral couch with tears of bitterness, and mourn over it with inconsolable affliction. On Easter Sunday, the happy salutation of the day, " Christ is risen," remained but half pronounced on the lips of every Greek ; and as they met, before even congratulating one another on the return of that joyous day, the universal demand was " How is Lord Byron ? " Thousands, assembled in that spacious plain outside of the city to commemorate the sacred day, appeared as if they had assembled for the sole purpose of imploring the Saviour of the World to restore to health him who was a partaker with us in our present struggle for the deliverance of our native land.

And how is it possible that any heart should remain unmoved, any lip closed upon the present occasion ? Was ever Greece in greater want of assistance than when the

ever-to-be-lamented Lord Byron, at the peril of his life, crossed over to Messolonghi ? Then, and ever since he has been with us, his liberal hand has been open to our necessities—necessities which our own poverty would have otherwise rendered irremediable. How many and much greater benefits did we not expect from him!—and to-day, alas! to-day, the unrelenting grave closes over him and our hopes !

Residing out of Greece, and enjoying all the pleasures and luxuries of Europe, he might have contributed materially to the success of our cause, without coming personally amongst us ; and this would have been sufficient for us—for the well-proved ability and profound judgment of our Governor, the President of the Senate, would have ensured our safety with the means so supplied. But if this was sufficient for us, it was not so for Lord Byron. Destined by nature to uphold the rights of man whenever he saw them trampled upon ; born in a free and enlightened country ; early taught, by reading the works of our ancestors (which indeed teach all who can read them) not only what man is, but what he ought to be, and what he may be—he saw the persecuted and enslaved Greek determine to break the heavy chains with which he was bound, and to convert the iron into sharp-edged swords, that he might regain by force what force had torn from him !—He (Lord B.) saw, and leaving all the pleasures of Europe, he came to share our sufferings and our hardships ; assisting us, not only with his wealth, of which he was profuse : not only with his judgment, of which he has given us so many salutary examples—but with his sword, which he was preparing to unsheath against our barbarous and tyrannical oppressors. He came, in a word, according to the testimony of those who were intimate with him, with the determination to die in Greece and for Greece ! How, therefore, can we do otherwise than lament with heartfelt sorrow the loss of such a man ! How can we do otherwise than bewail it as the loss of the whole Greek nation ?

Thus far, my friends, you have seen him liberal, generous,

courageous—a true philhellenist : and you have seen him as your benefactor. This is, indeed, a sufficient cause for your tears, but it is not sufficient for his honour ; it is not sufficient for the greatness of the undertaking in which he had engaged. He, whose death we are now so deeply deploring, was a man who, in one great branch of literature, gave his name to the age in which we live : the vastness of his genius and the richness of his fancy did not permit him to follow the splendid though beaten track of the literary fame of the ancients ; he chose a new road—a road which ancient prejudice had endeavoured, and was still endeavouring, to shut against the learned of Europe ; but as long as his writings live, and they must live as long as the world exists, this road will remain always open ; for it is, as well as the other, a sure road to true knowledge. I will not detain you at the present time by expressing all the respect and enthusiasm with which the perusal of his writings has always inspired me, and which indeed I feel much more powerfully now than at any other period. The learned men of all Europe celebrate him, and have celebrated him : and all ages will celebrate the poet of our age, for he was born for all Europe and for all ages.

One consideration occurs to me, as striking and true as it is applicable to the present state of our country : listen to it, my friends, with attention, that you may make it your own, and that it may become a generally acknowledged truth.

There have been many great and splendid nations in the world, but few have been the epochs of their true glory : one phenomenon, I am inclined to believe, is wanting in the history of these nations—and one the possibility of the appearance of which the all-considering mind of the philosopher has much doubted. Almost all the nations of the world have fallen from the hands of one master into those of another : some have been benefited, others have been injured by the change ; but the eye of the historian has not yet seen a nation enslaved by barbarians, and more particularly by barbarians rooted for ages in their soil—has

not yet seen, I say, such a people throw off their slavery unassisted and alone. This is the phenomenon : and now, for the first time in the history of the world, we witness it in Greece—yes, in Greece alone ! The philosopher beholds it from afar, and his doubts are dissipated : the historian sees it, and prepares his citation of it as a new event in the fortunes of nations ; the statesman sees it, and becomes more observant and more on his guard. Such is the extraordinary time in which we live. My friends, the insurrection of Greece is not an epoch of our nation alone : it is an epoch of all nations : for, as I before observed, it is a phenomenon which stands alone in the political history of nations.

The great mind of the highly gifted and much lamented Byron observed this phenomenon, and he wished to unite his name with our glory. Other revolutions have happened in his time, but he did not enter into any of them—he did not assist any of them : for their character and nature were totally different : the cause of Greece alone was a cause worthy of him whom all the learned (men) of Europe celebrate. Consider then, my friends, consider the time in which you live—in what struggle you are engaged ; consider that the glory of past ages admits not of comparison with yours : the friends of liberty, the philanthropists, the philosophers of all nations, and especially of the enlightened and generous English nation, congratulate you, and from afar rejoice with you ; all animate you : and the poet of our age, already crowned with immortality, emulous of your glory, came personally to your shores, that he might, together with yourselves, wash out with his blood the marks of tyranny from our polluted soil.

Born in the great capital of England, his descent noble, on the side of both his father and his mother, what unfeigned joy did his philhellenic heart feel, when our poor city, in token of our gratitude, inscribed his name among the number of her citizens ! In the agonies of death ; yes, at the moment when eternity appeared before him ; as he was lingering on the brink of mortal and immortal life : when

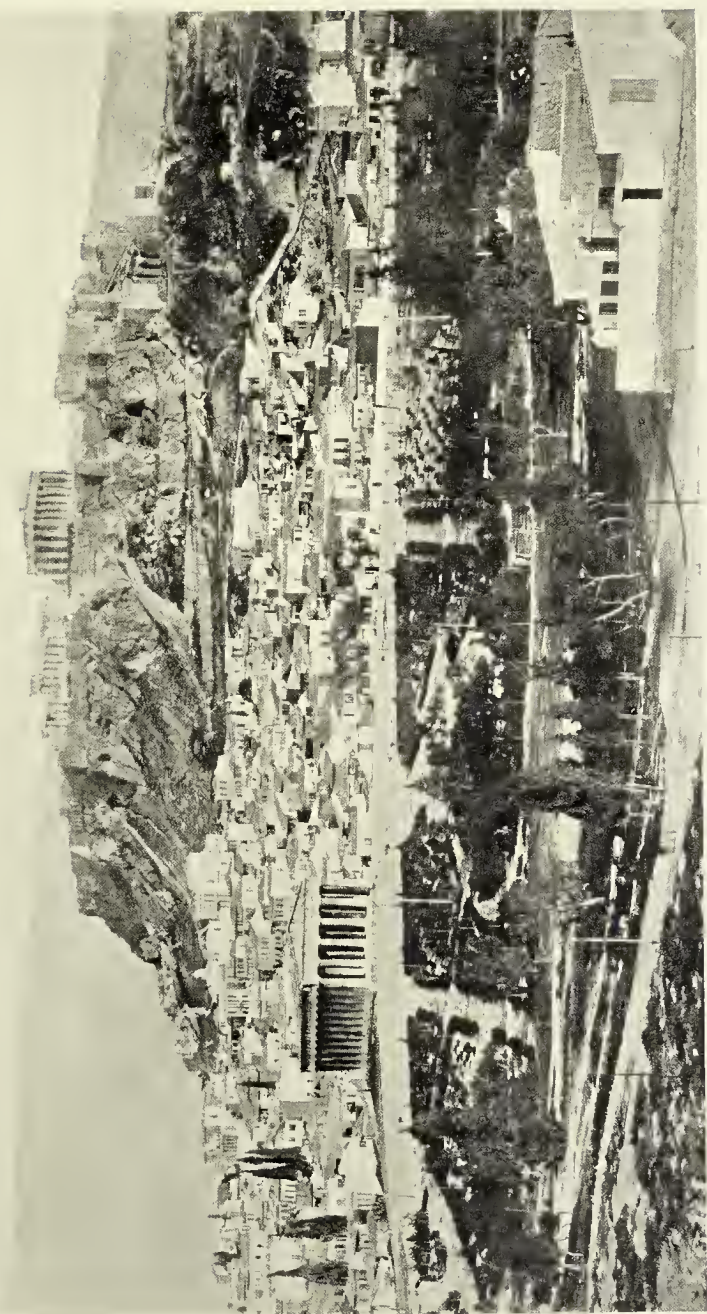
all the material world appeared but as a speck in the great works of Divine Omnipotence ; in that awful hour, but two names dwelt upon the lips of this illustrious individual, leaving all the world besides—the names of his only and much beloved daughter, and of Greece : these two names, deeply engraven on his heart, even the moment of death could not efface. “ My daughter ! ” he said. “ Greece ! ” he exclaimed ; and his spirit passed away. What Grecian heart will not be deeply affected as often as it recalls this moment !

Our tears, my friends, will be grateful, very grateful to his shade, for they are the tears of sincere affection ; but much more grateful will be our deeds in the cause of our country, which, though removed from us, he will observe from the heavens, of which his virtues have doubtless opened to him the gates. This return alone does he require from us for all his munificence ; this reward for his love towards us : this consolation for his suffering in our cause : and this inheritance for the loss of his invaluable life. When your exertions, my friends, shall have liberated us from the hands which have so long held us down in chains ; from the hands which have torn from our arms our property, our brothers, our children—then will his spirit rejoice, then will his shade be satisfied ! Yes, in that blessed hour of our freedom, the Archbishop will extend his sacred and free hand, and pronounce a blessing over his venerated tomb ; the young warrior sheathing his sword, red with the blood of his tyrannical oppressors, will strew it with laurel : the statesman will consecrate it with his oratory ; and the poet, resting upon the marble, will become doubly inspired : the virgins of Greece (whose beauty our illustrious fellow-citizen Byron has celebrated in many of his poems) without any longer fearing contamination from the rapacious hands of our oppressors, crowning their heads with garlands, will dance round it, and sing of the beauty of our land, which the poet of our age has already commemorated with such grace and truth. But what sorrowful thought now presses upon my mind ! My fancy has carried me away : I had pictured

to myself all that my heart could have desired ; I had imagined the blessing of our bishops, the hymns and laurel crowns, and the dance of the virgins of Greece round the tomb of the benefactor of Greece : but this tomb will not contain his precious remains ; the tomb will remain void ; but a few days more will his body remain on the face of our land—of his new chosen country : it cannot be given over to our arms : it must be borne to his own native land, which is honoured by his birth.

Oh Daughter ! most dearly beloved by him, your arms will receive him ; your tears will bathe the tomb which shall contain his body ; and the tears of the orphans of Greece will be shed over the urn containing his precious heart, and over all the land of Greece, for all the land of Greece is his tomb. As in the last moment of his life you and Greece were alone in his heart and upon his lips, it was but just that she (Greece) should retain a share of the precious remains. Messolonghi, his country, will ever watch over and protect with all her strength the urn containing his venerated heart, as a symbol of his love towards us. All Greece, clothed in mourning and inconsolable, accompanies the procession in which it is borne ; all ecclesiastical, civil and military honours attend it ; all his fellow-citizens of Messolonghi and fellow-countrymen of Greece follow it, crowning it with their gratitude and bedewing it with their tears : it is blessed by the pious benedictions and prayers of our Archbishop, Bishop and all our Clergy. Learn, noble Lady ! learn that chieftains bore it on their shoulders, and carried it to the church : thousands of Greck soldiers lined the way through which it passed, with the muzzles of their muskets, which had destroyed so many tyrants, pointed towards the ground, as though they would war against that earth which was to deprive them for ever of the sight of their benefactor ; all this crowd of soldiers, ready at a moment to march against the implacable enemy of Christ, and man, surrounded the funeral couch, and swore never to forget the sacrifices made by your Father for us, and never to allow the spot where his heart is placed to be trampled upon

by barbarous and tyrannical feet. Thousands of Christian voices were in a moment heard, and the temple of the Almighty resounded with supplications and prayers that his venerated remains might be safely conveyed to his native land, and that his soul might rest where the righteous alone find rest.



ATHENS TO-DAY.
With the Acropolis.

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